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THE FORUM

VOL. XLVI

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THE FORUM

FOR JULY 1911

THE REMEDY FOR ARMED PEACE *

BARON D'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT

THE German Emperor once found it; there is nothing to be done except to apply it: that is, European union substituted for European anarchy; European union cemented by Franco-German reconciliation.

Through what derisive contradiction was this remedy mentioned only at the period when its realization seemed impossible? Now that it appears less distant, at the time when facts speak and no longer words, nothing is said of it. Governments have no confidence in anything except the increase of their armaments; the experience of these last years shows them the progress of an organization of peace, yet they despair at the moment when they ought to begin to hope.

Insensible to the tremendous unpopularity which they are accumulating against themselves among the masses, they flatter themselves that they can cause it to be accepted, as a patriotic doctrine, that the more a modern State ruins itself in unproductive expenses, the stronger it is; they assert that the more a country neglects its natural resources, the more it will be respected; they pretend that the more it checks the movement of men and capital, with a view to a war which no one desires, the better it will resist the double assault of external competition and internal rebellion. They pay no attention to the new facts which illumine the world and whose full importance public opinion thoroughly comprehends. These new facts have modified international relations in the political system as profoundly as steam,

* Translated by Mary J. Safford.

electricity, aviation, have transformed them in the economic system. Twice within ten years a general Peace Conference has united representatives of all the Governments. It was destined to fail; yet it led twice to practical, tested agreements. The Hague Tribunal has been created; it has performed its functions to the satisfaction of all; it operates more and more frequently for the benefit of the great States as well as the small ones; it has enabled England and Russia, the United States, Mexico, Japan, to settle juridically and peacefully serious conflicts.

This experience of a few years, already valuable through the catastrophes it has been able to prevent, is of still greater importance as a testimony of what it promises for the future. It is now demonstrated that the great military powers can avoid war, if they desire. The arbitration of Casablanca did not occasion a single protest from any quarter, while war would have left in its train only ruin, hatred, and fresh burdens.

Each one of these beneficent proofs in favor of arbitration should have been regarded in every country, every school and family, as a stage passed, bringing mankind nearer to the final organization which it invokes with its most ardent desires.

But no; interest in the object diminishes as it stands out more and more distinctly from the mists of the horizon. Governments witness the awakening of a new faith, a hope finally justified among the masses; and they confine themselves to developing the progress of arbitration; they refuse to go down to the root of the matter. Why are they waiting to be the last to arouse? For what impatience, what threats, what rebellions?

They are waiting until the Franco-German reconciliation upon which everything else depends has become an accomplished fact; but at the same time they refuse to believe in the possibility of such a miracle: they confine themselves to shaking their heads and abstain from any other compromising gesture. They are absorbed in their daily preoccupations, neglecting the vital problem for whose solution the entire world, with France and Germany, is waiting to breathe freely again.

Alsace-Lorraine, as usual, pays the cost of this two-fold impotence; she complains, and her protestations draw from one side sympathy, from the other harshness. The slightest incident

arouses suspicions to her detriment; even aviation, which all humanity should have greeted with the same enthusiasm, under a sky that has no frontiers, even this magnificent discovery created only the most wretched irritability between Paris and Berlin.

All this cannot last; blindness has its limits, and in default of Governments, it will be necessary that private initiative, here as elsewhere, should undertake the venture and place in the forefront of its investigations the problem of Franco-German reconciliation, the condition of world-peace.

I have said in Berlin and have published what I had on my heart concerning this subject. I have said that between France and Germany revenge was no more to be desired than forgetfulness; revenge not being a solution; forgetfulness being neither possible nor lasting, the plaint of a single conscience sufficing to end it.

Is there no issue between these two absolute limits? Must we resign ourselves on both sides to hope for nothing, to do nothing? This seems to me inadmissible.

Silence was imposed the day following the war. Now the two great nations, hurled against each other by the sole fault of their Governments, cannot continue to live side by side, yet completely separated; they cannot share in the constant progress of the world and both stop, paralyzed by mutual distrust and by the burden of a ruinous defence. Both thus deprive themselves of the start their superior civilization ought to secure for them in the progress of the world; they are reduced to following the movement which they ought to lead. This cannot last.

Each one makes up the balance-sheet of its interests, of the internal and external dangers that threaten it, and, having done so, each inwardly says: "What a pity that we could not come to an understanding! What a pity! What a loss to the two countries and to civilization!" This state of mind is the present state of all thinking people in France and in Germany; these alone count, the others follow or will follow. But meanwhile, this state of mind, even though it may not be noticed, is progress. It is a progress that is very little apparent, upon which Govern-

ments cannot take action, and which sceptics must ignore or contest, but it is a great advance, it is the beginning of the mutual self-examination that must precede the final concord. It is the prelude. Each feels that this harmony is necessary; to one as much as to the other; perhaps it is even more necessary to Germany than to France. For when France is peaceful she reassures the world. She contributes efficaciously to the general progress and to the organization of peace; therefore all the nations feel an interest in her conservation, which has become an element and a guarantee of the prosperity of all. Germany, on the contrary, however peaceful the Emperor, his Government, and the majority of the people certainly are, appears none the less the modern hot-bed, the high school of militarism. There is no one who does not say to himself that this militarism is not only an anachronism, but a continual danger; a danger that the policy of the Governments may ward off to-day, but which an impulse, an error, may unchain to-morrow. Therefore a defeat of France would be regarded throughout the entire world as a blow dealt at peace, and consequently at the general security, while the victory of Germany would be the triumph, the consecration of the militarism which all endure and everyone detests.

If all this is correct, we may say in other words, that Germany has a great interest in reassuring the world, in her turn, including her own people, who, like ours, know what war costs, and who also claim security for the future.

Assuming that the German Government disregards this need of security, it will work against itself, for the benefit of socialism and anarchy. No one to-day disputes that socialism may be indirectly one of the results of militarism.

In every civilized country men no longer accept the traditional idea of inevitable and fruitful wars; everywhere people are beginning to understand that the majority of wars have originated in personal or dynastic ambitions, in chance adventures, or simply in ignorance, error, routine, or the mere dread of reform. We are commencing to realize that Governments formerly administered war to the nations as a purge, a good bleeding, to calm them and create a diversion of their troublesome requirements. But that period, happily, is over, and I am very

proud of having been able, so far as my powers would permit, to contribute in denouncing it. This period is over, for permanent reasons, which, henceforth, will be daily affirmed with ever-increasing force and clearness. It is not sentiment that demands a change, it is the common interest, understood by all. And this is why you see everywhere the desire to discriminate sharply between wars of conquest, which are no longer wanted, and resistance to wars of conquest, a resistance which everyone prepares, in spite of the inevitable polemics, a resistance which is organized and which it is necessary to organize, even in the schools, in the interest of fatherland, liberty, and right.

I affirm, with the certainty of a witness who believes much more in the scrupulous examination of the feelings and interests of a people than in governmental reports, I affirm that aside from a very small number of Frenchmen, who nevertheless are disinterested and estimable, like Paul Déroulède, the policy of revenge and war has no one in its favor among our laboring population and even among those who would be the first to expose their lives, as I should do myself and as all my family would do, if the German army, on any pretext, should attack France. I affirm that no Government will be able to induce France to attack Germany. The people have understood that in the last analysis conquest, active or passive, is always against them.

The French, perhaps better than the Germans, know that they have everything to lose and nothing to gain from war, even if victorious. France would thereby lose the benefit of the active policy of appeasement, of which she has set the impressive and contagious example for forty years. The Germans would be wrong to deceive themselves on their side; I repeat it, speaking without passion, in their interest as well as in the interest of all: willing or unwilling, the whole world would oppose to their ambition a coalition more imposing than that which Prince Bismarck himself headed in 1878 at Berlin to stop the Russian conquerors at San Stefano. That is not all; this useless war, with no other effect than the ruin of each and the embarrassment of all, would cause in both countries—more enlightened now than forty years ago—internal rebellions and incalculable disorders.

The Republic in France would be menaced by a return of

Cæsarian reaction; would the German monarchy escape in its turn a revolt in the opposite direction?

The man who would dare to kindle war between France and Germany could be only a fool or a madman.

It will be objected that France may be swept away. That is an error.

The foreign policy of France to-day is not the policy of a Government, it is the policy of the country, it is our national policy. This is the great change accomplished; moreover, our Government is the first to declare it openly. This policy has found its expression, its future, in the conventions at The Hague for the peaceful settlement of international conflicts. It does not imply, it does not permit any forfeiture of right, but neither does it permit the solutions of violence; it favors alliances, agreements, cordial understandings; but even in spite of the most Machiavellian and most secret treaties that Governments could conclude, it requires that its agreements should not be directed against anyone; and no one can lead it into unfair preferences.

By the aid of this national foreign policy, which is assuming form after forty years of efforts and sacrifices succeeding repeated tests of the contrary policy, France is now beginning to conceive and define her national internal policy. Here our best foreign friends cease to comprehend us; they are deafened by the polemics of our newspapers, by the heat of our parliamentary discussions, and they imagine that all this uproar prevents us from working, when most frequently it stimulates us. The proof is in our ever-increasing wealth; a wealth which is the fruit of unceasing labor. This labor is beginning to organize itself with a view to improve the resources of our soil, our climate, our inhabitants, who, though not numerous, are all the more active and industrious; our programme of economical, agricultural, industrial, commercial, intellectual and even moral work, whatever may be said of it, is being outlined and maintained; it is summed up in these words: to develop national prosperity under the protection of our amicable international relations: "*pro patria per orbis concordiam.*"

We hear only of our strikes, our social and other crises, and our own journals cry every morning: *Finis Galliae!* But Ger-

many, too, has her strikes, and as for France, we do not continue the less to progress by peace; this policy has yielded such results that we can regard the future without more uneasiness than our neighbors; perhaps we can await events better than they. A good third of Frenchmen are landowners, the other two aspire to be. This is a guarantee of order and progress that many countries, apparently less turbulent, but really more disturbed than ours, may envy us.

While working we reason, instruct ourselves, exchange ideas with our neighbors, add our experiences and observations to the common stock, and the policy of peace being gradually acclimated in the country regarded as one of the most warlike in the world, this policy having endured, having proved its advantages, is overflowing into the other nations, and important questions now take their proper places naturally in the preoccupations of public opinion.

It is useless to say in Germany: "There is no Alsace-Lorraine question," as we said in France: "There is no Dreyfus affair." Free minds do not conceal from themselves the truth; they establish the fact that Alsace-Lorraine has remained the insurmountable wall separating the two countries, when it could, should, and would fain be the bond of union between them. This fact is stronger than all the official statements; it reduces them to the rôle of ineffectual scarecrows; and therefore no one in the world can prevent individual thought, energy, and good will from substituting themselves for governmental obstinacy and error. In the day when French thought and German thought join to seek together the solution of the problem, it will be of little importance that it should once have been declared insoluble; the mere fact that it is placed in the forefront, not of the official, but of the moral cares of the two countries, the mere fact that it is rightly presented, will be already a great advance. And there is not a power in the world which could prevent it from thus presenting and obtruding itself, precisely as the problem of a Court of Arbitration presented itself, though people laughed at the idea; and as the problem of the limitation of armaments now presents itself, though people pretend to be exasperated by it. It is a matter simply of the irresistible force of circumstances.

Let the discussion once be opened, from conscience to conscience, if not from Government to Government, between the two countries, and though I see clearly its dangers, they make me less uneasy than the ambiguities of silence.

There will be unreasonableness and intolerance on both sides, of course; it is in this way that all agreements, all reconciliations begin. For my part, I am making the largest allowance for the Governments; I will grant that at the present time they cannot define the mutual honorable and acceptable concessions that both sides must make to reach an agreement. Every proposition which has not been matured through investigation and the preliminary discussions of public opinion, will be sterile and merely raise the protests of arbitrary minds; but the point concerning which there is no doubt in my eyes is that it is time for the two countries, as well as Alsace-Lorraine herself, to put in motion all their resources of patriotism and reason to solve the problem sensibly and fairly, and not to justify the belief that only socialist levelling can procure for us the remedy which the middle classes have given up as hopeless.

All this is crucial, because on the Alsace-Lorraine problem depend all the other problems, beginning with that of armaments; and these other difficulties may be juggled with for a time, but not suppressed.

Dilatory measures are only temporary expedients. A child will understand that if the Germans and the French do not wish to fight or to ruin themselves, they must and will come to an agreement. A child will also understand that the longer they delay their reconciliation, the more it will cost them. And if, in the general progress of ideas and good sense, Governments alone do not yield to the evidence, so much the worse for them; there will have been no lack of appeals.

Their unproductive expenditures and their resistance to social demands will appear no longer disconcerting, but monstrous. They must render accounts!

What have you done with these thousands of millions which constitute our debt, and whose interest our children will have to pay indefinitely? the people will ask. The Governments will vainly show their armadas of Dreadnoughts filling the ports;

they will vainly show at the same time their submarines, torpedo boats and aeroplanes, which are to annihilate the power of these Dreadnoughts, outmoded and outclassed as soon as they are completed. The outcome is not doubtful; the Governments will be compelled to end where we have asked them to begin; their error will have cost only one hundred and fifty thousand millions of francs in twenty-five years, for Europe alone! One hundred and fifty thousand millions that will have been of no service, and which would have sufficed to transform the world. . . !

A man of order, first of all, I have tried, with my friends, to warn the Governments, that of France like the rest. Our voices have been drowned by the tumult of the hammers forging steel plates constantly made thicker, and constantly pierced by cannon that ever grow larger. All these plates, under the tempest of popular wrath, will not have the resistance of a sheet of paper that two Heads of States might have signed; but they weigh on mankind none the less as an insupportable burden. The day when rebellion bursts forth, the antagonism of Governments will be nothing in comparison with the real antagonism they will have prepared against themselves, the antagonism between the Governments and the people.

The Governments can still choose between reconciliation and the chasm; they can no longer anticipate popular aspirations, but they can respond to them, and this would be for the Sovereign, the Head of a State, the Minister who should take such an initiative, a glory peerless in history.

It is humiliating to our human dignity that, in the presence of this alternative, there could be hesitation, and that the Governments of the two great countries could not choose between fame and failure.

[A supplementary letter from Baron d'Estournelles de Constant is given here, as it completes the article.—Editor.]

To the Editor of THE FORUM:

DEAR SIR:

I am pleased that you are publishing in THE FORUM my article on "The Remedy for Armed Peace." This article,

indeed, was written with especial reference to European Governments; but we all depend on one another. Already the United States has rendered immense service to the peace of the world and her initiative in this direction, crowned by the last proposition of President Taft, will be perhaps her greatest title to the admiration and gratitude of posterity.

But it must be realized that all the efforts of America in favor of arbitration will only be fully effective when the Franco-German reconciliation, through mutual and honorable concessions, acceptable to both sides, shall become an accomplished fact, like the Franco-British reconciliation.

I am convinced that this reconciliation, as necessary to the peace of the whole world as to the prosperity of the two countries concerned, must be the work of public opinion as much, at least, as of the Governments. That is why I am happy that my article will be able to reach, thanks to you, American public opinion, already so enlightened and so passionately devoted to the great new cause of international justice.

It is essential that all should realize the true facts: the victory of arbitration is coming closer, and only the Franco-German situation "stops the way."

(Signed) D'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT.

IS THERE ANYTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN?

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

"The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun."—Ecclesiastes.

THERE is in our own time and generation a growing impatience with the life-conception that makes out of fate not a stepping-stone under our feet but a millstone around our necks. More and more we are inclined to challenge that sad cry of the Preacher as the final sum and substance of what man may learn concerning life and himself. The moment is drawing nigh, I, for one, believe, when for this truth of the past, which tyrannically interposes itself between us and the future, must be substituted a later and wider and higher truth based on the remarkable advance in knowledge made during the last few centuries. And what is this more recent truth in the last analysis but a recognition—gaining daily in strength and clearness—of life as endless change, as a never-ending rebirth on brighter and more far-visioned planes, as an eternal upward climb from darkness to light, from hatred to love, from infuriated slavery to self-surrender in freedom?

"That which is crooked cannot be made straight," declared the Preacher. And the Buddha cried: "Behold, O monks, the holy truth of suffering—birth is suffering, old age is suffering, disease is suffering, and death is suffering."

The Preacher and the Buddha knew nothing but the fact of disease. Its nature was still hidden from them. And for this reason it seemed to them a blow struck at man from without—a castigation that might or might not be deserved, but which could not possibly be avoided. The intimate connection between cause and effect, though dimly felt both by the Sage of Palestine and the Prophet of India, was not yet grasped and mastered by their reasons. In so far as they foresaw the law of causation, it was only in the form which demands that the sins of the fathers be visited on the children unto the third and fourth generations.

As a law bringing good no less than evil, and with equal inevitability, it was wholly foreign to them.

To us of the present day, helped in our vision by the telescope, the microscope, the spectroscope, and a thousand other modern inventions, disease is always the logical effect of ascertainable causes. With the blind awe removed, we are able to realize it as a hint from life of error committed. And in so far as we succeed in revealing the nature of such an error, the disease depending on it will also be rendered avoidable for the future. Thus men have already been led into dreams of a coming day when disease will exist only as a sporadic and quickly checked relapse into past mistakes.

Yes, crookedness is actually being made straight these days. By groping our way from link to link along the endless chain of cause and effect, we are discovering that much which used to be deemed FATAL is little more than ACCIDENTAL. More and more effectively with every passing year, we are also learning that the relationship of cause and effect cannot be pictured as a straight line, but must be thought of rather as a series of widening circles. And we have come to understand how tremendous the force and scope of those spreading rings of effect may prove in comparison with the tiny causal point at their centre. Acting on this new knowledge, we are establishing such subtle and far-reaching connections as those between under-nourishment and crime, between over-feeding and insanity. The surgeon's scalpel has already helped more than one of life's supposedly helpless victims not only to see and hear, but to feel and think straight; while the dietary of the practitioner and the exercises of the physical trainer are turning human rag-heaps into full-brained and full-browed men and women.

There is, of course, some crookedness that has its roots struck so deeply in the racial soil that we cannot yet prevail over it. Our means are still as limited as our knowledge, but, like this, they are rapidly expanding. Where the fault committed far back in the centuries has had the chance to eat itself into the very core of some line of descent, there we acknowledge temporary defeat. And with as much kindness as our purpose permits, we propose to eliminate what we cannot set right. The

parts thus affected may suffer—they have certainly a just cause for complaint. But whose is the fault? Their own? Or life's? No, answers modern science unequivocally to each of those questions. The fault must then lie with somebody or something that is smaller than life and larger than individual man: that means, with the stock, the group, the race. For we are not merely "ourselves." We are units within a larger whole. We are, in fact, parts of many larger entities, and with each one of these we may have to suffer in so far as it happens to violate some of life's immutable laws.

As disease is a warning of danger within the individual body, so disaster, distress and disease on a larger scale must be regarded as warnings that things are wrong within the social body. No longer do they confront us as unchangeable facts—as integral features of life. They are just symptoms that have a traceable cause and that call for action. And in almost every case the symptoms are discovered, and the first impetus to remedial action given, by the pained outcries of some latter-day pessimist. For the pessimist uses the life he sees, with its many shortcomings, as an excuse for condemning all life. And thus while he is aiming futile arrows at that which lies beyond his reach, he assists in the task which Lester F. Ward had in mind when he said: "What the human race requires is to be awakened to a realization of its condition. It will then find a remedy for its woes."

But evolution was undreamt of in the days of the arch-pessimist who wrote: "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." With us, on the other hand, evolution is a fact that is assuming greater and greater predominance in our comprehension of life. No longer do we behold existence as a stagnant pool—a pool which mirrors heaven on its surface, to be sure, but which nevertheless stinks with a decay that is inseparable from absence of movement. Before our rapt eyes life flows by like a mighty, restless, all-embracing current of energy. We are still so lately escaped from the blindness of the past, that we continue to mourn the quick passing of each new moment which we try to hold and keep as a lasting "now." We are still encompassed by tarrying mists that tempt us into spending useful time on such argu-

ments as that, after all, evolution and progress are two wholly different terms. We can no longer deny that life moves—but filled as we are with the prejudices and superstitions handed down by our forefathers with the very blood flowing through our veins, we are still doubting whether the motion of life may really lead us forward.

A new Galileo is needed. But when he comes, as come he must, he will not have to cry so loud or so long, nor will he be burnt at the stake for his wider vision of truth. The race is ready for him. The cry once raised by the right man, it will ring out from pole to pole, until the whole globe is set trembling with the triumph of its message. The world, the universe, life, man, everything, moves—and wherever there is motion, there **what is cannot remain THE SAME.**

The Preacher of Jerusalem was a man of “great estate,” of solid possessions, and these, too, he found disappointing—as have others before and after him. The one thing that never seems to have occurred to him was that the trouble might lie within himself. “I made me great works,” he tells us; “I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards . . . I got me servants and maidens . . . I gathered me also silver and gold . . . So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem.”

Much he made and much he got—but for whom? Note the “me” that accompanies each new item on his list! For himself he did and tried all those things—and the happiness they brought was worm-eaten. There are men to-day who may not even be counted more than **WORLDLY WISE**, and who yet know that the great works and houses and vineyards and gardens which they enjoy most securely and most completely are those they ordain not for themselves but for others. Here, as in many other things, we find the Preacher simply a child of his own day, and not the master of all time. But let us get nearer the heart of his plaint.

“And how dieth the wise man?” he called into the surrounding night. To which the answer came out of his own mouth: “As the fool. Therefore I hated life.”

This is probably to-day, as it has always been, the worst despair of all. The fear of death—how this motive runs like a black thread through all but an infinitesimal part of mankind's literature! "Woe upon the life of man, which lasts but a little while!" cried the Buddha. And at the heart of Schopenhauer's dark look upon life lay the same resentment against his own dissolution. In Europe and the Indies—4,000 years before Christ or 2,000 years after—it is always there: the fear of death! But taking its cue from the very men who offered mankind the bitterest drink ever prepared for it—from the Buddha and Schopenhauer, both of whom tried vainly to goad men into forestalling the inevitable—science has turned that fear inside out. And what is thus laid bare to us, we find astoundedly to be—the WILL TO LIVE, the joy of living, the pressure of that vital force which carries and moves and guides the whole universe.

And if the fear still remain a fear—well, let us read on once more. "Yes, I hated all my labor which I had taken under the sun: because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me."

There's the rub!—not the going of one, but the coming of the other. Yet men who were not counted wise—men led by feeling rather than by reasoned insight, by impulse rather than by what is generally called wisdom—these have, in all times, labored for nothing so hard as for the hope of leaving a better lot, a brighter earth, for "the man that came after them." At first they were thinking merely of the son, the daughter, the coming generations of their own blood—but gradually that thought grew and widened and rose, until it is now promising to embrace all generations of all mankind: Humanity. More and more we have grown to live outside of ourselves, ahead of our own limited hour. The future and the race are taking more and more of our feelings and cares and plans. We have gone on adding to our own selves—possessions, loves, kinships, friendships, loyalties, patriotisms—until to-day the centre of our being seems to have become projected far beyond its own boundaries in time and space.

Still the fear of death has not departed from us. Why not?

Let us read on. "For there is a man whose labor is in wisdom, and in knowledge, and in equity; yet to a man that hath not labored therein shall he leave it for his portion. This also is vanity and a great evil."

Gradually we are admitting that a "great portion" should not pass to this man or that, without reference to his wisdom, knowledge or equity. The evil of such descent is already being acknowledged indirectly—through taxation of incomes and inheritances; through the rearing of Socialist Utopias; through the institution of trust foundations, and in a hundred other ways that are becoming inextricably woven into our social life. Instead of sighing over our inability to remain here as custodians of what we have brought together, we are coming to realize that, if we leave our portion not to this man or that—be he ever so near of kin—but to all men, then we may shed all fears that the needed wisdom and knowledge and equity for its proper handling be not forthcoming. For we are actually learning—although we swallow the lesson neither readily nor gracefully—that the decline of the world does not accompany our own. It comes hard, but we must acknowledge it: when our own shoulders are taken from under it, the world will not drop!

Guided, as always, by science, we are led on to see that when our own path begins to slope downward, it is only in order that there may be room and energy available for still higher and more perfect incarnations of the life spirit—and just because our own degree of perfection has served its purpose and reaped its reward in the bearings of the new that is to take our places. We are foreseeing, at last, that when this world of ours begins itself to descend toward its final disintegration, that, too, will happen only in order that there may be room and energy available for the rebuilding of a new world on a grander scale and a more refined plan.

The old dreamers were right—not the brooding, carping pessimists, but the mystic singers of mighty dreams: after Ragnarök and the dusk of the gods will follow a new earth and a new Asgård; the New Jerusalem will rise in eye-dazzling splendor on the ruins of the old. Those glorious visionaries saw as through a glass darkly, and we are beginning to see with the

brilliant clearness of unobstructed vision. But what they dreamt and what we see is the same at heart: that the new is always better than the old, and that what is better is always new. To grasp this truth of a coming day, however, and to live safely on its promise, one thing is needed which has yet to be built—and that is a faith based on knowledge instead of hopes or fears.

Such a faith the Preacher did not possess, and could not possess, because he was living in a day that had not yet acquired the knowledge needed for its foundation. And therefore he was able to write and mean that "Much study is a weariness of the flesh." Yet the travail of thousands of patient toilers has done this much for us: it has divulged the source and support of pessimism. Here it is well to recall the words of Rudolf Eucken: "He may not be called pessimist who merely feels the profundity of life's painfulness, but only he who thereby is driven toward a ceasing of all struggle and toward a weary resignation."

True pessimism we find in the words of Schopenhauer: "Each individual existence is a definite mistake, a blunder, something that would be better not to have been, and the object of existence should be to end it." We find it again in these words written by Huysmans: "But that which remains for ever incomprehensible is the initial horror, the horror imposed on each of us, of having to live, and that is a mystery which no philosophy can explain."

This genuine pessimism seems to have been unknown to classic antiquity. So was individualism in our modern sense. These two principles—pessimism and individualism—must be considered all but inseparable. The tendency toward both has, of course, been with man ever since he became human. For the future lies wrapped in the past. And in the remotest day that was, the remotest day yet to come lay already foreshadowed.

But individualism found its first tangible expression in Palestine somewhat before the time when the Preacher may be assumed to have lived. It took the form of a hope for personal salvation substituted for one of national rejuvenation. It grew and spread during the centuries leading up to the appearance of

Christianity. And as Christianity has developed historically, it is simply systematized individualism based on a pessimistic interpretation of our present life. But by giving him a foothold outside of this world—however imaginary—it has enabled man to wrench himself free from the tyrannical sway exercised over him by the social group to which he belonged.

Previously man was little more than an atom in the social molecule, a polyp doomed to help in the upbuilding of the coral reef of the city or the state. The change brought about by Christianity and other coöperating forces must not be pictured as a degeneration, although, like most deaths that bring new life, it proved so painful that its pangs are not yet outlived. Such a change was needed for life's further development, life having progressed as far as it could without the added impetus of less circumscribed individual variation.

Evolutionary progress runs always from stability to flexibility. At first life seeks mainly to establish itself, to make sure of its own preservation, and for this fundamental purpose it requires chiefly order. But no sooner does life seem secure than it turns to perfection as its higher and more essential aim. And thence onward it demands a greater and greater degree of progress—that is, of flexibility—while order is more and more taken for granted. Conformation precedes variation as life's principal requisite: and whatever life particularly requires, it nurses as the foremost VIRTUE in its creatures.

Individualism means above everything else greater variability on the part of the human unit, together with a growing chance for this quality to assert itself against the resistance of tradition and custom. Conformation, once the most desirable quality, is made to take a subordinate place, but not without a struggle—and "hence these tears." For the individual, having become conscious of a right on his part to what he calls freedom, turns impatiently against any and every restriction. Having felt and seen the opposition between his own identity and all the rest of the universe, he will not rest satisfied with anything less than the spreading of his own self over everything else, until the whole universe may be spoken of in terms of I and ME and MINE.

This is individualism carried to its utmost consequence—and as such it plays a highly important part in life's economy. While inspired by such ambitions, man ventures upon all sorts of reckless undertakings. For these he pays often with his very existence, but none the less life profits by them. The fact that the innovator perishes when the world is not yet ready for the bursting of the form against which he rebels, does not mean that his innovation perishes with him. The latter goes marching on, until the seemingly impossible happens, and the universe is actually made over in the image of the perished man's dream.

In this struggle of new against old, the individual must suffer, of course, until he has learned what he is doing and what is being done by others. He cries bitterly because of every limitation encountered by his self. Were he left unchecked to follow his own burning desire, he would go off at a tangent like a shooting star and the world would be reduced to chaos. But the principle of conformation remains all the time at work in the background. It finds its embodiment in the mass as the selective agent that sits in judgment on all individual innovations, accepting what is felt to be life-promoting, and ruthlessly rejecting what is suspected of being life-retarding.

A day must come, however—and perhaps it has already dawned—when all is accomplished that may be gained through this kind of blind interaction, this apparently purposeless fight between principles that are mutually ignorant of each others' natures and justifications. Does life then come to a stop? Hardly: for nothing that we have discovered so far indicates that life can EVER stop. Instead we may—nay, must—assume that it rises to a still higher plane. As stability had to be superseded by flexibility, so consciousness supersedes unconsciousness. From instinctive struggle for the boundless assertion of his own freedom, the individual passes onward to open-eyed recognition of the true relationship between himself and the race; while the race, on the other hand, becomes increasingly aware of the part played by the individual as its own vanguard. When this happens, then individualism, as we understand it now, will have served its day. Something else will take its place—a new attitude of mind—and this coming mood of man is already “in the

air." Call it socialism, mutualism, solidarism, anything you care—at heart it is going to mean just this: a voluntary surrender on the part of the individual self, whereby it will be assured of all the freedom it needs and wants within the limits of a larger self.

One more quotation—the last one: "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven."

So there is, indeed. But he who wrote those words, and who gave as foremost instance "a time to be born, and a time to die," forgot to include "a time to BE and a time to GROW." In our keen recognition of the fact that—to our limited vision—ascend always precedes descent, we have overlooked the possibility that the order of these two processes might, perhaps, be reversible; that descent might prove ascent of a different, and maybe higher, kind. It has been said that our capacity for growth is greater just after birth and decreases steadily to the end, so that we may be said to be dying from the moment of our projection into life. This ingenious argument does not reckon with the fact that the earlier growth is largely a recapitulation of the course ground into life by our innumerable forebears, while our later growth is more likely to be our own—to mark the one little step that we personally are able to add unto all those taken by the vast multitudes that have preceded us. And it is this one new step, this final venturing into the regions of still unshaped life, that takes the greatest capacity for growth and the greatest expenditure of vital energy.

Flexibility may be greatest in childhood, but strength and endurance are not. Man, we know now, is strongest just before his strength begins to wane—and the future promises him as its richest fruit, not an abolishment of death, or even necessarily its postponement, but a prolongation of the period of growth—a preservation of physical and mental flexibility to a time of life when vital stability is most firmly established.

Seen in the light of these new possibilities, the childhood and youth of man assume the part known to be played by the childhood and youth of life itself. These periods of vital development display the most rapid but not the most essential

form of growth. If the analogy be true, the afternoon of life becomes the real growing time—the time for the spending of which we have been brought into this world. And if we consider life in its entirety, it seems certain in the light of present knowledge, that the time of mere BEING precedes and prepares the time of actual GROWING.

“To everything there is a season”—yes, and the season of growth is dawning for this our world, as well as for mankind itself. Human life has become established in its humanity. What lies before us is the very essence and flower of our existence as a race: the moulding of the new form that shall receive the torch from us and carry it up triumphantly to the next plane of life. Once this has been accomplished, a seeming end will come to the old form. There will be an ebbtide presaging and preparing the next and still mightier floodtide of life. There will be a pause in the rhythm of being, but only in order that its beat may make itself more clearly and joyously felt.

Mankind is turning into fruit in order that the new seed may be sown and sprout and grow and blossom and set fruit and add its new moment of perfection to the sum total of life. In such a consummation there is hope and purpose enough for me at least. And it is this new hopeful purpose, wrung from the message with which modern science is fraught, that has changed me from a believer in the past and in the part to a builder of the future and the whole.

And therefore I cry joyfully and sincerely: there is always something new under the sun! Each new day sees the whole world renewed. From millennium to millennium the advance may be barely perceptible. From æon to æon it must be so great that our eyes would be blinded, could they look that far. And by and by—as one new thing is added to the other, until gradually the past seems completely outgrown—there may come a new sun even: a spiritual, self-conscious sun; a sun with a “soul”; a sun that to our present one is what man is to the blind, inflexible elements of inorganic matter. It is for the coming of the new—of the new man, and the new sun, and the new life, and the new god—that we should all be living and loving and working and dreaming. For surely the world does move!

THE PASSING OF THE OPIUM TRAFFIC

ROSA PENDLETON CHILES

THE record of China's long struggle with the opium traffic has been an almost unbroken chronicle of economic loss, political effacement, social degradation and moral death. But within the past three years a thrilling chapter has been written in which despair has given place to hope. It is a dazzling account of one of those brilliant onsets by which Right, after long years of plodding, suddenly sweeps on to victory. No other movement for ethical reform in the history of the world compares in magnitude with the present anti-opium crusade in China, nor has any other reform been prosecuted with such success. Reforms have been started in China, as well as in other lands, before now that have been "written with a pitchfork on the surface of the sea," but this one has back of it the impetus of genuine desire and purpose necessary to accomplishment.

Reasons for the Movement

Three definite reasons for the movement itself and the momentum it has gathered stand out prominently—moral awakening, political ambition, and economic necessity. For more than a half century the missionaries have wrought and wrought well to influence action against the national vice of China—opium smoking. Affiliated with them have been the missionary organizations of other lands, especially England and America, and, of late, the International Reform Bureau, ably represented in this country by Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts and in China by the Rev. E. W. Thwing. These united forces, agitating, persuading, convincing, have awakened the conscience of the East and created new ethical standards, and the guerdon, in addition to thousands of individual lives saved from ruin and despair, is a new China. The moral element in the motives actuating the work of the past three years cannot be too strongly emphasized, but the political element is no light consideration. China has been so long under the domination of superior powers that national assertiveness

has become almost an unknown quantity. A member of the International Opium Commission at Shanghai referred recently to the Chinese fear of taking the initiative.

"Opium?" I suggested.

"No," was the reply, "the feeling that a foreign power could not land on the shores of China without demanding an indemnity or a promise."

In its last analysis, however, the want of aggressiveness may be found in no small measure to be due to the decrease in national vigor from opium, and a valuable object lesson on the Pacific a few years ago brought this realization to the minds of Chinese statesmen. Japan, insignificant in size compared with China and supporting a people of the same race, fought one of the greatest wars in modern history and defeated a first-class power of Europe. At once China was on fire. If Japan had done this thing, why could not she do as much, *and more?* One great reason was opium. Men cannot achieve glory in the opium dens, and out of this humiliating consciousness was born a determination to be rid of opium. But though the moral idea has gripped the Chinese mind and conscience and the desire to share in world progress and power has been stimulated to a high degree, the dominant note in the great reform is a sense of economic ruin. The best lands of the Empire have been given to the poppy, a non-useful, not to say ruinous crop. The population has been increasing and food production decreasing. Famines have continued for long periods in one district, and another district in the same province, with sufficient supply, has been unable to send relief from lack of transportation. By the use of opium the strength of the people has been sapped below the earning capacity in thousands of cases. The masses have been held in a hopeless bondage to the national vice and the wheels of internal progress have been clogged. Such economists and statesmen as Yuen Shi Kai and Tong Shao Yi saw all of this and saw, moreover, that the false policy by which China sought through domestic production to stop the pouring of silver into foreign coffers to buy opium, had increased her troubles many fold. So they began to consider drastic measures to satisfy the economic necessity of abolishing opium.

Realizing that the psychological moment had arrived, the missionaries of all nationalities residing in China now prepared a memorial containing 1,333 signatures, which Governor-General Chou Fu, of the "River Provinces," presented to the Throne. Within a month an Imperial Edict was issued ordering the Chengwuchu, or Government Council, to draft regulations regarding the prohibition of opium, and the Council responded in ten articles covering the various ramifications of the subject. I give these articles in abridged form to demonstrate the systematic and thorough manner in which China set out to deal with this matter.

1. To limit the cultivation of the poppy by reducing the area already given to its production one-ninth each year for nine years (afterwards changed to one-tenth each year for ten years), the amount of acreage being recorded in title deeds, and forbidding the cultivation on land hitherto not used for the purpose.

2. Requiring certificates from smokers stating the accustomed daily amount used by each, in order to deal justly with them in giving up the habit, and to prevent future cases, no certificate to be granted after the first registration.

3. Requiring gradual reduction in use, the amount depending upon the extent of the habit as recorded in the certificate.

4. The closing within six months of opium shops in which there were lamps for smoking, forbidding the sale of opium pipes and lamps within the same period, and the sale and use of opium in restaurants and bars.

5. Registration of shops and forbidding new shops to open.

6. The manufacture of medicines by the Government for the cure of the habit, such medicines to be sold at cost, with free dispensing to the poor unable to buy.

7. The organization of anti-opium societies for local influence and active assistance, such societies to exercise no political control.

8. Registration of smokers, cures, medicines distributed, and anti-opium societies in each province for the purpose of comparing results in the several provinces and rewarding responsible officials.

9. Prohibition of smoking by officials in a shorter time than

by the people for the moral effect, and removal from office in case of violation of the order.

10. Instructions to the Wai-wu-pu (Foreign Office) to negotiate a convention with Great Britain for the stoppage of importation by the expiration of the time set for complete abolition in China.

The British Impulse

A strong impulse given this action taken by China in September, 1906, was the course of the British Parliament in May of the same year. It may be remembered that the British House of Commons in 1891 by a small majority adopted a resolution declaring the India opium trade with China "morally indefensible," but economic considerations prevented any effort to discontinue it. Ten years later, however, New Zealand prohibited the importation of opium, in 1904 Australia did the same, followed by South Africa and Canada. Japan took fairly high ground in dealing with the matter in Formosa and excluded all opium from her home ports except that brought in for necessary medical use. Later the traffic was practically swept from the Philippines, and the pronouncement of the world was becoming so strong against it that the British Parliament in 1906 again took up the matter, urged this time by the President of the United States on behalf of our Chambers of Commerce, industrial interests, the International Reform Bureau, and our religious bodies. Some very strong arguments were made when the discussion came up. Mr. T. C. Taylor, M. P., outlining with forcefulness the history of the traffic and holding England responsible for its continuance, met the revenue argument with the unanswerable moral aphorism, "Wrong cannot be justified by revenue nor misery by money." This moral argument was strengthened by the opinion of medical men, reference being made to the declaration of the harmfulness of opium signed by five thousand physicians in 1892. It is significant of the growing anti-opium sentiment in England that the Commons this time voted unanimously against the traffic in a resolution embodying these words:

"This House reaffirms its conviction that the Indo-Chinese

opium trade is 'morally indefensible' and requests his Majesty's Government to take such steps as may be necessary to bring it speedily to a close."

The Rt. Hon. John Morley, Secretary of State for India (now Lord Morley), stated in the discussion of the resolution that if China really wanted to be rid of opium the British Government would interpose no obstacle. The belief up to this time had been that China's professions of opposition to opium were not sincere, a belief largely justified, for after her last opium war the hopelessness of her cause produced a loss of resisting power that resulted in national apathy and finally in national endorsement of the trade. Now, however, as has been seen, China was thoroughly aroused by a sense of moral, political, and industrial decadence, and with steadfast determination, touched by genuine enthusiasm, she accepted Lord Morley's challenge as the voice of opportunity, and the Wai-wu-pu entered upon the negotiations which had been recommended by the Government Council with reference to importation.

Basis of Agreement

The difficulty attending a new convention lay largely in the fact that the Treaty of Tientsin, which legalized the opium traffic, could not be changed without the consent of all the treaty powers, and while there was scarcely a doubt that full consent would be given, the time consumed in gaining it would amount to three or four years, when China's determination might be weakened by the deferred conclusion of the matter. To overcome this difficulty Sir Edward Grey very wisely suggested an agreement with China by which reduction in the exportation from India to all countries could be immediately begun without affecting the treaty. His suggestion forms the basis of the agreement, which reads as follows:

"With effect from the 1st January, 1908, the aggregate volume of exports of opium from India has been limited by an agreement between his Majesty's Government and China to—

61,900	chests	in	1908
56,800	"	"	1909
51,700	"	"	1910

and it has been further agreed that if during these three years the Chinese Government have duly carried out their arrangements for diminishing the production and consumption of opium in China, his Majesty's Government undertake to continue in the same proportion this annual diminution of the export after the three years in question; the restriction of the imports of Turkish, Persian and other opium into China being separately arranged by the Chinese Government and carried out simultaneously. Thus at the end of ten years when the agreement will have produced its full intended effect (by extinguishing a portion of the total trade equal to the average imports of Indian opium into China during the period 1901-5, namely, 51,000 chests a year), the permissible export of Indian opium to countries other than China will stand at a fixed maximum of 16,000 chests yearly."

It is of the greatest importance to notice that the agreement, as stated, affects exports and not imports, and also that the reduction of the quantity sent to China is taken from the exportation to all countries instead of to China alone, as these considerations, apart from the intentions of either England or China, have had a most unfortunate effect upon the crusade. This effect will be discussed later.

China's Record at the End of the Probation Period

The condition requiring China to show in three years what she could do has, in its results, entitled her to the highest praise. The trial period ended December 31, 1910, and a comparison of present conditions with conditions previous to the confirmation of the agreement makes such disclosures as the following:

Many of the twenty-one provinces have ceased cultivation entirely and in all the percentage of decrease is very large. The only way in which we can properly imagine this is to picture the wheat of the North-west, the corn of the Middle West, and the cotton of the South swept from many of the vast tracts they cover as by a cyclone. Add to the picture, if you will, some products of the East, for it must be remembered that the fight with opium has been over an area as great as the United States.

In many places other crops have already taken the place of the poppy and this will be the case over the entire area—a merciful substitution, for the scarcity of food crops in China has made the price of food almost beyond the reach of the miserably poor, while the adjustment of industrial conditions, including rents, leases, credits, and mortgages, has been regulated solely by opium production. The Chinese officials claim that the reduction in cultivation has reached eighty per cent., and enthusiastic individuals claim ninety. The British Consuls acknowledge from twenty-five to forty per cent., and the American Consuls will this year probably name fifty per cent. as a fair estimate. It is unfortunate that China, owing to her previous loose system of accounts, has not been able to determine accurately, as it might be inferred from the articles of prohibition she would determine, the exact amount of reduction, but a disagreement in regard to definite figures is immaterial from a broad viewpoint. Any reduction deserves the highest praise, and a decrease of twenty-five per cent. is a marvel. But a disinterested country fixes fifty per cent., and that means that in the poppy fields of China, whose purple and crimson glory has been the symbol of a people's ruin, a miracle has been wrought. This is prohibition not written in an edict but embodied in a fact. "The time for writing is past," says the Viceroy Tuan Fang. "Let the world see our deeds and judge if we are in earnest in the abolition of opium."

Pronounced activity has been exercised in the closing of the opium dens. In one city seven thousand have been closed, in other cities three thousand, two thousand, or one thousand, while in one hundred thousand market towns the dens and divans have been effectually put out of business. About two million places in all have been closed. Shops neglecting to comply with the conditions of prohibition have been sealed. One wholesale place is said to have suffered the loss of \$1,350 a day. The shrinkage in revenue is serious, but the attitude of the Government is that "it will not seek to satisfy its hunger or quench its thirst through this baneful poison, if perchance it may rid its people of a great curse." So the decree is inexorable. Governor Chu, when head of the Anti-Opium Bureau at Soochow and practically in control of the movement in several provinces,

was appealed to in behalf of the "Hong-kong Predicament," whereupon he tendered his sympathy but laughed significantly and said he could do nothing. The "Hong-kong Predicament" is the case of an opium farmer, whose "farm" has been bringing him a yearly income of \$600,000, of which he has paid \$200,000 to the Government for his monopoly.

One of the most striking evidences of earnestness in the campaign has been the effort of officials to give up the personal use of opium. Some of these, long in thralldom to the habit, have lost their lives in an heroic struggle to free themselves. This tragic note in the reform has not hindered its progress, however, and thousands of high officials have succeeded in abandoning the pipe. Some at first sought temporary protection in deception, but testing bureaus were established, and those found continuing the use of opium were summarily dealt with, regardless of rank and degree.

A public demonstration connected with the general activities has been the burning of opium pipes. When the reform had been in progress about one year, the following report was issued:

"There have been eight burnings of opium and opium fixtures amounting as follows:

Pipes	4,433
Pipe bowls	4,482
Lamps	3,693
Boxes	3,497
Plates	3,620
Needles	8,971
Cooking vessels, large.....	427
" " small.....	87
Opium destroyed	oz. 3,138
Opium deposits from pipes.....	577 "

In the crowds collected to witness these demonstrations all classes have been represented, a spectacle prophetic of the great development that must come to China when her people, united in a patriotism but now springing into life, take effectively

aggressive measures toward that progress which is the inevitable outcome of public spirit, unity, and initiative.

Difficulties in the Way of Suppression

To realize the magnitude of China's accomplishment, it is necessary to consider some of the difficulties, which have been both Titanic and Satanic. With the poppy to be swept from the fields of every province and almost every district, with a thousand walled cities, a hundred thousand towns, and a million hamlets to be freed from opium, together with the vast stretches of country and the defiles of the mountains where the "blind tiger" lies in wait for his victim, the task of suppression has been stupendous. The reformers have been met in places with hoes and pitchforks, and the law has not been enforced without bloodshed. The physical difficulties alone have been such as we who live in a more highly developed portion of the world can scarcely comprehend. China has few railroads, and in some sections the worst roads on the globe. Into such country the reform had to penetrate. It must not be forgotten also that China is made up of twenty-one semi-independent provinces, besides dependencies, with a separate army, a separate fiscal system, and different manners and customs. In such a disjointed federation as this uniform effort had to be made. One of the greatest obstacles has been the inability, under treaty stipulations, to exercise full control over the sale of opium. Oppressed by the injustice of this position, China, in the International Opium Commission, convened in Shanghai in 1909, began to seek relief from importation. Her action will be considered in a limited account of the Commission.

The Commission Called by the United States

It will be remembered that this first International Commission to study the opium problem was called by President Roosevelt, upon the initiative of Bishop Charles H. Brent, of the Philippines. The countries represented were the United States,

Great Britain, China, Germany, France, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Holland, Italy, Portugal, Japan, Persia, and Siam. It may be asked why the United States took such acute interest as to call this Commission. The answer is a desire to give moral support to China and the consciousness that China's problem affected the general interests of the world and in no small degree our special interests. In taking over the Philippines we took over an opium problem of serious import. Without discussing the salutary programme carried out with regard to excluding opium from our new possessions, it may be stated that the report of the Philippine opium committee, circulating through China, strengthened her desire for reform and brought us into such harmonious relation in this matter as to make it eminently fitting for the United States to follow up her historic attitude of opposition to the opium traffic by taking the initiative for international action.

Aside from the mere question of fitness, however, our course was the result of deep-rooted conviction that the opium trade was entirely out of accord with the processes of civilization, and that the time had come when international action was demanded to protect the world from its influence. No country can protect itself singly against a trade as insistent and remunerative as the opium traffic in its present monstrous proportions. All the laws you want can be made to regulate importation, but as long as exportation is unrestricted, the trade will defy regulation, and any country in which there is a demand for opium will suffer, especially if it has great sea frontage. The only sure protection will be in having some international agreement with reference to exportation that will be in exact accord with the laws respecting importation in the various countries making such laws.

The work of the International Commission was of vast importance in opening up the way for a comprehensive understanding of the great question and more uniform and harmonious action with regard to it. Being a commission for inquiry and not a court for action, its scope was limited, but by comparison of the exhaustive reports of the several countries represented and open discussion of the needs, it was able to formulate recom-

mendations upon which international law can be based. Briefly the resolutions adopted cover the following points:

1. Recognition by the Commission of the sincerity of the Government of China and the progress that has been made in the abolition of opium.

2. A recommendation that each delegation move its own Government to take measures for the gradual suppression of opium smoking in its own territories and possessions.

3. That the International Opium Commission finds that the use of opium in any form otherwise than for medical purposes is held by almost every participating country to be a matter for prohibition or for careful regulation.

4. That the International Opium Commission conceives it to be the duty of all countries to adopt reasonable measures to prevent at ports of departure the shipment of opium, its alkaloids, derivatives, and preparations, to any country which prohibits the entry of any opium, its alkaloids, derivatives, and preparations.

5. Urging upon all Governments such drastic measures to be taken by each as will control the manufacture, sale, and distribution in its territories and possessions of morphine and such other derivatives of opium as appear on scientific inquiry liable to abuse and ill effects.

6. A recommendation that each Government upon its own part take such action as seems necessary to investigate scientifically anti-opium remedies and the properties and effects of opium and its products.

7. Urging upon all Governments possessing concessions or settlements in China to take effective action toward the closing of opium divans in the said concessions and settlements.

8. A strong recommendation that each delegation move its Government to enter into negotiations with the Chinese Government for effective and prompt measures to prohibit the trade and manufacture of such anti-opium remedies as contain opium or its derivatives in the settlements in China.

9. A recommendation that each delegation move its Government to apply its pharmacy laws to its subjects in the consular districts, concessions and settlements in China.

These resolutions were not all passed without a struggle. Treaty rights formed the great obstacle, and to deal squarely with the situation under the embarrassment of this issue called for the exercise of unusual diplomacy. It is fair to state that the success attained was due in large measure to Dr. Hamilton Wright, representing the United States, and his Excellency, Tang Kuo-an, representing China. Their statesmanship, tact, and broad-mindedness in more than one case saved the situation.

Mr. Tang's speech at the opening of the Commission, which has since circulated largely, is generally conceded to be a most remarkable utterance. In this able presentment of the Chinese position, Mr. Tang stated that China had entered into an agreement to abolish opium in ten years, deeming that better than any indefinite period and not knowing what the outcome of her efforts would be. But her people had coöperated beyond expectation and were clamoring for complete suppression. That being so, the leaders were afraid not to take success at the flood, apprehending the loss of everything in the backward flow of the tide.

In view of this condition a resolution was offered in the Commission to the effect "that the importation of opium into China be reduced *pari passu* with the reduction of the cultivation of the poppy within her own borders"; but England declined to enter into such an agreement. Since that time, however, her statesmen have come to a fuller realization of China's earnestness, and seeing that the traffic can be successfully abolished, they have determined to take more speedy steps to abolish it. A modification of the ten-year agreement signed at Peking on May 8, of this year, embraces the concession requested by China in the Shanghai Commission, that is, to reduce importation step by step with her reduction in cultivation, the amount of reduction in cultivation to be determined by a British agent. Great Britain also agrees to a triple increase in the import tax on opium, and China agrees to certain relief measures in regard to the large amount of opium now at ports of entry. In the opinion of a great many, immediate total cessation of the trade was the thing to be sought; but the *pari-passu* agreement, aside

from the more material consideration of giving time for financial and industrial adjustments, has the advantage of keeping China stimulated to her present high efforts in suppressing domestic cultivation.

This recent action on the part of England was prophesied by Dr. Hamilton Wright, in his speech in the International Opium Commission. Referring to the action of the British Government in voluntarily freeing the slaves in British colonies and charging the imperial budget with a sum something like fifteen times the amount involved in the Indian opium trade, the opium farms of Hong-kong, the Straits Settlements, the Federated Malay States, and Ceylon, he called attention to a repetition of history in the beginning of an effort on the part of England to extinguish the opium trade at great loss to herself, and said: "The American people believe that Great Britain will defend herself against the criticism of all right-minded people by replacing her opium revenue, sacrificing it mayhap, and by sacrificing dual agreements and obsolete treaties, as she sacrifices and sends to the scrap heap an obsolete class of battleships that are of no further use to defend her extensive interests." It was unthinkable that England would sacrifice so much to abolish one great evil and not be willing, when the way became clear, to sacrifice less to abolish another. As the *London Times*, commenting upon the agreement, says: "If China really succeeds in extinguishing the production of opium within her borders, it becomes manifestly impossible to continue the Indian trade another day."

Last December the General Assembly of China passed a law to stop the growth of the poppy entirely this year. Though the actual result may not measure fully up to the law, it is hoped that the cultivation and both the foreign and domestic trade will be cut off within two years. The interprovincial trade in native opium will come to an end this year. After the Sixth Moon (July 19) the tax offices will be closed, the Tuchi-pu (Board of Finance) having agreed to give up all revenue on native opium, an annual loss of nearly \$44,000,000. Strenuous efforts will continue to be made to stop smoking. There has already been a reduction made in the habit of about forty per cent., but of

course smoking will not stop entirely until some time after the trade, both foreign and domestic, has been fully cut off.

Results of the Ten-Year Agreement

To return to the ten-year agreement, the unfortunate part is that it has defeated its purpose with reference to importation. The amount of exportation was upon a basis of 51,000 chests, as has been stated, but the reduction of ten per cent., or 5,100 chests, was to be made from the average amount shipped to all countries, not to China alone. That being done, 16,000 chests were to be sent to other countries and the balance to China. In the working out of this loose arrangement much of the opium contained in the 16,000 chests intended for other countries reaches China, and the importation, instead of being reduced, has averaged about 3,000 chests yearly more than the average importation before the agreement was made. This was inevitable, for, since China's great reduction in cultivation, it is profitable to force as much as possible into her ports. Not only so, but the merchants of Hong-kong, foreseeing the rise in price, have held most of the large stock they had on hand when the agreement was made, intending to pour this into the Chinese market when the price has reached the topmost notch. The net opium revenue of the Indian Government rose from £3,571,948 in 1907-8 to £4,420,600 in 1909-10, a gain of £848,652, or about \$4,000,000. The last fiscal report from Calcutta states that the opium revenue for the past year has been £7,660,000, or £3,000,000 more than the estimated budget for the year. The total opium revenue of India from trade with China in the past three years, owing to the rise in price, has exceeded the amount expected in ten years. Opium is selling in China at four, five, and six times its normal value, and in a few cases has shot up to thirteen times the usual price. In some places it is selling at two-and-a-half times its weight in silver. This fabulous valuation is a great temptation to native growers, and has made it difficult for China to withstand the revenue arguments that have been pressing her as such arguments have been pressing England.

The recent modification of the ten-year agreement includes a provision to prevent more opium from going into China than the agreement calls for, and hereafter shipments sent from India to China will bear a special label, be admitted only at certain ports, and be subject to inspection by Chinese officials.

The Great Economic Gain to Both India and China

Until industrial conditions have been readjusted, the financial loss from opium will be felt, especially in China; but both China and India will be tremendously benefited when the necessary adjustments have been made. The Indian growers have long been forced to borrow from the Government yearly a sum sufficient to raise the poppy crop. The raising of a larger food crop is needed in India as in China, and the release of the capital, land and labor that have been devoted to poppy cultivation will have valuable results. The loss on opium will be from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 annually, and the British Government is generous in arranging for the final relinquishment of so much, but this loss to the Government of India will be amply compensated for in the bettered condition of the people of India when more important interests have superseded opium production and trade.

The aggregate yearly loss in opium revenue to the Chinese Government will be about \$50,000,000, but China has estimated the result of abandoning the trade somewhat as follows: Gain to the people of a total annual expenditure in cash for opium of \$151,875,000. The yield from land given up to the poppy when planted in wheat, cotton, and other useful crops, at least \$91,525,000, which, added to the expenditure for opium, means an annual saving of \$243,400,000. The average earning capacity of non-opium smoking Chinese is about twenty-eight cents a day. The lowest estimate for loss of capacity from the use of opium is one-fourth, or seven cents a day. As there are (or were before the beginning of the reform) something like 25,000,000 male opium smokers in China, this will mean an annual saving of \$547,750,000. Added to this financial summing up is the desire to develop according to the vast possibilities of this remarkable country. With opium no longer sap-

ping the life of her people and claiming their paltry earnings, China feels that she might have a chance to develop as Japan has developed. The imports of China are at present fifty-eight cents per capita, while those of Japan are three dollars and eighty cents, nearly seven times as much. If the world sold to China as much per capita as to Japan it would receive annually \$1,520,000,000 from this source.

The World's Interest in the Development of China

The question of developing China's resources and thereby increasing her power to produce and to spend is a matter in which the whole world is interested, for the trade of China is the future trade of the East and its expansion will be in exact proportion to the increased earning capacity and the increased manhood and ambition of China's millions. Opium is now seven and a half per cent. of Chinese imports, and it requires no mathematical genius to estimate how long it will be before this is replaced by cotton fabric, food stuffs, iron and steel, machinery, and innumerable sundries, nor how high will be the percentage of increase in the purchasing power under the industrial expansion that must follow the abolition of opium.

The Hague Conference

When the Commission in Shanghai adjourned nothing had been decided as to further international action, but a tacit understanding existed that a subsequent conference would take up the resolutions passed by the Commission in an effort to conventionalize them. Our Government, by diplomatic correspondence, has arranged such a conference, to convene at The Hague early this autumn. All the powers represented at Shanghai will take part in the deliberations of this body. It is one of the vital facts of the century that international law is taking up this great moral question. Universal good is bound to result, and we may hope that the end of the opium traffic everywhere in the world, except for medicinal uses, is in sight, and that China, with the curse no longer resting upon her, will rise above the past and take no

uncertain part "in the unfolding drama of the great world process."

The Peking Agreement

The following is a *précis* of the opium agreement signed in Peking by Sir John Jordan and the Wai-wu-pu, May 8, 1911:

ARTICLE I. China shall diminish annually during the next seven years the production of native opium in the same proportion as the annual export from India is diminished.

ARTICLE II. China having adopted a rigorous policy for prohibiting the production, transport, and smoking of native opium, the British Government agrees that the export of opium from India shall cease in less than seven years if proof is given that the production of native opium has completely ceased.

ARTICLE III. The British Government agrees that Indian opium shall not be conveyed to any province of China which has effectively suppressed the cultivation and import of native opium. It is understood, however, that the closing of the ports of Canton and Shanghai to the import of Indian opium shall only take effect as a final step for the completion of the above measure.

ARTICLE IV. During the period of the agreement the British Government is permitted to obtain continuous evidence of the diminution of cultivation by local inquiries conducted by British officials.

ARTICLE V. China may dispatch an official to India to watch the opium sales and the packing of opium, but without any power of interference.

ARTICLE VI. The British Government consents to the increase of the present duty to 350 taels per chest, the increase taking effect simultaneously with the imposition of an equivalent excise tax on native opium.

ARTICLE VII. So long as the additional article of the Chifu agreement is in force, China will withdraw all restrictions now placed on the wholesale trade in Indian opium in the provinces. The foregoing articles shall not derogate from the force of laws published, or hereafter to be published, by China to suppress the smoking of opium and to regulate the retail trade.

ARTICLE VIII. During 1911 the Indian Government will issue export permits for 30,600 chests, progressively reducing the number until the extinction of the export trade in 1917. Each chest so certified may be imported into any treaty port in China.

ARTICLE IX. This agreement may be revised at any time by mutual consent.

ARTICLE X. The agreement comes into force on the date on which it is signed.

TRYPHENA JANE'S REVOLT

MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS

DAN TRENOWDEN was not in a May mood. The Cornish sun dazzled his eyes as he walked up the narrow street to his home. The birds sang cheerily, but neither the warmth nor the joy in nature found a response in his heart. He was pulling at his pipe though he did not realize it had gone out. His eyes were lowered and his large face bore the expression of a man struggling with fate. Precision and extreme cleanliness marked his whole bearing. "The devil would never show black in his daily work, if he was a gentleman," he often declared; "then why a sweep?" He wore white overalls when going only from a house in one street to a cottage round the corner of another. His boots were always so polished that a casual observer might imagine that he combined the advertising of a well-known blacking with his ordinary profession. When he wore shoes instead of boots it was evident that he carried cleanliness to an extreme. He favored home-knitted white socks, except on Sunday, when he wore navy-blue ones. "A sweep should be the cleanest man alive," he declared, "both inside and out, because he has to fight dirt at all times and in all places." Even mud was a foe to be tactfully avoided. He picked his way carefully as he walked and always had a clean collar on his well-washed flannel shirt.

Dan Trenowden's profession was an art to him. He understood chimneys as a doctor ought to understand bodies. They had constitutions, he said, which wanted patient study. No two chimneys were alike, he declared, though they might seem so. They all wanted different management. Few smoky chimneys long resisted his careful investigations. "Build two feet on one and lower another," he said, "and you often give new life to a chimney. It's the same as you'd encourage a man who was down on his luck and—yes, he might as well say it as think it—same as you'd subdue a woman when she gets too 'kitey.' To build up one flue and widen another, to plaster

up a bit here and open out a couple of inches there was giving a chance to the lungs of a chimney. Being clogged with soot might cause a fever in the shape of a serious fire."

He was working out in his mind a plan for a rebellious case as he walked home. He had been out since six and it was now nearly twelve, his dinner hour. A sigh, which was almost a groan, escaped him as he neared his house. In a dim way he was trying to solve a far more intricate matter than chimneys. The understanding of them had come easy to him, even as an apprentice. He had initiated his master into many little discoveries he had made for himself while learning his trade. His master had told him jokingly one day, that if he got to understand women as well as he understood chimneys, he would be the godsend of most of the married men round about. Dan said his mother had none of the defects of wayward chimneys and he expected all women were much of a muchness. Dan knew better now. He was growing to realize that he would probably always remain a mere apprentice in this difficult matter. There were no books to guide him and as far as he could make out all the men he knew were as muddled as he was. Those who bragged the most about their knowledge of women seemed to know even less than he did, for at any rate he had learnt they were "unbeknown pixies" and not "responsible at all times," whether their moods happened to be those of devils or angels. What he never could find out was the "central draught" in a woman. He felt certain it was some small thing that the whole make of her hung on, as it was with chimneys, but so far he had not "compassed" it.

As he knocked his boots sideways against the curb, to clean off a possibility of mud, his face grew more serious and his pipe was slipped into his waistcoat pocket, the black stem leaning against his white drill waistcoat. His broad figure seemed to take up nearly all the space in the narrow passage as he took off his boots and slipped his feet into a pair of green canvas slippers. He drew these from the bottom of a little umbrella stand which was never used for anything but the slippers and one walking stick which Dan used every Sunday afternoon when he went to see his crippled nephew.

"Come on, come on, dinner's ready," yelled a treble voice as Dan flicked from his sleeve a tiny bit of mud no bigger than a pin's head.

"Oh! my bones and buttons! Hurry up, hurry up." This was followed immediately by a great smacking of lips and a wild laugh. Dan opened the door whence the voice proceeded and by way of reply whistled a chime of wedding bells which got an immediate response in a higher key. The room he entered was a kitchen. A bright fire blazed in the "slab." The roaring sound from it proclaimed that the prophet of good chimney sweeping was not dishonored in his own house. He looked round the room, opened the oven door, sniffed at the contents on the top shelf, which he drew forward, having carefully protected his thumb and forefinger with his red handkerchief with white spots. He closed the door with a sigh.

"Hurry up!" screamed Dan's parrot. A laugh, and a noise like the smacking of lips, again followed the remark. Dan went over to the bird's cage and scratched the bent head of the parrot.

"What a lark!" cried the parrot.

"Hold your noise," retorted Dan.

The sweep looked round the little kitchen and then at the table laid half way across for one. If he had so chosen he could have eaten his dinner from the other half, without tablecloth or plate, for it was scrubbed to a beautiful toning with the light brown of the paste. Dan took off his long-sleeved waistcoat and hung it behind the door, before he went into an inner scullery, where he washed his hands and "sluiced" his face and head. He then held a little looking-glass before his serious face with one hand while he carefully parted his thin wet hair with the other.

"Oh! Goodness!" from the parrot made him peer into the kitchen, comb in hand, and cry "varmint!"

"Downstairs!" yelled the parrot. Dan stamped his foot and made a face at the parrot as he turned to go back into the scullery.

"The bird be too knowable by half," he muttered. "No wonder uplongs come to hear she talk and reason." He can-

didly acknowledged to his mates that his "parrot was not understandable to men folkses. It's women she do take to and if she could say all that's in her she might be a guide to the mending or marring of men's lives." The parrot and Dan had been housemates for seventeen years and she had been his "standby" on many lonely nights. His mother died in peace because Dan had promised her that he would look up a likely woman to keep him and the parrot company. She had impressed on him that it was just as important for him to choose a wife who would love the parrot and be loved by her as it was that she should be able to cook, darn and attend to a man generally.

"Don't never take to your bosom, my son, a woman what hates cats and birds, for it would be like hating her own make-up."

Dan had gone steadily to work to find a wife, in the same spirit that he would search the town if he needed a special cowl for a particularly stubborn chimney. He kept a wary eye at all the houses he visited, but for a long time he had not found anything which seemed in the least like his mother. A cook, in one place, was very kind to him and he wondered if she would suit him. One day, however, he saw her drop some kidneys on the floor and put them on the grill without washing them, as she declared, "they'm good enough for that lot," pointing upstairs. That was as unlike his mother as anything could be. The wastefulness of the servants at the houses he visited kept him from courting any of the offenders. "Mother never wasted a crumble," he told one cook who laughed at his scruples. "When, by the oven being thin, she burnt the bread a bit she made we eat it 'cause she said burnt crusties made the breath sweet." While Dan was having lunch at one house the servant drew off water from the boiler and made his tea with it. Dan pretended to take no notice, but there was possibly a draw missed in the marriage lottery that day. He knew what a "chancey" thing marriage was. It meant a rope to hang a man or a cosy corner for life. Dan was bent on the cosy corner. The women with holes in their stockings and jumps and jerks in their daily work, as he expressed it, he was determined to avoid. Those

who were always "catching up their work" kept a man in a fever most of the day and had all things "slatterly" again before night time. He had no leanings, on the other hand, toward women who let everything get "soured and mucky" before they had the heart and nerve to clean. A seemly worker had everything in its place and cleared and cleaned as she went on, his mother had often said.

An accident brought the decisive moment and the right woman. Dan was sweeping a chimney in a lady's bedroom when her canary got out of its cage. There was a hurried hunt by Dan and the housemaid. In the scrimmage the canary became wedged between a box and the wardrobe, and its leg was broken. The comforting of the terror-stricken girl led to revelations. She was a passionate lover of birds, and in order to keep and please her the lady had given up cats and kept birds instead. "I can work my fingers sore if he do sing," sobbed the girl. Dan looked into her sweet young face and then at her slight, graceful figure. He wiped his sooty right hand very slowly on his big white apron and looked on the floor thoughtfully as he did so. Then he slowly wiped the other hand and took the canary gently from the girl's trembling fingers.

"That can be mended," he said, smiling softly into the girl's face. "Give me a match and some thin thread."

In less than ten minutes the canary's leg was set and the girl had ceased crying. And in less than ten minutes Dan had made up his mind.

"A woman's tears do always make me whishe, sure enough," he muttered. "I never saw mother cry but once and that was when father passed, and seemly, ever since then, a female weeping do give me the same sort of feeling as the crucifixion when I ponder upon it on a Sabbath day."

"Lor!" said the housemaid, looking at Dan as if she had seen him for the first time.

"Have you a fancy for parrots?" asked Dan.

"I do dearly love to hear them talk, but I've only seen them at shows," she answered, "and then I suppose they've got on their company manners."

"My parrot badly wants a missis," said Dan.

The girl thought he was going to make her a present of a parrot and said:

"I'd dearly love to have one, but if it talked much it would disturb my mistress."

"You will have to go to she," responded Dan. "It'll be a case of both of us, you know. We can't separate."

The housemaid looked at Dan and Dan looked at her.

"Your name, being so bold?" queried Dan.

"Mary," said the girl simply.

"Your age, if you please?" asked Dan kindly as he looked into her eyes.

"Twenty-five," answered Mary wonderingly.

"And I be thirty," said Dan. "We shall get on like the tick of a clock," he continued. He was smiling as he spoke. Dan's smile was one which slowly lighted up his large face and gave dignity to his firm mouth and broad chin.

"Mother and me never had no warfare," said Dan. "The parrot's chatter you'll like, I know. She's a homely bird and we three will hang together like bricks and mortar."

"What three?" cried the girl, not comprehending the relieved look of the man before her.

"The parrot and me be one," continued Dan slowly, "and you'll be the other, of course."

That was all Dan's courting. It came about as naturally that the canary and the parrot and Dan and Mary should set up house together as it did for a west wind to follow an east wind and for day to follow night.

"It is mother over again," said Dan to his old aunt just before the wedding; "only mother afore I was thought on."

It was a momentous day when Dan took Mary to see the parrot. He confessed to her afterwards that "a stream of sweat" ran down his back when the great meeting took place. The parrot screamed and laughed, "fit to kill herself," when Dan timidly approached the cage with Mary hiding behind his broad back. There had been a whispered conference in the little passage and Mary had taken off her boots and glided, in her stockinged feet, into the kitchen, so that the parrot should not guess she was there. They advanced very cautiously toward

the cage, Mary holding on to Dan's coat from behind and stooping low so that her gentle face and slight figure should not be seen. They both fell back when the parrot yelled, "You've done it! Hip, pip, hurrah!"

"My!" cried Mary.

"That's nothing," said Dan solemnly as he led Mary into the passage again amid the wild shrieks and laughter of the bird. Dan confided to Mary, in solemn whispers, that Sapphira was a very queer bird and seemed to have second sight. Sapphira, Dan said, was called after her Biblical namesake because the whole object of her existence seemed to be to tell the most horrible lies and to create mischief. There seemed such reasoning behind her impish remarks that now and again Dan was quite bewildered when he discovered her as an occasional peacemaker instead of a mischief-maker. Sapphira had an ugly way of calling people names. Because Dan's mother had in fun called her son "bald pate" when his hair grew thin, it was hurled at him whenever he vexed Sapphira. At the time of the elections she would scream "up with Laurie," the Tory candidate, and nothing would induce her to call the Liberal candidate's name, though Dan had spent a good hour trying to teach it her. She only ate the "tasties" Dan gave her with a twinkle in her eye and called "Laurie" louder than ever.

"Even a parrot gets not exactly over politics," said Dan. "All my teaching be of no value by the side of a youngster in the street yelling the Tory's name while Sapphira was out in the sun in the back yard." He warned Mary that it might be possible that Sapphira would tell his wife tales behind his back, but she must understand that the bird was "fancical" and not to be relied on always. Mary was not going to listen to parrot's tales, she said, about her dear Dan, so he might rest content on that. When they returned to the kitchen they felt a little creepy when the parrot screamed, "Sneak, sneak," followed by a piercing whistle of wedding bells.

"Now, my dear," whispered Dan to Mary, "do you call that reasoning or accident?"

Mary declared it was second sight like a witch had and they had better mind what they said and what they did. To Dan's

relief the parrot not only loved Mary at sight but soon loved her better than she loved Dan. Mary had gentle and caressing ways with her that Dan could only wonder at and reverence. The parrot took them as a matter of course, as she took her seed and water. She put her head on one side and looked at Mary out of her beady eyes when she talked "baby talk" to the bird. "Mother's pretty top-knot, her little sweetheart, her handsome chick-a-biddy, her bright-eyed jewel," kept the wily Sapphira in the best of spirits. The parrot seemed almost to wink at Dan when Mary "talked silly" to her, as Dan put it. Sapphira grew to love Dan's wife so much that she was never quite happy when Mary was out of the room or house. She often showed distinct signs of jealousy of Dan. When he lingered sometimes, before starting for his work, Sapphira would scream, "Chuck it, Dan. Hurry up! House on fire." When Dan kissed Mary it seemed to annoy Sapphira past endurance. She would make a noise like the loud drawing of a cork, and make it so uncomfortable for Dan and Mary that it became a habit, at last, for them always to say good-bye at the front door. But Sapphira knew all about that. When Mary came back to the kitchen the parrot saluted her with "Tut, tut, tut," or with loud peals of laughter.

One day, however, Sapphira's happiness got a check. There was confusion in the little house and much coming and going. When Dan came home hurriedly, after receiving a wire at the big house, where he was to be all day, he went into the kitchen to put down his brushes and hang up his cap, before going upstairs. Sapphira's wings were drooping and her head was sideways as her keen eyes caught sight of her master.

"Bald head, sure enough," she cried.

Dan started. Dr. Ashe came into the kitchen just then and told him he had a son and he instinctively glanced at the shining head of the kindly medical man and asked timidly if the boy had hair. The doctor thought it a strange question to ask, but told him that the child had scarcely any hair and in fact was unusually bald. Sapphira's fiendish laugh made both men start and Dan for the first time in his life gave utterance to an oath.

"Blast the scurvy owl," he said.

"Owl! Owl!" yelled Sapphira. "Hold your hair on, do."

"Valuable bird, that," said the doctor.

"'Tain't a bird at all times," muttered Dan ruefully. "It's a—a—" He looked round nervously at Sapphira as she impatiently knocked her beak against the cage and then opened her mouth wide as if to show her round tongue "blackened with lies," so Dan declared.

"Mary's chick-a-biddy," said the parrot.

This immediately sent Dan upstairs to see his wife. Dan touched the little curled-up fingers of his son as if they would break.

"Perfect, sure enough," he muttered, "nails and all complete. It's miracle work," he added as he stooped to kiss Mary. "I shall never feel the same again, my dear, after this," he continued, smoothing the baby's bald head gently with the back of his forefinger. "Gosh! how he do drink! You'd think he was learnt all about it afore he got here. Chimneys have taken the third place now in my estimation, by the side of you and this lightning conductor. My! what wrinkles he have got and no troubles to speak on like you and me."

Mary said she felt very tired but so happy she believed she must be purring.

Dan's wife never recovered from the birth and death of the boy. "Little bald pate," as his father lovingly called him, had been seriously handicapped at the outset and Mary, thirteen weeks after her child died, got a serious chill which developed into pneumonia and she was soon gone. Dan nursed her night and day with the quiet doggedness characteristic of him. He gave up all his work, as chimneys were one thing and Mary another, he argued. He never failed her. Her least wish was law to Dan and he got into the way of making three hours' sleep a night suffice him. He fought death as he fought soot, but this time he was "beatened." He could not save his Mary.

"They'm jealous up above, we're told," he argued, when he could collect his wits and think at all. "The likes of we can't calculate the likes of she nor the meaning of they up atop. The Lord's will be past finding out, I reckon, but whoever had a hand

in the make-up of Mary can be trusted with the end of we, I'm thinking."

Sapphira's cage was by Mary's bed to the last and Dan was afraid the bird was going, too, for she lost all her spirit. The day Mary was buried Dan "gave up, like a thing." He let no one touch his wife. He lifted her reverently into her coffin with a strange feeling that he was dead himself. He could not "compass it." Clean man as he was, he never washed his hands for hours after touching her cold forehead. In a dull sort of way he felt there was nothing left for him but to die, too. He was glad it rained so. No damping Cornish mist, but such a downpour as had rarely been seen. Dan was glad, for it kept the gaping crowds at home. He would have hated the sun to shine. It would have hurt like a knife. "Blessed be the corpse the rain pours on," said Dan, as he carried the narrow coffin downstairs with Bill Thomas, who always had a tender spot for Dan's "missis."

"She was most like a wild wood anemone, mate," said Bill, as he looked in Dan's grief-stricken face. "They'm wonderful to look upon and faces the wind brave enough, but anybody can see they'm unearthly, in a manner of speaking."

"Yes," answered Dan, "they face the first sun but don't stay for no summer, and they'd make no headway in autumn, much less winter. Best she than me if one of us had to pass. I can face it and go like mad for chimneys again, but she would have quailed before this rending apart. If I'd gone and left she I'd have never behaved myself even in heaven. It's best as it is. She and the little chap be safe and after all, this world be a wilderness, we're told."

"Take another missis, dear," Mary had said again and again to Dan when she knew she must leave him. "I can't die in peace unless I know someone will tend you and joke with you. Sapphira be human like you and me, but she won't suffice no more once you've had me and the child. Take another missis if I'm to rest in peace."

Dan, with quiet patience, cleaned up the house after the funeral, paid for the coffin and the grave, gave orders for a tombstone more appropriate for a county magnate than his

simple Mary, and then sat down to consider the situation. He had denied his wife nothing while she lived and he knew he could not refuse to fulfil her last wish. But what could he do?

"Best drown myself, I reckon," he muttered, and Sapphira yelled in response, in Mary's voice, "Take another missis, Dan." Love had overtaken him before he was aware of it and Love had left him, just as he had got used to its bewildering deliciousness. He had meant to have a cosy corner, he had always said, and Mary had brought into that corner a strange peace and happiness he was only realizing fully now that it had left him. But had it left him? He sat wondering about these things in the long, lonely nights. Mary seemed to be very near him somehow. He felt less sad by the fire with Sapphira than when a friend came in to cheer him up. It took him nearly all his spare time to keep the house neat and clean like Mary had it. He changed his waistcoat and coat and put on a clean collar when he came in as if his wife was by his side as he ate his supper. As he prayed he wondered if she knew how lonely he was and then he suddenly hoped she did not know, as it might spoil heaven a bit for her and there was no sense in that, he argued. Better bide his time. The idea, once in his brain, that Mary might worry over him, took possession of him and he tried to make up his mind to marry again and soon. He had generally only thought of the dead in the churchyard and had felt vaguely that his mother knew when he put flowers on her grave. Now he began to wonder if the dead were even nearer than that, like the wind was near though you could not see it.

What intensified this idea of his was the strange conduct of Sapphira. He was certain she saw things he could not see. Sometimes, when they were quite quiet he noticed her feathers stand up and her keen, bead-like eyes grow more intent and fix themselves on one spot for a long time. He grew more and more uneasy when Sapphira repeated again and again, with feathers erect and in that peculiarly gentle voice he knew so well, "Take a missis, Dan dear, take a missis." What did it mean? He had heard people say the dead could not rest if their wishes were unfulfilled. What was he to do? It made

him icy cold to think of it all and even on warm nights he often got up shivering to see if the door was shut and the window fastened. It was all very odd and he wished he knew something about other things besides chimneys. Sapphira had lost nearly all her spirit and he certainly was losing his. Dan thought once the bird was in a fit and she rarely laughed and never called for her bath. Was she going to die and if so, what should he do then? Surely, even the birds outside did not sing the same as when Mary was alive and nothing, he noticed, seemed really happy like they did once.

He thought over the two years of their married life. How very sweet she was! There was a "tripetty" bend in her way of walking that sometimes made him quite faint with longing to kiss her when he watched her picking her way through the lanes or going into chapel. It was at one with her sweet smile which somehow seemed all over her, even in her hands, if you watched them close enough. Dan only realized, when he saw Mary dead, how much a part of herself her smile was. Had he never seen her without it, he wondered, or had Death just turned her stiff and cold like most folkses seemed to be even when they were alive? He left the death chamber hurriedly, after his first unconscious realization of this, for he argued, in his quaint way, that as Mary hated him to come home and find her in a torn dress or in one a bit soiled she would dislike it much more if he saw her now, with all her smile gone. The beautiful coils of hair seemed the only testimony to the witchery and charm that had made Dan wholly hers. As he wet a corner of his handkerchief and gently wiped away the clammy moisture from the corners of the closed eyes he knew that all the earth could give him or heaven take away would count as very little with him after this. He supposed he must have loved her very much, but he had never thought about it. All he knew was that he would rather do what she wanted, however slight it was, than anything else he could think of. When the boy was first coming he had not found it a bit hard to give up tobacco, though he never "made use of" much of it as it "minded him of soot." That it made Mary sick showed him what nasty stuff it was. He tried to smoke again after she died in order

to cheer himself, but his pipe tasted "rancorous and bitter, like a thing." For the first time in his life he took a tonic, a bitter, evil-smelling liquid the kindly doctor gave him.

"It may fortify the system," said Dan to one of his mates, "but a feller would need to take another bottle to clean out the flues afterwards." The tonic, however, so strengthened his nervous system that he definitely made up his mind to marry again. He had found favor in the eyes of nearly all the local women because of his devotion to Mary and also because it was well known that he had saved "a pile of money." He could easily earn from twelve to fifteen shillings a day at sweeping chimneys and in these times, when the price of a loaf was as uncertain as the state of the weather, it was no small standby to be sure of three or four pounds a week, with a man who never grumbled at his meals, thrown in. Dan was too weary and sad to realize that this time it was he who was the wooed. A "seemly and staid" woman of about thirty-five made, what her rivals considered, "a frantic dash" for Dan when she realized how matters stood. She had confided to her mother that, in her observation of men and things, widowers must be "took on the hop or not at all. Let 'em slew down and they'll stay in the same rut to the end of their days, but catch 'em lonely and a bit homesick over what's gone and there you are! Dan Trenowden and his sort be more helpless when they'm left alone, if they've had a good mother like he had and a wife like Mary, than if they'd been browbeaten same as Nathan Treweeke, as a youngster, and henpecked later on like Matthew Bennett."

Tryphena Jane Hocking further confided to her mother that Mary was a delicate, winsome morsel, but so soft and clinging that she would believe her right hand was her left if Dan told her so. She had confided to Tryphena herself, once, that she had asked Dan what books he would like her to read. Tryphena Jane tossed her head as she told this story and added that at any rate Dan was man enough to tell Mary she might as well ask the parrot what to read as ask him. Except for *The Dialogue of Devils* and *The Pilgrim's Progress*, he had never had a stomach for books beyond the wish to write one

himself on *Chimneys and their Errors*, but he could not trust his spelling enough to begin. As for Tryphena Jane, it was well known in the village that she had a leaning toward literature in general, for she took in *Woman's Chatter* and *The Fashionable Herald*.

It was apparent to even a casual eye that Tryphena Jane Hocking was bent on marrying Dan Trenowden. Even Dan himself began to feel "a bit like a rabbit in a gin"; but he was too tired to argue or protest. What did anything matter one way or another? As Mary was not in the running was not one woman as good as another? Best make a bolt for it and have done with this shilly-shallying. Even hanging was better over than continually in front of a man. He tried to put Mary out of his head. In a dim way he realized that it was best to be off with the old love now he was destined to be on with a new. But the old love remained fixed in his heart. He confided to Tryphena Jane, after they were married, that he never could think of Mary as dead but only as waiting somewhere and that he hoped in heaven the three of them would be part and parcel of one another in some way the Almighty might know how to fix up. Tryphena Jane's blue eyes met his rather angrily.

"That's stuff and nonsense," she said, "and worse than Mormon's jargon. You'm a real fool in some things, Dan, though wiser than some in others. I can't deny I took to you mostly because you was such a good man to Mary, but there let it end. I've my place now same as she had hers, but don't let us try to mix them. A living woman be worth two dead ones, thanks be. There be no marriage nor yet giving in marriage in heaven, we're told. There we shall be tended by angels and have no need the one of the other."

"That depends," answered Dan slowly, feeling heaven was scarcely worth while on those terms. "Seems to me love ain't going to be shoved aside, even by angels, for I don't see what call they'd have to discountenance it, considering we're told plain enough it's the make-up of God Himself."

Tryphena Jane said it was one thing what was told you and another thing what you could make use of.

"Anyway," said Dan slowly, "whatever we know or don't

know about up atop, this much I do know for certain and that is that what loves me must love Mary. As for heaven, as I said afore, angels and harps and clouds of glory and them things would be only makeshifts to me if I didn't hear Mary's slumberous voice and catch the sweet laugh of she." As Dan caught Tryphena Jane's eyes he felt, in a stupid way, that he had only made things worse. The more he talked of Mary the more Tryphena Jane scoffed and sneered and argued about votes for women and what Dan called "tawdry blither." When he saw he had vexed her again he checked an irritable sigh and chucked Tryphena Jane under the chin.

"Cheer up, woman," he said. "I didn't mean to offend you."

All might have ended well on that particular afternoon if the parrot had not laughed and screamed and ended by yelling "Mary's saucy boy."

"Does that parrot love me or your blessed Mary best?" queried Tryphena Jane, glaring at Dan.

"God knows," answered Dan wearily.

"You know right enough, but you won't say," retorted Tryphena Jane.

"Best ask her," growled Dan. "She'm wily enough to lie, as her name will tell you, or maybe she'll tell you the truth by chance."

"Mother's angel!" yelled the parrot.

"I taught her that," cried Tryphena Jane triumphantly.

"Maybe that's your answer," said Dan moodily, as he spliced some thin rope with which to mend one of his brushes. From that day Tryphena Jane was the parrot's slave.

Dan grew daily more miserable and Tryphena Jane more distant and morose. The parrot alone seemed to find any joy in life, for her new mistress gave her all she asked for and spent hours caressing and talking to Sapphira.

Things had come to a climax at last. For a whole week Dan had returned home and found his meals laid for him alone. Pride had kept him from asking the reason, though a rumor had reached his ears that Tryphena Jane had leanings to queer notions. If a woman had a bit of money of her own, she had

said, she ought to show a man his place and not make too free with men till they were "cowed" into giving women their lawful rights. He supposed this was what was the matter with Tryphena Jane now. Evidently the little downstairs parlor was used by her as a harbor of refuge from Dan, but now that Sapphira was often kept there, too, matters began to look serious. Words were of little use, he knew, till he had squared up the thing in his mind. When he wanted to tackle a smoky chimney he kept quiet over it and turned it over and over in his brain and never got rested till he had cured it. A good plan, Dan had found, was to think over a difficulty as he fell asleep and when he awoke he often had the whole concern as "clear as crystal" in his mind. He was determined to find a remedy in this dilemma, though he had only the general line of conduct of his mother and Mary to go on. Dan had rarely heard men talk about their women. His reserved and secretive nature had saved him from the vulgar jokes and gibes of the men he knew. His trade kept him more or less apart from his fellows, so that the little he had heard from his mates merely helped to confuse his brain. Jan Peters told him once he kept his wife in her place with his bootsole, and his brats, too. Women were no manner of use, he informed Dan, with rights and wrongs. Once they begin that sort of nonsense they might as well have the vote and the rest of it and then where would things be, he should like to ask? They would be more "tom-fuzzled" than ever. Politics, he further declared, were well enough to pass the time with and when they were hot and strong, as in a general election, they were more exciting than betting on horses; but if women got mixed up in politics heaven help the nation, for they would take them seriously, like their babies, and then what the deuce would become of the country, he should like to know? Dan's mate gulped down his third glass of beer at the bare thought of such a catastrophe. "Look out, old chap," he had added, "I saw your missis last Wednesday afternoon listening to them suffragettes. Before you know where you are she'll have cut her hair short and be cooking your dinner with an ivory button on her chest with 'Votes for women' on it. Them varmints, when once they're given an inch, will jolly well take

the whole country. They want good husbands to kick them about a bit and look well after them and that's about all that is the matter with them."

"Kicking be a beastly, measly trade," retorted Dan.

"Being governed by women be a darned sight uglier one," retorted Dan's mate meaningly.

Dan had listened and said little. "It was a dirty bird that soiled its own nest," his mother had taught him, so there was no likelihood that he would talk over his affairs with neighbors or give the show away to relations. He knew, however, he was in a big fix. Home was not home at all, as it was. A sweep would be worse than a fool to sit and choke with downdraught if there was a conceivable remedy. Dan realized he would be less than a man if he could not cope with this worse than back smoke in his own house. As he walked home he had made up his mind to "kill or cure"; but exactly how to proceed, in either course, was not clear to him yet. Like cured like, at times, he knew. One poison could chase another poison out of the system if a doctor knew his trade. If Tryphena Jane was determined on militant tactics Dan was not going to be behind in that show. Peaceable man as he was, he knew that in chimneys and in families a flare-up sometimes cleared the air. If it was only noise, it eased the chest like a lighted newspaper sometimes cleared a flue. He pondered over the whole matter and made a point of trying to "straighten it out" as he fell asleep.

He had a curious dream that night. He saw Mary in a lovely garden and it seemed quite natural she should be there because she loved primroses and violets so much. Dan could never "suffer" the delicate scent of a primrose now. It made him fool enough to want to throw up the struggle and follow Mary. In his dream the "mother's-milk scent" of thousands of them came to him as Mary stepped forward smiling. All she said was:

"Well, Dan."

He just answered:

"Well, my dear," and never thought of asking her if she was dead or where she had gone to nor about all the things he wanted to know so badly when he was awake. She glided up to

him as naturally as if it was yesterday that he saw her last. She stroked his big hand softly as she looked up in his face and said the one word "Master." Dan laughed. She always had her little jokes, but she had never called him master before. He laughed and looked down upon her and then pulled her sweet face up to him as he answered "Missis," just to see the fun in her eyes. She was going to speak again when he awoke. He could not get the dream out of his head for he was sure Mary meant more than he could make out. As he fell asleep the next night he muttered, "master, master," and in the morning all was clear to Dan Trenowden.

He ate his pasty very thoughtfully that day and took a longer time than usual over it. Then he stood up, drew his waistcoat slowly down and brushed off the crumbs, without even speaking to Sapphira, who was strangely silent as if she felt danger in the air. With a face stern and pale, he went slowly out and turned the handle of the best parlor. The room was empty. Dan gave a sigh of relief. "That saves powder and shot for a bit, anyway," he muttered, as he closed the door again and fumbled in his pockets. He produced a holdfast and padlock from one pocket and a gimlet and screw driver from another. In less than a quarter of an hour the door was securely barricaded and the siege begun. He carefully put the tools in the same pocket he had taken them from. His slow and heavy tread roused Sapphira, who yelled, "House on fire, hurry up, what a lark!" Dan went over to the bird's cage, lifted it and fixed it exactly in the middle of the table. He then took out the tools again and produced from another pocket two clamps and some strong wire. To Sapphira's intense surprise he proceeded to hammer here and there at her cage. "Hold your noise! rats! lor! lor!" only seemed to hasten his efforts and soon Sapphira, like the sensible female she was, thought it better to conciliate Dan. With a swerve of her body she fixed her claws on to the side of the cage and began cleaning Dan's thin hair in the same way as she cleaned her own feathers. She only stopped once to mutter, "Bald pate, come on then, do." When the cage was securely fastened to the table Dan wiped his hot forehead with his handkerchief and rolled up his tools into a small

piece of sackcloth and tied the bundle with string. He unlocked a little wooden box which he drew from a cupboard by the fireplace and put in the tools. He left the box open and crossed over to the other corner of the fireplace where he generally sat. He took down Mary's photograph from the wall. She was in her wedding dress with an orange wreath on her head and a bunch of flowers in her hands. A queer pain got hold of Dan in his left side. "Sakes, Mary," he whispered, "Dan be most gone in."

The power of analysis was not developed in Dan, but just then he wondered why Mary had always brought him rest and Tryphena Jane nothing but turmoil. From the first moment he saw Mary she had been to him "most like a cradle to babies," he told her once. The mere thought of her just then was almost more than he could bear. "I hope I'll never hurt you, dearest," she had said once to him and he had laughed and kissed her for he knew nothing could hurt him so long as he could go to her and tell her everything. Dan, however, had not reckoned with that silent "unbeknowns" enemy, death. He had never felt rested once since she died and he doubted if ever he should again. The organ in chapel brought him nearer to it than anything else and seeing sooty chimneys "clean as gold." Life was a big tussle most days and at times almost unbearable. Dan's eyes were wider open than usual as he put Mary's photograph in the little wooden box. He locked it carefully and put the key on his watchchain where he had a locket she had given him with her hair in it. As he turned he saw Tryphena Jane in the doorway. She had evidently come from their bedroom, for she was dressed in her best outdoor clothes. Dan did not speak, but Tryphena Jane did.

"You're a nice sort of chap, you are, Dan Trenowden," she said. "You resemble a log of wood more than a man. You're a remarkable sort of husband for a woman of spirit, I must say." She laughed jeeringly. "You can't even defend yourself, but have to get locks and keys to do it for you. A worm, a pitiful worm you be, and nothing more nor less."

Dan's eyes were very bright and as he squared his broad shoulders and looked her full in the face Tryphena Jane thought

what a splendid fellow he was if only he would buck up a bit so that she could show him off amongst her companions.

"Defiance and not defence be my way at times," said Dan slowly.

"Teasy, sure enough," cried Tryphena Jane with a jerky little laugh.

"Worse," said Dan sternly.

"Oh! really," cried Tryphena Jane nervously, looking towards the parrot as if for support. For once Sapphira seemed unequal to the occasion. Probably the sound of the hammer was still in her ears. She neither moved nor spoke, but her eyes were anxious and her head very much on one side. If she had spoken she would probably have declared that Dan was "clean daft" and Tryphena Jane "moist with rage and terror."

"What's been done to Sapphira's cage?" demanded Tryphena Jane in a loud voice, in order to hide her own misgivings.

"Same as your suffragettes did to theirselves, I reckon," said Dan severely. "It's certain sure nobody can move it without considerable pains."

"You be mazed," said Tryphena Jane looking hard at Dan.

"Very likely," said Dan. "I'm getting pretty sure that is so, but I've more to get through with before I'm qualified for an asylum. I've only now begun."

"Good gracious," gasped Tryphena Jane. "I shall tell mother."

"If you can get to her," said Dan.

"Dan Trenowden," cried Tryphena Jane, and the sound of her own voice seemed far off, for she was growing so terrified. "You be just like all the miserable cowards and bullies as calls theirselves men and lives only to browbeat women. I thought you was different, but I see I was mistaken. Low, mongrel curs of creation all you men be. Not fit to come nigh no decent woman. Do you hear?"

"Hear?" said Dan slowly. "I'm not a deaf mute. A chimney in flames be a joke in comparison with you."

Tryphena Jane would have liked to scream, but she thought better of it. There was a look about Dan she had not "compassed." He might throttle her, with that sort of grin on his

face. There was a pause. Tryphena Jane was nothing if not militant.

"Dan Trenowden," she said slowly, almost pausing between each word, "you're a tyrant, a beast, a fool. If Mary had lived she'd have grown to hate, hate, hate you."

Tryphena Jane paused. Dan's mouth had tightened and his face was deathly white.

"Leave Mary's name out of this, if you please," said Dan, "unless you wants me to kill you. There's some things beyond bearing without chloroform, I'm thinking."

"Coward!" retorted Tryphena Jane.

"Names cost nothing," said Dan calmly. "A coward would run away from your nagging and worse, but I means to stay and conquer."

"Conquer me," sniffed Tryphena Jane.

"The whole situation," said Dan as he sat down in his chair and crossed one leg over the other.

"It's a storm in a teacup," said Tryphena Jane haughtily as she rapidly folded her umbrella and bit off a stray thread near the button.

"It's a storm, nevertheless," said Dan, "and may mean wreckage. You and me had best come to a clear understanding. Marriage is a contract, same as any other, and one of us two be trying to break it."

"Marriage be slavery for women," said Tryphena Jane. "A jail door has no worse prospects."

"That's bunkum," said Dan. "Marriage ain't no worse for a woman than a man. It's heaven or hell, seems to me, for either one."

"I suppose you mean to say," retorted Tryphena Jane haughtily, "that your first marriage was one of those states and your second is the other."

"As you've a mind to read it," said Dan.

"You're a jewel, you are," said Tryphena Jane. "And I should like to know, now we're talking, what I've done to be reckoned a devil and this house hell?"

"It's what you've left undone," said Dan, "as is sapping the foundations of this home. Do you think I married you

to shut yourself off from me by night and by day? Not likely. When I begins a job I goes through with it and no mincin' nor skimpin'. I'm going through with this, as you will see. You and me have not had a square meal together for a week."

"I've cooked your meals anyway," said Tryphena Jane.

"That's only half the bargain," said Dan.

"I'm independent of you," said Tryphena Jane, "and there's no call for you to support me now Aunt have left me a bit of money."

"Stuff and nonsense," said Dan, "what's done can't be undone. We're one now whether we likes it or not and one we've got to remain. Has it ever struck you that them women as talks to you about rights and property and votes and the rest have not looked in their own hearts? If they had they'd know what even a fool like me can teach them. If you really means to get what you want you'd best make what you've got lead to it, same as I be doing at the present time. The less row over it the better. The drum and fife don't lead to victory unless the soldiers are under discipline."

"Lor!" cried Tryphena Jane. "You're lost to the world. A lawyer or parson would more become your tongue than a sweep."

"Them women," said Dan irritably, "be screaming for moonshine, I tell you, when it's sunshine they do want."

Tryphena Jane smiled.

"That's saucy enough, anyway," she said, "whatever be its meaning. So you reckon votes be moonshine?"

"In comparison, yes," said Dan. "Votes be little worth to men, I reckon. Not much more than jaw and bluster. They mostly don't even reckon up what they're voting for. I'm not one as would debar a woman from beer nor tobacco and likewise I'd let her have the vote if she wants it just 'cause the goose should be served same as the gander, but it's moonshine all the same."

"And what be sunshine, if I may ask?" queried Tryphena Jane.

Dan did not answer, but all the clouds passed from his face and the angry light went out of his eyes. Dan knew and Try-

phena Jane knew, too, what was in his mind. She went angrily out of the door.

"As you approve of votes I'll just pin on my badge and take good care to make an example of you at the meeting," she called from the foot of the stairs.

Dan strode into the passage and the anger in his face made Tryphena Jane pause. The smile had gone as quickly as it came.

"You'll do no such thing," said Dan, catching hold of Tryphena Jane's arm. "You've got to obey that, mind, or it will be the worse for you. It's for your sake, not mine, as makes me say it."

"My!" cried Tryphena Jane trembling with rage, "you shall suffer for this. You worse than murderer! I'd smack your big ugly face if I wasn't afraid to soil my hands. You shall go into the newspapers as a man as barricaded his doors against his wife and bound fast to the table the cage of his parrot 'cause she was a female. A nice reading for them as says men be good to women."

With that she flew down the passage and went out of the front door which she banged behind her.

Dan leaned against the wall in the little passage and folded his arms. He meditated for a few moments and then went back to the kitchen and took down the bottle of tonic from the shelf. He was shivering and his teeth chattered.

"How shall I ever get through?" he muttered. "Hurricanes always disagreed with my constitution." He poked the fire, put on his hat and coat, locked the front door carefully and went down the street. Tryphena Jane was not in sight. She did not go to the meeting. She was much too agitated. She took a long walk toward her mother's house, but she did not go in.

"Once I own up he don't care, I might as well give it all up," she said to herself. She slowly walked back toward home. Dan's vigorous protest had told upon her. When she had married him she knew herself as little as she knew Dan. She had wooed him and won him in the same spirit that she did a day's washing quicker than her neighbors. Living with Dan, however,

had opened her eyes. Dan's peaceful ways and his self-controlled manner gradually impressed her with a strange wonder. He was not a bit what she had imagined men were. He was as good as any woman at cooking, scrubbing and even washing. When he would not let her rub the clothes, only "soap them in," she did not at first know whether to despise him or to like him for it. "Washing be as hard as gardening," he told her, "and not fit for women. It's only an idea that it's her job at all." He went about everything with a quiet persistence and patience which irritated her into a longing to hurt him and badly, too. The fact that she seemed to have so little effect upon him maddened her. He was calm, strong and apparently unmoved by anyone. Tryphena Jane knew that Dan's whole life was in Mary and in Mary dead as much as if she were living. The only time he really smiled was when some little thing brought up her name. By way of torturing herself needlessly, Tryphena Jane would often touch something belonging to Mary and then watch Dan's sad, tired face with angry glee.

As she walked back to the house after this "flare up" she had the common sense to realize, though red-hot irons would not let her confess it to Dan, that she was miserably jealous, and jealous, moreover, of a dead woman. Long ago, when Mary was alive Tryphena Jane liked her and simply thought nothing of Dan if she chanced to meet him. Now she hated Mary and loved Dan. His deep nature had "got hold of her," she owned, and she would give anything if Dan could forget Mary and turn toward her. His face that afternoon had fascinated and subdued her. She longed to make him happy, but felt it was as much beyond her power as to grow wings. She could have knelt to him when she bullied him most, but Dan never saw what was in her heart, only heard her sharp speeches and hard laugh. She had tried to dress a little like Mary. She had even done her hair a bit after Mary's style to please Dan, but all he had said, with his brow wrinkled up, was that he thought it more becoming for a staid woman of her years to do her hair low on the forehead as his mother did hers. If Mary had been near just then Tryphena Jane would have liked to run a pin in her. She thought of these things as she neared home. When

she got to the house she saw the front door was open. She went in quickly and called for Dan, meaning to tell him that perhaps she had been a bit cross but if he liked she would give up the meetings and stay more at home with him. It would be a great concession, but Tryphena Jane was really wretched for fear she had made Dan miserable. She went into the kitchen and found, not only Dan, but Bill Thomas. Dan seemed to be asleep in his chair and Bill Thomas was trying to make the kettle boil.

"What's up?" asked Tryphena Jane, whose knees were knocking together and her sight was so blurred that she saw everything through a mist. "What's wrong with Dan?"

"My blessed life, Mrs. Trenowden!" Bill Thomas said kindly, "Dan be as unlike hisself as ever he can be. We'd best get him to bed."

"Lor!" said Tryphena Jane harshly. "Whose work be this, then?" To hide her terror she went up to Dan and gave him a slight shake. "Dan," she called. Dan opened his eyes and said brokenly, "Don't be frightened, dear. It's nothing much." Tryphena Jane's mouth hardened. Thank goodness, she thought, Bill Thomas could not guess he was speaking to a dead woman. She knew that note in his voice well enough. She turned sharply to Bill Thomas.

"Where did you find him?"

"At the 'Lamb and Flag,'" he said. "None of us have ever seen Dan take spirits afore. He took a stiff glass hot, sure enough, and then he talked like a parson. If anybody could have took it down there'd never be no need for none of we to give advice nor yet to make mistakes because of the want of it. Men and women and most of time and eternity was laid bare before us. We was listening with our mouths open when he dropped sudden, like a stone, on to the floor. He breathed that heavy we thought he was in a fit. Jim Curnow and me got him here, but Jim had a job on hand and had to go, but I told him he had best call in at the doctor's and send him along. Neither of us liked the look of Dan there. Here he is, I believe." A knock was heard, as he spoke, at the front door. Tryphena Jane opened it and she and the doctor walked silently into the

kitchen. Dr. Ashe felt his patient's pulse and lifted up his eyelids.

"To bed with him," he said.

Bill Thomas and Tryphena Jane got Dan upstairs and put him into bed. Dan never spoke. He shivered now and then but made no protest and seemed to take no notice of anyone. When the doctor left the room Tryphena Jane followed him and Bill Thomas stayed with Dan. When they got into the kitchen Sapphira yelled, "It's you, it's you," which sent the creeps all over Tryphena Jane. She hurriedly threw a tablecloth over the cage and turned to the doctor.

"Well, sir, please!" she asked.

"Nervous collapse! All depends on your care and nursing, Mrs. Trenowden," said Dr. Ashe. "He may be all right almost immediately or he might run into brain fever. He's in a queer way."

"I can nurse as well as the best," said Tryphena Jane.

"He will need it," said Dr. Ashe. He looked speculatively at Tryphena Jane.

"You will forgive an old doctor," he went on, "but has Trenowden had a shock or—or—domestic worry?"

Tryphena Jane's face hardened, but Dr. Ashe noticed that there was something very like a tear in her eye.

"That's to me," said Tryphena Jane, who never told a lie if the truth would do as well. Bill Thomas came in just then and Dr. Ashe asked if Dan had spoken.

"He talked a bit out of time," said Bill. "He smiled that great smile of his and his eyes was closed, but his mind must be running a bit on his work for he mumbled something about having found the central draught at last."

"Conscientious worker always," said the doctor. "Take care of him, Mrs. Trenowden," he went on. "Plenty of simple nourishment often, and no worry, mind."

With that he went away. Tryphena Jane uncovered the parrot and put some milk to boil. She felt she must wait, if only for a little while, before seeing Dan again. She was very frightened. Had she killed Dan? What could she do to prove she was not the Tryphena Jane he knew? The milk was nearly

boiling, so she would see to that. It might steady her a bit. She had never felt so humble in her life. Was she going to be ill, too, she wondered? She took the milk up to Dan's bedside and said mechanically as she handed it to him:

"Don't for goodness' sake spill it on the bedclothes."

Dan evidently did not hear. He was perhaps asleep.

Tryphena Jane smoothed out the clean apron she had just put on and began to tidy the room. She hung a towel on the looking-glass and put a collar of Dan's on the towel rail. She certainly was considerably "flustered."

"I wish Mary was here," she muttered to herself. "I'm no use at all."

Dan's brain must have caught the cry. He opened his eyes, looked at Tryphena Jane and smiled. This flurried her so much that she jerked the bed quilt almost off the bed in a lame attempt at putting it straight.

"I've just had a dream," said Dan. "I dreamt you wasn't a rebel at all but as soft as a pancake."

"Sakes, a-mercy, Dan!" cried Tryphena Jane. "What a nonsensical fancy."

How soft her voice sounded. Dan rubbed his eyes. He surely was not drunk now, whatever he had been before. His eyes told him Tryphena Jane had been crying and crying a good deal. His heart softened, for that, at any rate, was a bit more like his mother and Mary.

"Cheer up," he said kindly.

"You first," said Tryphena Jane brokenly. "I'm all right. It's you that be ill and I can't think what have taken you."

"I got drunk," said Dan stolidly. "I did it on purpose, too. This milk be a real savor after that whiskey muck."

"Whose fault was it you came to do such an unlikely thing?" asked Tryphena Jane, with her eyes screwed up questioningly.

"Mine," said Dan. "No man gets a signed order for that."

"It was my fault," said Tryphena Jane sharply; "every bit of it."

Dan closed his eyes. He might as well go on dreaming. It lasted on a bit, even when he woke, he found.

"Dan, speak," said Tryphena Jane.

"I meant to die easy," said Dan.

"Oh, dear, dear!" cried Tryphena Jane. "Can't you see? Don't you know?"

Dan opened his eyes, but he did not look at his wife.

"I'm a dull fool, you know, not fit to live and scarcely worth a coffin if I was to pass," he said slowly.

"Thee'rt a great fool, sure enough," retorted Tryphena Jane, almost in her old manner.

Dan Trenowden lay back on the pillows. The hot milk had done him good, but he was "in a stream of sweat," which Tryphena Jane mistook for another "qualm."

"Dan Trenowden," she cried, "look you here. I'll tend you same as Mary, yes, I will, and let you nag and nag all day if you've a mind to, but you must promise not to die."

Dan opened his eyes slowly and looked at Tryphena Jane. He closed them again quickly.

"I might as well out with it as let it choke me till I dies, too," said Tryphena Jane. "You'm a man among men, Dan, and it's because I know it and I know Mary knew it even better than me and that you don't know it a bit as have made me bully and worry you so."

Dan sat slowly up and stared at Tryphena Jane.

"No, lie back and rest same as the doctor said and hear me to the finish," said Tryphena Jane. "I've just seen all through it, I tell you. I've been crazy jealous of Mary, but let's hope it's over. After all, Mary isn't me and I'm not she. She wasn't all good, surely, no more than I'm all bad. Even you be betwixt and between."

"Good Lord!" cried Dan. "I'm a patchwork of faults."

Tryphena Jane smiled.

"You was certainly rare and masterful over that door and the parrot and jawed at me fit to deafen me!"

Dan's uplifted hands stopped the breathless flow of talk.

"By your leave, Tryphena Jane," cried Dan. "It was six of one and half a dozen of the other and that's allowing full

grace to the female. It was not till after that strong glass of whiskey that the din got out of my ears."

"Dan," said Tryphena Jane, "it shall never happen no more."

Dan put out his hands and drew Tryphena Jane toward him and made her sit on the bed.

"Look," he said gently, "there be some things worse nor death itself. Sparring be one. Let's drop it. It's one of them things as has no fruit in it. I know more than I did and I want to tell you the fault have been mostly mine."

"No, not at all," sobbed Tryphena Jane.

"Yes, it have," said Dan emphatically. "I see it as clear as daylight now. I've been a selfish fool and wrapped up in my own grief. Once we was married, seeing as you couldn't stomach Mary's name, I'd no right to have mentioned it. It's hitting below the belt and not sufferable at all." The perspiration stood in beads on his face.

Tryphena Jane took her handkerchief from her pocket and wiped her husband's hot forehead.

"Thank you," said Dan. "It is quite comfortable to have you tending of me like this 'ere and it's mostly my own fault as it didn't happen sooner. Just hear what I've got to say and then we'll lock it all away with Mary's photo and her little knick-knacks in the box in the long cupboard."

"Mary's photo!" gasped Tryphena Jane.

"Yes, my dear," said Dan slowly. "I locked it out of sight once I knew what I know now. The torturing of a living woman won't bring back the dead and for all we know might confuse them up there. I'm afraid you've had a lot to bear and now I want to make it up to you. It's all clear in my brain pan now. I want you to know that when I buried Mary, in the manner of speaking, I buried Dan Trenowden as then was, too." He brought his clenched hand down upon his broad chest. "This Dan be moulded out of what went through me when she passed and what her passing made of me has to be reckoned with now and not Mary's Dan at all. You've no cause to be jealous of Mary's Dan, for you've never known him nor no one else has known him since she died. What I was, while she was alive, I

don't rightly know myself and I'm not going to dwell on that no more. If you and me had started matrimony on that understanding there would have been no sparks nor yet no puffs. Coffins don't give up their dead, so there's no need to bother over Dan Trenowden as was. Just deal with his double what's here."

Tryphena Jane was crying softly into her apron.

"My Dan be part and parcel of Mary's Dan," she said gently. "If I could see clearer, perhaps I'd reckon up that Mary have moulded you into a better shape for her as was meant to follow than if she'd not been your wife first." Tryphena Jane's head drooped and she made a knot in the corner of her apron and then untied it before looking at Dan. Her face had changed and Dan caught himself thinking she had the soft look of Mary in her eyes. She startled him very much by saying, as she patted his hand as it lay outside the bedclothes:

"I'm beginning to really love Mary. For all we know she may be helping us at this minute to see clear." Dan's smile was his first reply and the words came later.

"I'm certain sure of that," he said.

Tryphena Jane smiled through her tears as she looked at Dan.

"It's a blessed thing as I'm feeling all different about Mary," she said; "for much as you mean what you do say you'll bring in Mary to the day you die and no woman but a fool would wish it otherwise."

"Why?" asked Dan.

"'Cause she'd lose you altogether, I'm thinking, if your speech was checked when your heart was full. I'm learning to know she same as if we was sisters and before long you and me will be catching one another up when we're talking of she 'cause after all I've the pull of you, being a woman. No man can reckon up a woman like her own kind, no matter how much he do worship her."

"Kiss me, my dear," said Dan softly. "I be quite restored."

"There! I told you!" cried Tryphena Jane, still laughing and crying in one. "You're better already at the mere notion."

"Yes," said Dan. "I know all about the central draught now."

"Well, I never," said Tryphena Jane. "Your work be always in your head. Bill Thomas said as you was worrying about that when the doctor was here. Is a troublesome chimney bothering you?"

"No!" said Dan solemnly, "I was bent on finding the central draught in a woman, I reckon. Chimneys be easy by comparison."

Tryphena Jane laughed uncontrollably.

"Oh, Dan," she said, "what a funny chap you are. As if such a thing could be."

Dan's eyes were wide open as he said slowly:

"It's the chief make-up of her, anyway. It was the same in mother and—and——"

"Mary," said Tryphena Jane.

"Yes," said Dan, "but I'm thinking, by all the signs, it's most in you of the three."

"Whatever can it be?" asked Tryphena Jane still laughing. "Let's hear."

"I've not ferreted it out with bitter pains and misgivings to give it away to the first woman as asks me," said Dan. "There's some things that men never tells to the best of women, in my observation of things, and that's one. I reckon there's equally wise saws a woman do never tell to no man."

"You're right," said Tryphena Jane; "for some things be lost in the telling."

IRISH POEMS

ARTHUR STRINGER

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

WE'RE wearin' av the green, boys,
Beneath their English rose;
We're wearin' av the deeper green
That Home and Ireland knows!

The green av whin and bogland,
The green av lough and lake,
The green that takes us back again
And brings the olden ache!

The green av Aran wathers,
The green av Rathlin waves,
The green av all the hills av Home,
And the green av Ireland's graves!

IN THE TROPICS

*(O to be in Ireland wid me youth again,
Half a world from palm-three, half a world from this!
O to be in Ireland, where the coolin' rain
Falls across the green hills like a woman's kiss!)*

UP and down the withered turf
Here I pace the ould Parade,
Listenin' to the Tropic surf
Where the Band-stand music brayed.

Here the gintry go and come,
Shlow beneath a milk-white moon
Round as yonder kettle-drum
Throbbin' out its home-sick toon.

Round and round they drift and pass,
Thro' the palms they wheel and roam,
Where the Regimintal Brass
Plays its wishtful songs av Home.

Shlow and stately as the dead,
On they move from light to light,
Soljer-men in glarin' red,
Ladies in their ghostly white.

Long I've watched thim as they pass
Where the sea-wall shmells av musk
And the palm-fronds green as brass
Whisper thro' the Thrade-swept dusk.

Long I've marked thim come and go
Where the swayin' lanterns shine,
Where the white electrics glow,
Where the Band-stand cornets whine;

Where the trombones pulse and blare
Wid some shlow and stately toon,
Where the sea-wind shtirs the air
And the coral beaches croon.

Long I've watched thim here alone,
Till the palms and music seem
Ghosts av things I've scarcely known,
Ghosts that thrail across a dream;

And the soft and shleepy Cross,
Shinin' from its shleepy dome,
Seems to tell thim av their loss,
Half a world away from Home.

But I've left no Home behind,
And there's naught beyont the Sea,
Naught av kith nor wimmen-kind
Waitin' for the likes av me.

Yet I listen, wid the ache
 Av a man who's known his dead,
 While the ould toons shtir and wake
 Things I've put beyont me head.

And I watch thim wid a blur
 Creepin' thro' the ould Parade,
 Where the cliff-palms wake and shtir
 In the soft and sultry Thrade.

*(O to be in Ireland where the cool rain falls,
 Where the meltin' green shlopes meet the tender light,
 Where across the whin the tawney owlet calls,
 Where the settlin' grouse-crow tells av comin' night!)*

Life I've lived, and Youth I've had,
 Yet no home is home to me:
 Faith, I've loved it, good and bad,
 Lane and city, land and sea!

But I sthill must take me way
 To the ends av all the earth,
 Find me port, and drain me day,
 Askin' what the game is worth.

So I watch the gintro walk,
 Heart-sick wimmen white as foam,
 Heat-sick faces white as chalk,
 Half a world away from Home.

And I hark the sad ould croon
 Av the swingin' Tropic Sea,
 Till the palm and Cross and moon
 Seem but ghosts av things to me.

And I wander thro' a dream,
 And the men I walk beside
 Nothin' more than spirits seem—
 And I know me youth has died!

—Died and went this many a year
 With a gerrl they buried deep
 Where the hawthorn's growin' near
 And the coolin' lough-winds creep!

*(O to be in Ireland where that blue lough lies!
 O to hear the home-like slap av pigeon's wing!
 O to see the bog-lands greet the mornin' skies!
 O to be in Ireland, waitin' for the Spring!
 But I'll niver more be seein' my ould Home,
 Niver hear the ould voice callin' thro' the rain,
 Niver see the Headlands flashin' wid their foam,
 And niver win me lost youth back to me again!)*

THE OLD MEN

THROUGH the noise av the crowded sthreet
 The thrappin's av sable crept;
 Where the light av the sun lay sweet
 The black-clothed mourners stept.

And him—who'd feared at the sight
 Av coffin and hearse and sthone,
 He'll shleep widout fear this night
 In the churchyard wid his own!

But och, at the sight av his hearse,
 For a breath, how we all lay cold
 In the gloom and the clutch and the curse
 Av Death and His drippin' mould!

For a minute our ould backs bowed
 Wid the weight av his graveyard clay:
 Then the feelin' passed off like a cloud
 And we wakened and went our way.

*Yet faix, now, I'm wonderin' if Death
 Deep under the loam and the lorn
 Is throubled, in turn, for a breath,
 When he's toldt av a child bein' born?*

THE DANCING DAYS

'TIS a year and a day back to Kindree
 Where the gerrls had no shoes to their feet!
 'Tis many a mile to the ould town
 Where the childer' wanst danced in the street!

Here's bread to be had for the breakin';
 Here's moilin' and frettin' and froth!
 But thinkin' av Home, how me heart's blood
 Must jig like a wave o' Lake Roth!

Av Home, och, where down thro' the ould street
 Wid his pipin' went Ragged MacGee—
 And faith, how the colleens thrailed round at his heels
 And all jigged like the leaves av a tree!

The walls were a tumble av stone-heaps,
 The skim-milk wid wather was thinned,
 And the thatch it was broken and moss-grown—
 But we danced like the grass in the wind!

Not worth a traneen was the village,
 But no wan was sthoppin' to fret—
And I'll wager they're goin' like a tree-top to-day,
Faith, dancin' and starvin' there yet!

THE END

WAN touch av lip to lip it seemed
 Would ease and end desire;
 Wan mad kiss at the most, I dreamed,
 Would quench the ache and fire.

When wishtful-eyed she gave wan kiss,
 The touch I'd hungered for,
 The throe end, faith, I saw was this:
 Not wan, but fifty more!

And heart to heart she gave thim free,
Soft kisses, day by day;
But still some end that throubled me
Stood off a world away!

And while we yearned and ere we learned
We groped to wan gift more;
And havin' that, the end was earned,
And Sorrow shut the door!

THE RIGHT USE OF LEISURE

TEMPLE SCOTT

A CRITIC, for whose opinion I have more than a courtesy respect, said to me after reading my previous essay, *Wanted—Leisure**: "Very fine; but your premises are all wrong. You assume that most people do not find their happiness in work, whereas the contrary is the fact. It all depends on the spirit in which work is done. If people will put their hearts into it the work itself will be a joy."

I suggested that I would write another essay, and call it *Work, the Creator*. Then I replied that it was because I was desirous to put hearts into people so that work might be a joy, that I was moved to write as I had written. My complaint is that people have lost heart, and my demand for Leisure was by way of giving them hope to take heart again. For there is no hope for them in work as it is done to-day, and they cannot take heart in it because it ends nowhere, because there is no enriching of the self in it. "Where thy treasure is, there shall thy heart be also." I aim to urge men and women to be treasure-seekers by showing them that they can be treasure-finders; for this is the one way, so it seems to me, along which they will walk through life with courage and find their happiness in finding themselves. Let us but believe in the possibility of realizing hope, and the right spirit will animate us, and lead us on. How to enrich the self, is the question.

It is a very old question. In various forms it has exercised the profoundest minds of men; for its right answer means happiness. Isaiah and Christ; Plato and St. Paul; Marcus Aurelius and Thomas à Kempis; Dante and St. Francis, and the host of modern wise men from Bruno and Spinoza to Kant and Tolstoy set themselves this question. They approached it from the point of view of the Idealist, and they gave happiness on the condition of the re-birth of the spirit of man. So convincing was their reasoning, and so moving was their appeal, that they did actually awaken and change that spirit; and men and women

* In the May FORUM.

began to live in new ways; they began to live the idea of the Brotherhood of Man.

But the wise men did not and could not foresee all that this change of attitude would bring about. For them, their answer was the complete answer and, therefore, there was no need to look further. Let us live but thus, they said, and all will be well with us. But life does not permit itself to be thus systematized and dogmatized, even by the inspired formulas of great hearts. Life is an evolution; it is dynamic and not static; and it has to be lived by men and women, not dreamed. Every change becomes, in actual living, a step forward to another change, and while man is the product of his environment he is much more the maker of new environments. Indeed, every idea realized makes new environments which, in turn, call for newer ideas, which again make new environments, and so on, continually. Every change is a fresh creation, and every fresh creation brings new problems, new desires, new aspirations. Yet were these wise men indeed wise in approaching the problem as they did; for they revealed the eternal *character* of the solution. New conditions may bring new problems, but the character of all solutions is of the quality of the spirit—the spirit that flowers into an Ideal. The spirit alone leaves room for a re-valuation of values, a re-consideration of the ever-evolving problems which must press on humanity for solution, so long as a humanity exists, and so long as men and women live together in social intercourse. The spirit is fluid; it may be directed, but never may it be imprisoned; for to imprison it is to attempt to prevent it flowering into Ideals, and we shall never succeed in this attempt. Under any conditions of human existence it will be the man with the Ideal who will inevitably be born to show us the way out. His method may not be practicable at the moment; but that is not to say it will be impossible. It is for us, the living, working, hoping citizens of the world, to make conditions fitting the Ideal; to realize it, and so make it a living truth. We will experiment with it at first, and, no doubt, fail in our experiments; but the fact that we deal with it at all will help us to understand its nature, and help us also to do our best with it, and in doing our best with it find ourselves in the end growing to love it.

We are, and we take a pride in saying it, a practical people. Ideas have to fit conditions or we have no use for them. We are not a fico for a mere idea, the idea that cannot be embodied as a working principle or a working machine. Yet we are not altogether materialists. We do confess and thankfully acknowledge that ideas have been embodied, both as machines and nations. The American nation is itself the outcome of an idea—the idea that all men are created equal with unalienable God-given rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Why is it that we are so suspicious of and so averse from ideals? Is it because they are not practicable? But how can we decide if we do not make the trial? The true reason for our aversion and suspicion is that we are not Realists enough. We expect from a machine no more than what we intended it to do; but from an Ideal we expect everything at once, forgetting that we alter it in the very act of realizing it. Every Ideal must, necessarily, become degraded in its embodiment as a Real. The spirit knows more than the body can express. We make no allowance for this; and yet we go to the opposite extreme when we have found a Practical Ideal. For then we become so enamored of its “truth” and “validity” that we hedge it round with precedent, root it in its constitution, and leave it no freedom for development. We are so loyal to the truth, as we call it, that we make an idol of it. Like the Israelites of old, we forsake the living God and become idolaters. And our conforming attitude is so determined that we count nonconformity a heresy, deserving even of a punishing condemnation. Hence the martyrs of history and the bloodshed of revolutions. We are not Realists enough, because we fail to understand that there is no limit to the work of realizing Ideals, if only we allow the Ideals to teach us how.

“The spirit of man,” says Mr. Lowes Dickenson finely, “is not frozen in ice, nor bound on a wheel of fire; rather it moves on a magic car through the forest of life, drawn by the team of instinct, habit, desire, and will; bound to the past, yet free of the future; proceeding from the brute but tending to the god.” The wise practical sociologist will think long before he lightly rejects any message of this spirit, for the time will surely come

when its message will be the one truth to which he will be compelled to give heed.

It requires time for the vital values of even a single Ideal to become exhausted in practice; but long before that time is reached, the new conditions brought about by the new practice engender a new Ideal. A philosopher or a poet, a Bergson or a Meredith, is appearing on the horizon, who is coming to ask us to take thought again. This is just what is taking place to-day, especially in these United States. The practical Ideal of political freedom under which we have lived for a century and a half has produced a new kind of citizen—the average man alive and alert to every chance that will benefit him; the successful man radiant in the glory of his conquest over nature. A new assertiveness, a new selfishness, or a new form of the old selfishness has sprung from this life of political freedom. The old physical might has been translated into terms of wealth, into phrases of legal cunning and into shibboleths of political craft. These are now the powers, those very powers the evil workings of which it was thought Democracy had scotched. With political freedom to permit them the opportunity, the powerful concentrate all their masterly abilities of machinery and brain to the acquisition of power for themselves. When they succeed, either as capitalists, corporation lawyers, or political party “bosses,” they use it after much the same fashion as did the feudal barons. So the old problems of class distinction and inequality in living come up once more in a new form, and once again men are no longer equal, no longer free, and no longer happy. The Ideal of political freedom, evidently, does not suffice for the new conditions; it is not working well; we are ready for a new Ideal. This it will be the business of Leisure to formulate.

We shall never enjoy what we have unless we use it. The possession of Leisure, means, therefore, the right use of Leisure. To enjoy Leisure is, however, only one of the ways of using it. It is a very good way; perhaps, the best of all ways, but like all good things, it offers the temptation of its abuse, especially to those who have not been accustomed to having good things. And nowhere is this abuse more flagrant than in this country,

where the acquisition of wealth has produced a leisured class, more particularly among women, who, amply supplied with the means of satisfying their material wants, and with no other objects in life, are rapidly degenerating mentally and morally. A debilitating ennui has left them a prey to their desires for mere variety and excitement, and they pass their days in hysterical demands and neurasthenic cravings. They ask for love, and they "shove cravings in the van of love," and so never meet love. These, happily, are the exceptions. And yet there are very many women of leisure who are begging for something to do, that will justify them in their possession and make life meaning-full to them.

To those who spend a portion of each day in labor, Leisure will come as a pleasant interlude for other than mere idleness or riotous living. I have said that Leisure is time, and that to give a poor man time is to enrich him. Shall he then waste his wealth in mere enjoyment? Or shall he not rather put it to other uses also? Leisure was once a hope; shall he not rather justify the fulfilment of his hope by his use of his possession? For this new wealth also is power, and power is for good as well as for evil. It was the evil use of power which denied him of his wealth of time; shall he now deny himself of it by using it evilly? Would that not rather justify depriving him of it again? Surely, it would. There devolves, then, on the leisure-enriched working-man the duty of the right use of Leisure, the right use of his wealth of time. The right use of this as the right use of everything in this world is to make the most of it.

How shall he make the most of Leisure?

In two ways. First, by getting health and keeping it; and, second, by getting a mind and using it. "Give a man health and a course to steer," says Bernard Shaw, "and he'll never stop to trouble whether he's happy or not." We all know what health means; and by getting a mind I mean making up one's mind to where one wants to go and finding the right way to go to it. To use the mind is "to get there."

There are many ways by which to get health; doctors are telling us of these ways every day; but the best way to get health is to keep healthy, and to keep the body healthy requires

a healthy mind. One reason why we are in the distressful state of to-day is that there are so few healthy minds in the community, although our colleges are gymnasiums for athletics and the nurseries of sports. A healthy mind will compel the body to be free from sickness and disease; for half our sicknesses are due to our sick minds—minds that are unable to will, and powerless to command; minds made anxious and worried and distressed by the fear of poverty and the fear of disgraceful death. A healthy mind is a sane mind; an honest plumber and an honest sanitary inspector are more desirable to it than a famous physician. It believes in the prevention of disease rather than in its pathology. It makes for courage and exalted willingness in momentous enterprises, especially in the great enterprise of bearing children. It will see that the body is healthy before it permits it the high adventure of founding a home; and it will act thus according to the dictates of its own high sense of nobility. It is the ignoble fathers and unwilling mothers who are responsible for the moral bastards, the spawn of sensuality that scatter disease and death, and that complicate our problems to the point of pessimism. No, we need have little anxiety about the health of our bodies if we first make certain that our minds are healthy.

How then are we to get healthy minds? Well, one sign of mental health and sanity was getting Leisure. In getting this we prepared, so to speak, the soil of the mind for the planting of fertile seeds. With Leisure the mind has the time in which to recuperate itself. But there is still another process, a refining process, through which this soil must pass, in order that the life-giving air of freedom may reach its every particle. This process I call emotionalizing the intellect and intellectualizing the emotions. We must think with emotion and feel with discretion, as Mr. Charles Ferguson would say. The mind functions as Intellect and Emotion. Pure emotion is passion let loose; it is an intuitive; a seeing, and not a constructive force. Pure intellect is power let loose; it is a constructive force, but it is a blind force, for it sees with the outward eye only. When the emotions are rationalized, they are guided; when the intellect is emotionalized, it is saved. A pure enthusiasm and a pure power will thus have had imparted to them the fine qualities of

each other. In the individual the resultant force invents machines, paints masterpieces of art, writes inspiring poems, builds splendid cathedrals, converts people to new faiths and heartens them with new aspirations, and reveals new ideals and brings up strong-bodied, noble-minded citizens. In a people this resultant force is known as Civilization. A civilized people is thus in itself a creating force. It demonstrates this by realizing ideals; by making real the dreams of its poets; utilizing for communal purposes the machines of its inventors; embodying in its political and social life the systems of its statesmen and the organizations of its industrial leaders, translating the hopes of fathers and mothers into happy homes. Its Church is the Church of pragmatic truth, and its religion the worship of the Practical Ideal. It does all these things by subduing the natural self-seeking tendencies of its individual members for the purpose of social well-being, for the healthy organic growth of a community in which the individual serves it and it him.

Now there are two sides to social life—the political and the economic. The political side deals with the rights to personal freedom of the individual members within the community, and the sanctions by which these rights are prevented from interfering with the solidarity of the social state. The best practical ideal so far developed by Civilization for this purpose is Democracy—the government of the people, by the people, for the people—resulting in political freedom. The economic side deals with the rights of the individual to enjoy the fruits of the earth and the products of his labor. This is economic freedom, the establishment of which will be one of the right uses of Leisure. So far, to satisfy this side, Civilization has evolved the method known as Competition, a practical ideal when carefully limited to its proper sphere of activity; but when allowed free play, as it has been, the rights of the individual to enjoy the fruits of the earth and the product of his labor are left to take care of themselves. Instead of making for economic freedom it has resulted in the unrestrained scramble of a medley of individuals, each trying to get the better of the other, and the rights of one being obtained at the sacrifice of the other.

Modern Civilization has failed to make good its claim to its

title. Its political freedom is a dead letter, and its economic freedom an infernal machine. It has failed from two causes. The first is to be found in the purely intellectual consideration it gave to the problem of economic freedom. It applied the same method to the solution of this problem as it did to that of political freedom. This was the profound error. Economic freedom is the life and happiness of the members of a community, and life and happiness are not subject-matters for political science, but for ethics. Politics is the science of the mechanics of a society; economics is its ethics. Every economic problem is, at bottom, a problem in morals. This we are only beginning to see, but we shall see it better when our intuitions form a part of our reasoning; for then we shall not treat men and women as if they were the figured-blocks in a calculating machine.

“Farther, deeper, may you read,
Have you sight for things afield,
Where peeps she, the Nurse of seed,
Cloaked, but in the peep revealed;
Showing a kind face and sweet;
Look you with the soul you see’t.”

We have not looked for the “kind face and sweet” with our souls, because forsooth our economic science must not be concerned with matters that pertain to the souls of people; as if the science of social life were as bloodless as mathematics or as logic. How are we ever to settle social questions if we leave out the souls of the people? It is not of stone and timber, said Plutarch, that we must build the ramparts of our cities, but of the brave hearts of our citizens.

The second cause for this failure on the part of modern civilization lies in the fact that it is not civilized enough; it has not yet had the material with which to work. The problem of economic freedom depends absolutely on the healthy-minded citizens themselves, and healthy-minded citizens are possible only in a community which permits its members the enjoyment of Leisure, and offers every facility for its right use. A civilized nation without civilized citizens, if that were possible, is like an Atlantic liner with an incompetent crew to work her and with her coal-

bunkers empty. She is splendidly fitted with the best modern machinery, but she is adrift on the ocean because wanting in the willing power of coöperative thought. She may have a superior-minded captain and officers, but these are helpless without a superior-minded crew. The right use of Leisure is to educate the average citizen to be high-minded. Leisure produced the high-minded aristocrat, the lover of art and the patron of genius; there is no reason why it should not also produce the high-minded citizen, with equal power to appreciate and encourage art and genius, and with even greater power to maintain them. And with his arrival our problem of economic freedom will be solved.

Stated broadly the right use of Leisure is to fit ourselves so that we always have the power to enjoy it. In other words, the right use of Leisure is to maintain our ability to use it. The ability to use anything is measured by the results of the use; if the results are useful, work well, they are desirable, and our right to the use of Leisure will be justified and may not be alienated from us. Leisure, therefore, is our opportunity to demonstrate our ability. No individual and no nation, in the history of man, ever yet maintained a right to anything without the power to use the right. Even a mechanic may not work at his trade unless he proves himself able; he will be discharged, deprived of his right, so to speak, if he is un-able. Leisure is given us in which to cultivate ability; to learn how to be able. Once we are able, questions of economic freedom, communal welfare and human happiness will meet their answers; for our might will be right in the only sense that counts.

Now what do we find existing in this country to-day, among the so-called "idle rich" and "laboring poor"? The former have the right to Leisure, but they have lost the power to use it. Indeed, as the phrase goes, they have no use for it. The right means nothing to them, for they do not know what to do with it. They are able to live at all only by the power stored-up in their wealth, and even this power they are so abusing that it also is being threatened. What an opportunity for these men and women, did they but have the ability to use Leisure! What a mighty influence for good might not these become in the community! And they are unable to make a change because they,

too, have lost heart, and are without hope. The "laboring poor" have the right to the vote, but not knowing how to use it they have lost the right. They sold it for a mess of pottage to capitalists and political "bosses." The result is they have no power in the community and no right to the right. Nay, they have no right even to complain of their condition. What is left of their right is the mere record of its acquisition; a witness to their shameful incapacity and futility.

Leisure is now given us as the time in which both "idle rich" and "laboring poor" alike may take thought. The former, that they may rise up from the "mattress grave" of their ennui; the latter that they may cease complaining and open their eyes to what they have done to themselves, and to what they can do to redeem themselves.

We are now asking for a new right—the right to economic freedom. We may go on asking until the Day of Judgment, and we shall not get it. For what guarantee can we give that we shall not abuse this right also? How can we ask to be entrusted with it when we have no power to keep it, and have lost even the right to ask for it? There is now no other way left to us but to deserve it. Leisure is given to us as the time in which to prepare ourselves to deserve it. Yet to deserve it is no light task; it means educating ourselves to a true understanding of the trust, and acquiring the ability to hold it. Only thus shall we regain the power; there is no other way. Complaining, begging, and petitioning will not avail; what will avail, is doing. The doors of the Temple of Freedom are closed to the mentally unsound and the morally unclean. We have had these doors shut against us because of our weakness and our sins. They will not be open again to us until we shall have fasted, and afflicted our souls, and washed pure our hearts. So that our day of Leisure must be for us a Day of Atonement, also. "It is a Sabbath of solemn rest unto you, and ye shall afflict your souls." We have been unfaithful to the high spirit of our forefathers; we have bartered the freedom they gave their lives to obtain for mere shekels of silver. All of us—"idle rich" as well as "laboring poor"—have sinned; and in this time of Leisure we must "highly resolve" to live new lives. Not by professions of faith, but by living of faith.

Our libraries are filled with Fourth of July professions, and yet our hearts continue to be broken by Fifth of July repudiations. Let us find out, on this day of Leisure, what it is that has ailed and is ailing us; why it is that we have gone wrong; and how we may regain our hearts and renew our hopes.

What, after all, is the one thing in which every man fulfils himself and takes most delight in doing? It is realizing his success by placing there, outside of him, his own creation for all to enjoy; it is "making good." This is what I mean by realizing ideals—it is man's evolution, by means of creation. To plant gardens where before there were deserts; to build cities on lonely prairies; to make highways of bridges from peak to peak; to embody hope-giving visions in poems and paintings; to rear true-hearted sons and daughters; these are the incarnations of his soul that stand for him and point to him as the maker of worlds. Thus is he the Master of Change, the filler of space with the stuff of Reality; thus he immortalizes himself, and thus he endures. He also can then look upon the work of his hands and say, "It is good." He can say it, because he has "made good." "Making good" is the free man's part—it is his happiness.

The "idle rich" are wretched, because they are not "making good." The "laboring poor" are unhappy, because they have not "made good." The "idle rich" are not "making good" because they do not use their time for creative ends. The "laboring poor" have not "made good" because they have not had the leisure in which to learn how to create. Yes, this "making good" is the only happiness, for it is consciousness of life itself. It is not experienced by the "idle rich" because they squander their life, and are, therefore, never conscious of life. It is not experienced by the "laboring poor" because they are not permitted to use their life; it is bought and sold for others' uses. They also are thus never conscious of what it is to live. This abuse of time is at the root of all human sorrow; life is then but a mere current of existence in which we are either drowned or made to serve as the planks of a raft on which others float.

Our freedom is a very Ariel of a sprite which has to be continually liberated from the cleft in the pine tree of sloth or it

will remain imprisoned by the witch of our contentment and complacent habit. There must be no idleness for the free man, or he will become the slave of his condition and the victim of the Caliban of capital and implacable selfishness. The dire foe of freedom is automatism, the mere response to stimuli from without; a blind unconscious movement, moving only by the compulsion inherent in life. Automata are the slaves of formulas, even of the formulas of freedom. But it is the mark of the truly free man that he is continually making fresh formulas, and in this way expressing his ever-evolving self; that he is continually striving to transcend his formulas, to translate them into fresh manifestations of life. The price of freedom is ceaseless activity and continued vigilance that we do not become imprisoned in our formulas of freedom; for there is no final formula of life. "The letter kills the spirit," says Bergson, with a profound application of the phrase. "And our most ardent enthusiasm, as soon as it is externalized into action, is so naturally congealed into the cold calculation of interest or vanity, that one takes so easily the shape of the other, that we might confuse them together, doubt our own sincerity, deny goodness and love, if we did not know that the dead retain for a time the features of the living." The dead are the lovely creations of our life of freedom which have become devitalized through our idleness and our sloth. We must see to it that we allow nothing to die; that the moment following the formulation of an activity shall be the moment for a new formulation of a new activity. That is what freedom compels if we are to continue free. And that is what we have never understood; and because we have not understood it we are now the slaves of circumstance, the slaves of system, and the slaves of ruthless power.

Our activities have been hitherto spasmodic and therefore cataclysmic. We moved only when we could no longer suffer imprisonment by imposed dogmas and ingrained habits. This was not living the free current and flux of life; it was to be flotsam and jetsam on the waves of its river, pieces of inert matter that interrupted the flow and impeded its progress. But the free man subdues circumstances by the profound power of the creative current of life which is passing through him. The free man is

“master of his fate and captain of his soul.” He does not interrupt the flow, but willingly swims with it and willingly breasts its waves. This willing power is the creative activity in which the free man realizes his happiness; in which, indeed, he endures; it is Work, the Creator.

We can never understand the mystery of life, for we are in it; and to understand it means to get outside of it. But we can have faith in its fruitfulness for us, and in our happiness in it. Life itself assures us of this faith in our intuitive conviction of being able to “make good.” Freedom confirms this assurance in that it gives us the right to “make good.” It is the possibility of “making good” that life offers us that is so inspiring. It gives us Hope—not the hope of the drowning for aid, but the hope of the living for happiness in conscious free activity. Hope is thus the inward state of the soul which complements the outward state of the body known as freedom. Only a free people can hope; for only a free people have the chance to “make good.” Hope is the movement of the soul to the making of ideas which freedom compels the body to make real. Hope is not a looking upward, for a looking upward is a reliance on another’s strength; nor is it altogether a looking forward. It is partly that, but it is also a looking backward and a bending forward. It builds out of the débris of experience the images of beautiful things which it will ask the free body to make real. The Past never dies; it is the living womb of the Future; it lives to be the nourisher and sustainer of Hope. Hope is poised on the ramparts of the Past, and is eagerly bending forward to the opening of the Future into which it shall project the body. The ages are linked with each other—Past, Present and Future—living together in Hope. We see its simplest expressions in the wonderful solicitude of the plant for its seed, and again in the touching care of the animal for its young. And seeing it thus we come to realize what Love is; for thus realized Love is the fountain of Hope and the impulse of life; the cause of all causes.

If we ask now what we shall do with Leisure, I answer: Build hopes in it; grow ideas of beautiful things to be done by us in our hours of work; dream dreams of joyful homes for us to establish in our waking days of freedom; plan living methods for

schoolmasters and educators of the young; plant playgrounds in the centres of our cities and play there with the children, and only with children, so that we may keep young; wander by rippling brooks and under blue skies over "grassy vested greens," that we may learn to love nature and feel her response. We cannot hope and work at the same time, so we must have leisure which shall be the breeding-time of hope. If we are looking for immediate subject-matters for hope, I point to the condition of the poor, the condition of the laborer, the condition of women in our social life. But, more definitely, I point to the education of the children. It is too late now to hope much from those who have become moulded in the forms of custom, habit and cramping dogmas. All that we can do with them is to rouse them out of their dogmatic slumbers, and, if possible, move them by an appeal to their instinct of love for their children. It may be they will respond, if but out of fear for the future welfare of those of their own who are to live after them. With the young, however, it is otherwise. Here we have the very material for hope to work with. How to love them; how to grow them; how to inspire them with new hopes, and how to endow them with the gift of creative power; these are questions which Leisure will help us to answer. And all the Leisure of a generation to come will not be too long in which to find the right answers. We shall have done much if we find but the line of direction, the tendency of the right method. But let us first see to it that we are ourselves free to look for it; that we are not manacled by established convention, nor chained to the rock of condemning habit. When we are thus free our faith will rise up in us, our hope will impel us, and both faith and hope will ride buoyant on the life current of love.

It is the pathos of our present economic and social conditions that we, who see suffering and are suffering under them may not live to see realized the new conditions that will leave room for human happiness. But it is, nevertheless, a great joy for us to feel that we are helping the coming of the change. We are, like Moses, prevented by our disobedience to the laws of life from entering the Promised Land; but the redeeming love in our natures grants us the privilege to stand on the Pisgah height of our

leisure-built Hope and view the goodliness of the land from afar. If we may not enter it, we can, at any rate, make broad and firm the roads that lead to it, and so make easy the march of our children who are destined to inhabit it. On the road of Leisure we are pioneers through the Land of the Ideal, and some day, our children will found cities of freedom and happiness on the broad acres we have cleared. In the meantime, our hope fills us with courage, and we take heart in a new and an interesting enterprise—the adventure in search of buried treasure; the treasure that lies buried in life itself, and only awaits discovery in the work of our hands, in our realized ideals. If we do not find the treasure we shall, at least, have enriched ourselves with the experience of the voyage and the joy of dangers overcome, and in the end, perhaps, find that life was worth the living after all.

I seem to hear my critic saying: "What you urge is all very good, but it will take a long time to make civilized citizens for your civilized community. How is the poor man to be helped in the meantime?" I can only answer with another question: Will the poor man be worse off with Leisure than he is now without it? No one can help him if he will not help himself. If he is content to remain unhappy he, probably, finds some dull comfort in it, and in that case he will not thank us for disturbing him. But I do not believe that any citizen of these United States is that kind of a man. The history of this country would not be what it is were its people so utterly helpless. On the contrary, over and over again, they have never failed to respond highly when high issues were at stake; and they always made good. That is why Hope has a chance here that it has not in any other country. But this land is so goodly, so bountifully blessed with nature's richest gifts, that it is difficult for them to realize as yet that there is not enough for all. It is difficult for them to see that there is an economic problem pressing for solution, when they are blinded and misled by mountainous statistics which place their country at the head of the list in industrial prosperity and power. Their leaders are political party men who have the welfare of party more at heart than the happiness of the community; and these, for good reasons of their own, will never enlighten them if even they appreciate the existing situation.

And, indeed, there is no need for poverty or want and its consequent misery. There is enough and more, for all, if we will but see to it that each man has fair play and a square deal, and that the game of life be played according to the rules of honor. If Leisure be the gentleman's privilege, as we are told it is, let us all be gentlemen. Instead of competing against each other for the largest possession of wealth, let us compete for the best expression of self. Our public schools, colleges and universities are the proper places for obtaining the right understanding of this kind of competition; but, unfortunately, they are not so advantaged as to be freed from the dogmatism of system on the one hand, and the pressure of the demands of business life on the other. The humanities are sacrificed to the inhumanities, so that education is directed to fitting a young man for fighting others rather than for fighting himself—fulfilling himself. This system of making business soldiers out of our college undergraduates requires that the faculties be composed of professional drill sergeants, and that the presidents be executive business men. The undergraduate's sense of *noblesse oblige* is, therefore, neither stimulated by example nor nursed by tutorial companionship. Instead, he is taught to be alert and quick to seize an advantage and to keep it at any price; and his home life emphasizes this teaching. So that when, later, he takes his own place in the march of life, he is unable to impose the laws of honor in his business dealings, but falls in line with the rest and succeeds by taking advantage of others' failings rather than by any noble virtue of his own. Place a Harvard, a Yale or a Princeton graduate in Wall Street, or in business, or in any of the professions, and in six months he will either be a failure and move out West (where he ought to have gone at the outset), or he will be undistinguishable from the rest of the fighting, scrambling, chicaning crowd. It is not his fault; it is his misfortune, and our misfortune also. He is the product of the competitive system that makes things dear and human souls cheap—that sets more store on goods than it does on goodness. If only we placed more value on a soul than we do on a dollar, we should very quickly bring about such a redistribution of the necessities of life as would make poverty impossible, and the

right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness a real possession.

And right here is the opportunity for the women of leisure, if they are truly in earnest in their desire to do something with their wealth of time. They can begin at the foundation, with the children before they are placed in the keeping of professional educators. They can make their homes sacred temples redolent of an atmosphere that will ever cling to their children wherever they go, and ever arouse memories in them that will stay them in their times of temptation and encourage them in their moments of despair. They can interest themselves also in the homes of the poor to see that the mothers there are assisted in nourishing the children, or that these children are provided with pure milk. They need not to establish new organizations, for the Children's Aid Society is a splendid existing organization. There is a large fund of living enthusiasm to draw from for this most necessary work, and if they will but enter into it in the right spirit, the coming generation will bless them. The right education of the poor children in our large cities is the one most crying need. Let them address themselves to that with their wonder-working power, and a fine beginning will have been made to the right use of their Leisure. We must not expect such work to be done by either the State or any public body. It will have to be carried on by private enterprise, and rightly so. For this is the one sure way by which practical ideals are finally precipitated. And it is good for the private people themselves that it should be so done. Self-forgetfulness in a noble enterprise is a fine habit to acquire; it makes gentlemen and gentlewomen. This is not the work for leaders or captains; it is the work for us all.

The reveille must be sounded by those in our own ranks who have not fallen asleep in the night. One bugle call here, another call there, a repeated call further beyond, and soon the hills will resound from the Alleghanies to the Rockies, and the people will know that it is morning; that the dawn of a new day has broken in which they will no longer stand by and quietly look on, but in which they will gird up their loins and fight the good fight, themselves.

THE FEMININE ACCENT

SHAEMAS O SHEEL

THIS is the day of the voice of woman: more so than woman herself knows, or many of her brothers understand. The clamor of the more-or-less militant claimant of the suffrage is indeed loud in the land, but how little is it realized as evidence of a tremendous sociological fact, the awakening of a feminine sex-consciousness. Still less realization is there that the world is preparing for a Messianic advent of the Woman-Spirit which is the gentler part of the human spirit, the part of love opposed to force; though some have foreseen and foretold this, among them Lafcadio Hearn and Fiona Macleod. But the voice of woman is more and more heard; in the chorus of poets, for instance, it is now familiar. Fifty years ago Mrs. Browning made Laura Savio of Turin say:

“ Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman, men said.”

But modern Italy hardly qualifies its praise of Ada Negri by any such reservation as “for a woman.” And where Mrs. Browning as a poet of first note was unique, Alice Meynell and Katharine Tynan and others are a numerous company. In America the poetess is a commonplace; alas! too often just that! But the first gathering has lately been presented of a young woman whose poems are not commonplace. They are not concerned at all with the awakening sex-consciousness, nor consciously with the Woman-Spirit as Savior, and they ask judgment in the scales of absolute poetry; yet the fine ultimate feeling one brings from reading them is a sense of the subtlety and beauty of the feminine accent.

More keen and more constant than man in her spiritual realizations, woman is also possessed of much greater spiritual courage. Modern man, swaying between the unrelenting inner consciousness of the spirit and the world's irreverence and infidelity, becomes apologetic and equivocal, or agitated, or stentorian, in his spiritual acknowledgments. Woman speaks of the same things with quiet certainty. The natural rôle of man as bread-

winner and conductor of the world's adventure and business has bred in him, under the seeming of force and directness, a vast timidity and indirectness; while woman, the weaker half, the real suitor in the relations of the sexes, has learned to be indirect in the superficial relations while retaining—as the lover who has awakened his lady's love soon learns—an absolute simplicity of directness in her deeper life. Contrasted with the poetry of women, the poetry of men is remarkable for its hesitancies, circumlocutions and elaborate displays of sophistication when it has aught to say of the spirit, aught to express of the emotions. Contrasted with the poetry of men, the poetry of women is remarkable for its quiet, simple, direct spiritual and emotional utterance, its unhesitant expression of what men fear as too naïve. This is the feminine accent. And this in a high degree is the mark of the poetry of Muriel Rice.

Not that so young a poet in her first volume * has presented startling or final work—except perhaps in one poem: Miss Rice is in no way or degree prodigious. But she is bound one with the greater women poets, for her qualities are plainly marked, and they are great qualities, and her craftsmanship is that of one who needs but practice for improvement; among other merits, she does not partake in the common faults of her greater sister-singers, prolixity and careless workmanship. Nor is she one of the numerous company, men and women, who concoct endless verses to meet the fashions and cajole the editors. A distinction, a positive promise, a fragrance of rareness, resides in her word and compels respect as it gives delight.

Respect and delight. Because this is true poetry: true to the heart of the poet. The woman of beautiful spirit speaking the simple, subtle seeming of life to herself: that always is poetry of the most incisive, of the most revealing. No excited interest in passing causes, no swaying to slogans and shibboleths, no aping of fashionable mannerisms; nothing hectic, nothing stilted; but truth absolute to her own spiritual sight and emotional knowledge. It is good to find God and prayer in these poems, not brought in ostentatiously, not apologized for, referred to naturally because the poet's woman's wisdom includes

* *Poems*, by Muriel Rice.

these things. It is good to find love treated with a terrible, utterly calm intensity; after all the sad things love has been used for in poetry. It is good to find the poet doing just what she is moved by her instinct for form to do in the matter of lyric forms; equally good that she avoids vain experiments and all exaggerations. It is good to go through her book as through a quiet valley beautiful everywhere, with not infrequent wonderful flowers, or pools of mysterious deeps, or, past the green hills that wall it, glimpses of great inspiring peaks; and beyond them, the stars. There is not much of romance here, not much casting of the soul's story into the fanciful mould of ancient story or the mould of brave unreality. The sense of heaven, the sweet fragrance of earth and its comforting solidity as well as its grace, the music of waters and the more delicate music of winds, these go with one through this lyric vale; but more than all, containing all, informing all, that finest and most beautiful of presences, a woman, intense of emotion to match her intensity of soul. And with that poignancy of simple direct utterance which it has been given the greater women poets, preëminently among all singers, to attain, this woman reveals, reticently but fully, certain actualities of the human heart and soul, love and weariness, pain and joy, despair and faith; making it beautiful and moving poetry. It is a revelation: the casting aside of veils from a woman's soul; a thing of brave, pure beauty.

I have pointed out that the intimacy of her poetry has not betrayed Miss Rice into prolixity or carelessness. In fact, a masterly conciseness has moulded all but two of these poems into the fewest possible lines; and of this intense compression many lines that gleam and astonish are born, as diamonds under the intensest pressure of earth's processes. There are no dreary passages, or but the fewest; and poignant, memorable expression is everywhere. In the poem called *Love's Passing* occurs this:

" There was no press and anguish of a fray,
But heaven left us in an interval ";

and that entitled *Intimations* ends with the phrase:

" . . . that utter quiet of the heart
That looks undaunted at eternity."

To quote more of the same quality would be to quote too many, for there are not a few, but a pressing company of such. To show, however, the peculiar feminine accent even more strongly I will cite some further instances. Only a woman could have written "God laughs along my prayers"—as only a woman could have written the poem in which they occur, *What Is Thy Will?* The verses called *Aversion*, those entitled *The Last Gifts*, *Recognition*, and several other poems have an intensity and an evident intimacy no man could put into his verses. Where so many may be cited, one quotation must suffice. It is called *Fear and Trust*.

"I feared you to the limits of myself,
And that is why I trust you. Do you think,
When I have laid my soul within your hands
And bowed so low that even mighty God
Could scarcely bend me lower, that your word
Can fright me now? You have not strength to harm
Even the lowest reaches of my hair
With eyes or lips or fingers——"

A little poem; a simple poem; not the best of this sheaf; but feminine utterly in its mingled courage and tremulousness, in its dependence on the simple intensity of its emotional content, in its quiet deep revelation of the heart and soul of woman. Such are the qualities of all or nearly all the poems in this book. There are faults, of course. Miss Rice has dallied almost too much with certain French forms—whether villanelles or rondels or triolets I confess I cannot say—but that is a common fault of youth and in this case easily amended. There is at least one unnecessary poem, *The Alpine Longing*; and an occasional phrase like "and your heart strings rend" is a serious blemish; but there are only two or three such blemishes in the whole of a volume of exceeding fine craftsmanship.

LONDON AND THE CORONATION

SYDNEY BROOKS

NEVER has the overwhelmingness of London and London life seemed so palpable or so oppressive as at this moment. The "season" is in full swing; we have a political and constitutional revolution in progress, complete in everything save barricades and bloodshed; the Imperial Conference is sitting; of pageants, fêtes, banquets, concerts, tournaments, horse shows, operas, picture exhibitions, dinners, balls, receptions, race meetings, naval and military reviews, there is no end; the streets and the parks and the shops are fuller and more brilliant than I have ever known them; and if a London-lover somewhat resents the poles and scaffolding, the "grand stands" and decorations, the arches and garlands that are lending a fantastic and incongruous touch to the dim griminess of his cherished city, he finds also much to compensate and console him, many moving spectacles and unexpected splashes of color—here, on Regent Street, a rainbow-hued Indian soldier, majestically isolated, majestically unnoticed; there, on Piccadilly, a British "Tommy" acting as guide, philosopher and friend to a couple of dusky Cingalese; somewhere else, the gold and white, the scarlet or purple, of an Indian Prince's bodyguard; now, a mixed and glittering troop of Sikhs, Goorkhas and Punjabis "doing" London under the guidance of an English officer; everywhere, royal carriages with coachmen and grooms in scarlet livery driving Rajahs in light-blue silk, or Moorish envoys in snowy white, or the resplendent heirs to four-fifths of the thrones of Europe and Asia. The social strain is terrific; one misses half a dozen functions for every one that is attended; no one, and least of all the responsible statesmen of the Empire, has any time to think. Yet it is on such occasions that London, after all, is most herself and that one is positively grateful for the long chapter of accidents and events that have made her not only the biggest but the most comprehensive capital in the world. Her absorbent magnetism is not, to be sure, at all times and under all circum-

stances, a good thing either for herself or for the nation. London not only dominates England, but overpowers it and in a measure devitalizes it. In the United States there is no capital of anything like the ascendancy of London or Paris or even Berlin. But there are also no provinces. England undoubtedly pays a heavy toll for the irresistible attractiveness of London in the comparative dulness of English life outside the four-mile radius. The city more than presides, it tyrannizes, over its hinterland. It is not merely an incubus, it is almost a monopoly. An American capital of even half its size and wealth and power is a legal impossibility; it would be dissolved by the Supreme Court under the provisions of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. But at a time like this one is content not to look too narrowly into the social, political, intellectual or other effects of London's immensity. One accepts and welcomes and enjoys it, without any obstinate questionings, just as it is—the gorgeous, mellow supplanter of Paris in the social primacy of Europe, the world's centre for every form of art, amusement and intellectual diversion, the capital not only of the Kingdom but of the Empire, the seat of the Legislature, the home of Royalty, and the scene of the thousand and one festivities and ceremonies that, in a Coronation year especially, go with and branch out from the presence of a Court. One does not stop to inquire whether it is proper and wholesome that practically all the creative and all the critical power of the country should be heaped together in this one city. One simply plunges into the incomparable—literally incomparable since the fall of the Second Empire—richness and variety of its social life; one steeps oneself in its tolerant, unquestioning, easy spirit. London's code is as spacious as any society's must be which has agreed that “live and let live” is the king of social oils. It is the most forgiving, the most informal, the most equable and unconcerned of cities, and, next to New York, the most callous. Old, complex and experienced, it has a half-cynical, half-charitable, wholly good-humored pardon for almost every breach of etiquette, decorum or morals. And that, whatever else one might say of it, is at least a free and comfortable atmosphere to have round one. The art of life London has always had; she is showing just now, on a splendid and memorable

scale, that she has also the art of public pageantry and rejoicing; and the result, for the time being, is to place her beyond criticism.

In the few and brief intervals that can be spared from the engrossment of domestic politics, private entertainments and public functions, all London—and London for the moment is synonymous with England—is religiously talking Empire. The Imperial Conference, the fourth of its kind, is now in session and all the Premiers of the self-governing British Dominions beyond the seas are taking part in it. There is not quite the same popular interest felt in its proceedings as there was in 1897, in 1902, and in 1907. The Boer war and King Edward's Coronation lent to the Conference of 1902 an extraordinary enthusiasm; 1897 was the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, when also the tides of patriotic emotion ran flood-high; and in 1907 the advent of the Liberals to power and the complication of the fiscal issue stimulated an additional curiosity. This year British affairs are in a state of such amazing chaos that the nation has little inclination to busy itself with any but domestic problems. The Coronation, moreover, operates rather as a competitor than as an adjuvant to the Conference; there is no outstanding figure among the Colonial Premiers; we have seen nearly all of them before and know pretty well what are their views and personalities. This is not at all a bad thing. These Conferences ought to stand on their own merits and be independent of adventitious excitements. To a large extent this one does so stand, and there is not the least reason to think that it will therefore be less productive than its predecessors. If the general interest in its discussions is less exuberant than four or nine years ago, it must not be assumed that it is non-existent. On the contrary, it is very much alive and operative. The average Englishman's conception of the Empire does not go very far beyond a vague pride of ownership, but that pride of ownership is sufficient to make him genuinely Imperial. There is a quite distinct consciousness in all classes of society that these gatherings of the leaders of the self-governing sister-nations for consultation under the family roof-tree are a spectacle unparalleled in history. If the knowledge of the precise problems they meet to deal with is capricious and slight, all Englishmen are at any rate at one

in recognizing their transcendent importance; all feel that there is no such question in the whole sphere of British politics as this of drawing tighter the bonds of Empire; all agree that Imperial consolidation is the master-issue before the British peoples; all hope and work for a time when the several States of the Empire, however independent in their local affairs, however dissimilar in some of their institutions, shall yet form, for certain purposes, one body politic and in their relations with the rest of the world shall take rank as a single, solid unit in the society of States.

That unquestionably is the ideal toward which the British Empire is slowly, cumbrously moving. But the path is sown with obstacles, and there are even aspects in which one would hesitate to say that the impulse toward federation is stronger than the impulse toward separation. At present the British Empire is little more than a glittering abstraction. Parts of it correspond to the old Roman idea of a great central State, ruling with absolute, if benignant, despotism a vast number of varied and scattered dependencies. Other parts of it, and these the most vital to the future of the race, correspond to nothing that has ever existed. If you look solely at the relations that obtain between Great Britain and India, for example, or the Malay States, or almost any of the Crown Colonies, you feel yourself in the presence of an organized system. But if you look at the relations that obtain between Great Britain and Canada or Australia or South Africa or New Zealand, you feel yourself in the presence of no system at all. The Empire in this latter aspect presents itself as a haphazard congeries of States, three-quarters independent, and linked neither to one another nor to the motherland by any but the most casual and decorative bonds. There is, indeed, the silken thread of the Crown running through them all. But there is no unity of defence, no policy of commercial preference, no machinery for coöperative action, no visible organic unity. It is an Empire in feeling perhaps, but not in fact. The self-governing Dominions, almost without exception, tax British goods as they tax the goods of foreigners. Great Britain shoulders almost the whole burden of Imperial defence. The relations between the autonomous and the despotically governed portions of the Empire are guided by no settled principle of def-

erence to Imperial interests. South Africa maltreats Indian immigrants, Australia and British Columbia exclude and incense the Japanese, without a thought of how such action may affect the wider issues of Imperial policy. Canada and Australia are creating, or are about to create, navies of their own which they are by no means willing to place without restrictions at the disposal of the British Admiralty. A nation cannot have a navy without also having a foreign policy of its own; and the time may soon be coming, unless statesmanship can find the means of averting it, when the five self-governing Dominions within the Empire will have five different sets of foreign interests, safeguarded and extended by five different policies, and enforced by five different navies. The mere possibility of such a development is enough to show that the British Empire is a fabric susceptible to no analogy. Among all the political phenomena that the world has yet witnessed it is unique; unique in its anomalies, its contradictions, its innumerable confusions, its sense of an underlying sentiment of unity not yet expressed, perhaps inexpressible, in formal arrangements and tangible bonds.

One of the great difficulties in giving to the Empire a coherence and symmetry and effectiveness it does not now possess is that the last thing the self-governing Dominions desire is any multiplication of official ties. British Imperial history is one long surrender of such ties, a continuous progress toward freedom from the interference of Downing Street and the Colonial Office. No Canadian or Australian statesman would now have it otherwise, any more than he would consent to have his tariff dictated by the British Treasury or his unoccupied lands handed over to the Crown. All direct profit from, and all direct control over, her colonies Great Britain has long ago relinquished, and the result is a relationship which, however offensive to the mathematicians of politics, has this grand virtue—it has made for loyalty and content; it has diminished, almost eliminated, the chance of serious friction; it has established a progressive ratio between the devotion of the colonies to England and England's non-interference in colonial affairs. And as the over-sea Dominions develop and prosper, evolving a national consciousness and a national tradition of their own, their feeling of dependence

upon Great Britain dwindles and their determination to carve out their future in their own way becomes all the more firmly fixed. These are developments that, I think, make a final end of the old idea of calling in the representative principle as a solution of the problem of Empire. The notion of an Imperial Council, a sort of Parliament of the Empire, legislating on such affairs as are common to each portion of it, is now thoroughly exploded. At the same time it is clear that if the Empire is to act as an effective unit, some better means must be found by which its various parts can keep in touch and consult with one another than a quadrennial Conference, sitting for three or four weeks, and grappling with a host of stupendous problems that are brought before it with a wholly inadequate preparation. What seems to be needed is some perpetual Imperial bureau, composed of representatives from the Dominions as well as from the mother-country, collecting all the necessary information and data in regard to Imperial problems, and suggesting policies which it will be for the separate Legislatures to accept or reject.

There are, however, many other roads to federation besides this one of politics and machinery. There is, for instance, the road of trade. Follow that road a certain distance and you find it forking off into three pathways. One points to an Imperial Zollverein, such as exists in Germany and the United States—an arrangement, that is to say, by which all the constituent parts of the Empire shall enjoy unrestricted free trade among themselves and impose a uniform tariff on foreign goods and products. The second pathway points to an Imperial Customs Union, each member of which shall have free trade with all the others and at the same time be at liberty to fix what tariff it pleases on foreign imports. Both these pathways are now practically deserted and for the same reason: the Dominions cannot afford to have their nascent manufactures nipped by the unrestricted competition of British goods, and England cannot afford to imperil her vast foreign trade by adopting protection. There remains the pathway, for an advance along which Mr. Chamberlain has boldly and eloquently pleaded, of Imperial Preference—a series of reciprocity agreements by which British manufactures would enter the markets of the Dominions, and the

products and raw material of the Dominions would enter the British market, at preferential rates. The British electorate has thrice rejected that policy and so long as the Liberals are in power it may be considered out of court. It was rejected because its all-round application would mean not only a tax on meat and corn, but the resurrection in these islands of the whole system of Protection. No one, however, regards that rejection as final. So long as the Tariff issue remains one of the foremost questions in British politics, so long must Imperial Preference be considered a possibility. That it will be given a serious trial before another decade has passed is extremely probable. Admirably as the Liberals have managed the affairs of the nation during the past five years, their lease of power cannot last indefinitely; and the moment the Unionists return to office Imperial Preference will be taken in hand.

Apart from commerce, the most hopeful and the most necessary stepping-stone to Imperial Federation is that of defence. As the international pressure increases it will be seen that the British Empire cannot be a unit in any vital sense unless and until its naval and military power is organized on a common basis and is prepared to act in time of war under a single direction. This is perhaps the most urgent and fundamental question which the present Conference is called upon to consider. But beyond that there are many other ways in which the unity of the Empire might be encouraged without being unduly forced. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, for instance, grasped the importance of making England the educational centre of the Empire and the idea behind his famous bequest has not yet by any means been worked out to its fullest capacity. Much, too, might be done for the organized provision of information as to markets, commodities and modes of manufacture throughout the Empire. Commercial legislation, patents, copyright, trade-marks, naturalization, the appointment and activities of consuls, post and cable service and communications, shipping dues, the currency, weights and measures, and emigration, are all matters susceptible to a more or less uniform treatment. In each of these directions a certain advance has already been made and the pace during the next few years is likely to be quickened. The mere expansion

of the over-sea Dominions, their growth in wealth and population, their increasing commercial relations with other countries, and the many points at which they now impinge upon international politics are leading up to a situation that has in it few elements of permanence and that must develop either in the direction of a closer union or in that of a gradual disintegration.

Besides the Imperial Conference, there are three other matters that are occupying the spare thoughts of Englishmen. One is the political crisis which, though drawing to its close, is not yet finally settled. The other is the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty, as to which I need only say that the difficulties in the way of such an automatic and comprehensive Treaty as Mr. Taft originally outlined do not come from us and that the compact cannot be too broad or embrace too much to please the British Government and the British people. The third subject, and the one that most engrosses attention, is, of course, the Coronation itself. King George has now been over a year on the British throne and there is only one opinion as to how he has conducted himself. The simplicity and honesty of the man have made a deep impression on the mind and heart of his subjects. He has conquered both his shyness and his aversion from public functions; the obstinacy with which he used to be credited has been as little discernible as his legendary Toryism; free and voluble of speech in private life he has yet managed to avoid any indiscretions; his good sense and judgment, his kindness, his indefatigable devotion to all the duties of his post, and his capacity for taking the unexpected initiative, have utterly disposed of the once common idea that his was a negative and colorless personality; British through and through, he has immensely gratified the old aristocracy by cutting loose from the German-Jewish capitalist set with whom King Edward rather too openly mingled; the Court to-day, under his auspices, is as brilliant and active as it was in the last reign but stricter and more conventional, with a strictness and conventionality that may make the West End gird a little, but is not really displeasing to the masses of the English people. Altogether, although King George is never likely to be as popular as was King Edward, and has few of the small arts of ingratiation, his character and mode

of life have revealed a Sovereign who will never have much difficulty in making a successful appeal to the quieter sentiments of his subjects. Very much the same, too, may be said of Queen Mary. Her sumptuary edicts against low-necked, short-sleeved afternoon gowns, against tight skirts and cart-wheel hats, have drawn upon her the derision of the "smart set," and a certain stiffness and passivity of demeanor will probably always prevent her from winning the same abundance of affection that was showered upon Queen Alexandra. But the English are a serious people with a passion for respectability and a sincere regard for the domestic virtues and in all these respects Queen Mary hits their taste precisely. After a year's experience of their new rulers Englishmen feel that their Coronation is an event to be participated in with sentiments of the heartiest regard and the most sincere loyalty.

THE FAULT OF IT

EZRA POUND

"Some may have blamed you—"

SOME may have blamed us that we cease to speak
Of things we spoke of in our verses early,
Saying: a lovely voice is such and such;
Saying: that lady's eyes were sad last week,
Wherein the world's whole joy is born and dies;
Saying: she hath this way or that, this much
Of grace, this little misericorde;
Ask us no further word;
If we were proud, then proud to be so wise
Ask us no more of all the things ye heard;
We may not speak of them, they touch us nearly.

EDITORIAL NOTES

WHEN Sir Edward Grey made his speech in the British House of Commons, on March 13, responding to President Taft's far-reaching suggestion that the principles of arbitration should be extended widely and wisely, he did not ignore the difficulties that would inevitably arise. He knew that millions of people who profess to be both civilized and Christian do not comprehend the mere rudiments of Christian or civilized conduct. They are hypocrites of the most harmful type—the type that does not recognize its true description. In the name of respectability and common sense, they oppose every fine idea and ridicule every movement toward progress. In the name of expediency, and with a sneering reference to "Utopianism," they cling to their petty jealousies and applaud the strifemongers and the professional jingoists. The little intellect and the loud voice were ever popular with this stagnant class, which will not see that the world is moving on, and that man, who claims to have been made in the likeness of God, is striving to realize that image more and more, and to be no longer a gross caricature. But the stubborn and the ungrown are still powerful, and so the British Foreign Secretary admitted that the fulfilment of the project might not come in this generation. Yet he was not afraid to go forward, preferring the large idea and a generous enthusiasm to parochial selfishness and inaction.

Events have marched more rapidly than he expected, though not more favorably than he had hoped. Already a treaty based on comprehensive lines has been drafted, and already other nations have shown their faith in the movement and their desire to extend it. It is no surprise to find that France has welcomed the opportunity, and it is a happy augury that the three nations which shared in the momentous war provoked by the Ministers of George III, should at the Coronation of George V be considering earnestly an agreement for securing permanent peace.

But there is danger that the complete significance of the movement may be overlooked. The collective public opinion

which has risen beyond the standards of the stupid or unseeing individuals of each nation, must not be allowed to fall again. We have gone so far toward an achievement that will make this year forever memorable, that we cannot be content with any compromise, any less result than an agreement that shall completely exclude war, between Great Britain, France, and this country, at least. And even with this accomplished, there will remain the great but not insoluble problem of reducing armaments. As Baron d'Estournelles de Constant explains clearly in the article that opens this number, the solution depends on Berlin and Paris. Let France and Germany recognize that this is the Twentieth Century, not the Tenth; and look forward to the promise of the future, not to the mistakes of the past.

* * *

THE passing of a strong man is always an event; and no one could regard without interest the political downfall and expatriation of Porfirio Diaz. It remains to be seen whether Mexico will profit by his exclusion, or whether the old story of rival generals and constant disorder will be repeated until the advent of another autocrat, strong enough to crush opposition and to secure at any rate some continuity of policy, though not of political freedom. There are many legends about the late Dictator; he has been regarded variously in all the degrees from a Machiavelian criminal to the patriotic savior of his country, the reorganizer of her finances and industries and her preserver from anarchy. He has certainly had a long as well as a great opportunity to train his countrymen in the comprehension of liberty and democratic institutions, and to establish a stable government, which would not fall to pieces with his own removal. For the man who makes himself indispensable is a failure. Since 1876, when he was first elected, Porfirio Diaz held power continuously, with the exception of the four years from 1880-1884. He has therefore been the master of Mexico for over thirty years. His original declaration against reelection was not long sustained. In his second term the Constitution was amended to allow the president two consecutive terms; in his third period, every limitation was abolished by Congress, and he remained firmly

fixed on the presidential throne—for only the insignia of Imperialism were lacking. Undoubtedly, as permanent ruler he did much for the apparent prosperity of his country; but to imagine that Mexico has enjoyed a republican form of government would be foolish. Perhaps President Diaz felt that his countrymen were not yet able to exercise intelligently the rights of citizenship, and that it was his duty to prevent them from making mistakes by assuming sole responsibility for all executive, judicial and legislative requirements. Yet the man who during thirty years of absolute power has built up no system which will work without his personal direction, has little claim to be regarded as a patriot and a statesman. Porfirio Diaz considered that he was indispensable to his country. Perhaps he was. If so, it is his greatest condemnation—that he should have crushed in their weakness those national tendencies toward freedom and self-government, which he might have guided to maturity and strength.

* * *

THE subtle “legal” mind, trained to distinguish the essential from the irrelevant and to appreciate the value of clearness and accuracy, has a curious tendency to express itself so that it can be misunderstood with the least possible difficulty. It is therefore not astonishing that the decisions of the Supreme Court with regard to the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trusts should be so worded that after long discussion their meaning is still in doubt. If the great corporations are merely to dissolve nominally and reorganize themselves under the direction of skilled lawyers, it is not easy to see that the law has been adequately vindicated. In any case, it is of grave importance that the Supreme Court should have assumed both legislative and administrative functions; for both are assuredly implied in the decisions. The point is not whether the nation will benefit by the innovations; but whether this precedent for the indirect revision of the Constitution shall be accepted. It is a thankless task to criticise when a Court of Justice begins to talk of “reason” instead of technical quibbles; yet it would seem that the Sherman Anti-Trust law has been amended—though not by Congress; while the terms of the decisions are quite clear, at least, in this—

that they involve methods and measures of reconstruction which only an administrative body could define or supervise; and as the Supreme Court alone can interpret its decisions authoritatively, in the final resort it alone can decide whether the terms of its judgments have been complied with; in other words, it must take into cognizance purely executive matters, as it has already assumed what are really legislative powers.

* * *

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, the English Chancellor of the Exchequer, made one notable statement in introducing his Budget for the year. He said: "I believe that the Navy expenditure has reached its climax." This is extremely important, in connection with Sir Edward Grey's activity and the general movement toward peace and the reduction of armaments. If words are to be followed by deeds, there is hope that Europe will soon be shamed into abandoning the childish belligerence which seems so incongruous in these days of finer effort and clearer insight. The policy of France is already firmly settled: defence, but never aggression. No country has been more susceptible to the so-called glory of arms; no country has paid more heavily than she for her dreams, her triumphs, and defeats. Her manhood has not even now recovered from the insatiable demands of the first Napoleon; the armies of boys that were drafted to supply food for powder in his later campaigns, removed a generation that has not yet been replaced. But prosperity has come to the country; nowhere are the people more industrious, and nowhere is wealth more evenly distributed. Her deliberate policy—the policy of the nation, and not merely of the Government—is peace. Italy, which so recently celebrated the jubilee of her national unity, has no dreams of war, which could bring her nothing but disaster. England needs no new colonies; her work is to establish securely, without dictation, the vast federation of self-governing States that her policy has fostered, and to deal with her own political and terrible social problems. Spain, recovering rapidly from anæmia, has no foreign policy, apart from Morocco; her internal development, and the status of the Church and the monarchy, are her special problems. Austria-

Hungary, with her aged Emperor, waits for events; she will not initiate them. Germany, Russia and Turkey are the unresolved factors. All depends upon Germany. She has inflexibly carried out a policy of preparation. She has set the standard by which armaments must be measured. Will she take the responsibility of rejecting the present opportunity, when the public opinion of the world is focussed in the direction of peace? Will not her statesmen rather join hands with the great men whose names will stand out in history, accepting the truism that national feuds are as foolish as personal feuds, and can no longer be permitted in a civilized society?

* * *

WHERE women differ, it is not always expedient for men to agree; hence the suffragist problem. The solution—in America, at least—is quite simple. The campaign has been conducted here on very different lines from those adopted, in good faith but bad taste, in England; yet the methods have been faulty. It must be quite obvious to Miss Inez Milholland and her earnest colleagues that American men would never oppose any united demand of the women. It is not even a matter of right or wrong, of conversion or aversion. If American women combine in a sincere demand for any privilege, real or imaginary, it will certainly be conceded to them. There is no need for the suffragists to attempt to convince men of the justice of their claims. Let them convince their sisters. Much work has been done in this direction, but the anti-suffragettes are still active, enthusiastic, and very numerous. When they have been persuaded to join the ranks of the reformers and a united front can be presented in any State, the vote will follow as a matter of course; and so, State by State, all restrictions will be removed. The antagonism between the sexes that has frequently been suggested, and sometimes unpleasantly accentuated, could very well be dropped as a battle-cry. Its use reveals inferior intelligence or peculiarly unhappy experience. The real antagonism—the only antagonism needing consideration—is that between the women. When this is removed, there will no longer be any suffragist problem.

THE GARDEN OF RESURRECTION

BEING THE LOVE STORY OF AN UGLY MAN

E. TEMPLE THURSTON

BOOK I

CHAPTER I

[T was the first, the very first, day of spring.

A little nursemaid had wheeled her pram down the path where I was sitting. She was one of those rosy-cheeked creatures who come up from the country to grow pale in London, just as the flowers come up of a morning to Covent Garden and wither perhaps before the night is out. She must have been very new to it all, for she had all the country freshness about her still. Her cheeks glowed in the quick, bright air. Her hair flew loosely over her forehead—through the stray, fine threads of it her eyes danced, glittering with youth. I remember now what it must have reminded me. You have seen those spiders' webs, caught on the points of furze which, early on a crisp May morning, glisten with drops of dew? Those eyes of hers through her hair reminded me of that. And as she passed me by, leaning forward again and again to whisper to that fat, round baby in the pram, she chanced to look at me.

You must take my word for it that it was not from any thwarted desire to draw her into conversation that the expression in those eyes of hers chilled me. That a woman looks her disapproval of you can be borne. But it is hard to bear, that look in a woman's eyes which sees you not at all; when in one woman's face you read the disapproval of her whole sex.

I don't know why it should have struck me so strangely that morning, for I am used to it by now. I have known it so long. In any case, it is not a thing to talk about. You have it there in that nursery maid's eyes. I am an ugly devil, not even with that ugliness which pleads a charm to many a woman's heart. I

am an ugly devil, and that is all there is about it. The only creatures who have ever gazed at me as though I were the image of God were my mother and my dog. The one is dead. I have only to stretch down my hand from my chair and the other will gaze at me in such fashion now. He sat upon a chair next to me that morning and, as I paid his penny to the collector, he gave me a glance from his brown eyes which I chose to take for gratitude. He thanked me—why not? He had not got any pennies with him. There are times when I am that way myself.

Now, when the nursery maid's eyes had passed me over, they looked at Dandy and her whole expression changed. I caught the sign of friendliness, the gentle come-hitherly glance which I know is the first step in those little adventures leading to chance acquaintanceship. For that look he would have spoken to her had he been a man—by reason of that look, had he been a man, she would have answered him. As it was, only his tail wagged; but she did not see that. And so she passed on while Dandy and I sat gazing after her.

"There's nothing more lonely, Dandy," said I, "in this world than a lonely man."

Dandy stretched out a paw for my hand. He kept beating the air until he got it. When I felt his cold little pads in my palm, I added an amendment—"Unless it be a dog that is lost."

Dandy was sharing my mood with me that morning. So fast as depression set in upon me, so surely did his little ears droop down, his head hang lower and his tail fall limp. Why, even when some beautiful lady smiled at him as she passed, he turned away. I would have sworn he closed his eyes.

"My God," said I, in a supreme effort, "this'll never do," and at that moment came my doctor through the Park. I held up my hand in salute. It was more than a salute. I beckoned him to stop and speak to me. He got down from his car; came across and sat beside me.

"Lazy, lucky devil," said he.

I nodded my head. All men call me that.

"Do you ever give consultations in a place like this?" I asked.

He would have made me a professional answer had I not stopped him.

"Talk away," said he, and I talked.

It is marvellous how subtle and how eloquent one can be over the description of one's ills when there is really nothing the matter at all. I talked for ten minutes.

"It comes to this," said I, in conclusion, "every man jack of us is over-civilized. We're like a breed of race-horses that has outbred the strain which made it famous. We're over-bred."

He nodded.

"The worst of consultation in a place like this," said he, "is that I can't look at your tongue."

I don't suppose that Dandy heard this. In any case the sun was burning down on his head. Whichever it was, a broad smile wrinkled his face and his tongue lolled out. I pointed to him.

"You can look at that," said I; "we live the same sort of lives. Nothing the matter with that, is there?"

"Well—of course—it's an obvious thing to say," he began.

"I want a change?"

"That's it. A complete change of place."

"You're wrong," said I. "I want a complete change of time. I want to go back to a hundred years ago."

"Yes," he agreed, "better still, but I can't advise you how to get there. No—look here—it's not too late. Run off to Italy for a week or two—drop down into Sicily—take your time over it—get out of the train and walk if you like—and don't go alone."

"I shouldn't," said I.

"You know of someone?"

I looked down at Dandy. Dandy looked up at me.

"But I shan't go," I said. "You haven't diagnosed the disease. You don't seem to realize the worst symptom of it all."

"What's that?" he asked.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"I'm an ugly devil," said I.

CHAPTER II

ITALY was no good to me. I had done it all before. There are not many corners in Europe of which Dandy and I are ignorant. I have seen his little footmarks in the snow and the dust in places where few of your so-called travelled folk have ever been. For my sake he has cheerfully suffered quarantine in half the ports of the south. I know Odessa as if I had been born there, waiting for Dandy's release. And when at last he did come out, a mere shadow of what he was, his ribs, a scale of them, protruding from his sides, he executed so violent a war dance of joy as exhausted all the strength left in him. In two minutes he was lying breathless in my arms.

I swore to him it should never happen again. "A man wouldn't put up with it, Dandy," said I. "Why should you?"

I think he saw the force of it all at the time; but when a few months of good feeding had gone by and I was for setting off East once more, he had forgotten all about Odessa.

"No, you're not coming this time," I said to him. He shook his tail and laughed. He didn't believe me. "Oh—that's all very well," I went on, "but remember that God-forsaken spot, Odessa." If you please, he laughed again. "I don't care," said I. "You're not coming. Get off that box, it's going to the station."

In time he began to realize it. There came a gradual dropping about his ears. He found his coat-brush in the corner where it always was. His leash was still hanging in the hall. I could see him thinking it out, with a puzzled frown between his eyes as if he were saying—"There's some mistake. He forgets I went with him last time—of course, there's some mistake"—whereat, half-convincing himself that there was, his ears pricked up and he began his get-ready-to-go-out dance, a wild exhibition of terpsichorean art, on his hind legs.

"You're not coming, Dandy," said I, and I looked him steadily in the eyes. At last he knew, and I had to turn away. It was too piteous, the expression then that twisted his face.

With his tail a limp and a foolish-looking thing, he stood

upon the doorstep and saw me drive off. I waved a hand out of the window at him, but I could not look back.

It was that wave of the hand that did it. He knew I had been playing him a joke. There I was, beckoning to him just before it was too late and, roaring with laughter—so I am told—to think how nearly I had taken him in, he leapt after me.

When I got out of the taxi at Victoria, to my amazement, there he was, splashed with mud behind our wheels from nose to tail.

“A jolly good joke!” he roared. “A jolly good joke! I knew there must have been some mistake.” And so there was, but the poor little devil had to pay for it at Algiers.

What good then was Italy to us after such journeys as these? We walked back home to lunch that morning, Dandy forlorn, I with the taste of envy still lingering in my mind.

How can I explain? Life has never reached me. No woman has ever come to me in trouble—and that is part of life; no man has ever told the story of a love affair to me in the whole course of my existence. Whenever a man sees me he slaps me on the back; whenever I meet a woman whom I know, she pats Dandy on the back instead. And to suggest Italy for such a disease as that!

A night or two later, I strolled into a restaurant where occasionally I sup alone. The young man and the young woman go there. Corks fly out of bottles and laughter flies after them. Sometimes there I can imagine I have never seen forty, and when I assure myself that I am forty-three, it seems nothing—nothing at all. The waters of Lethe are in the very finger-bowls on their tables, though often indeed, as I have rubbed it on my lips, it seems I have tasted the waters of Marah. That night after supper, I sat in the lounge outside, taking my coffee. At the other end of the settee I had chosen sat a woman of twenty-eight, listening patiently to the egotism of a boy of twenty-six. Here and there she placed a word with cunning knowledge of his kind. Now and again she laughed, when immediately rose his empty bark above it. At times he laughed all by himself.

“I suppose I shall have to marry her one of these days and settle down,” I heard him say, and from that moment my ears

caught no sound other than their two voices; his in limping, stilted narrative, hers in encouraging assent.

It was a story no man has the right to tell. Told to a woman, it set the blood racing in my veins till it tingled hot and furious in my very fingers. It seemed he had been to the West Indies, trading in what I don't know and care less. And there, no doubt, with what we call the superiority of our European civilization, he had captured the affections of a planter's daughter.

I caught her name, just her Christian name, as he disclosed it. Clarissa—only Clarissa—I heard no more. He was one of those youths who must give you names to make his story true. And how Clarissa loved him! Behind all his boasting and that barking laugh of his, I could see how well she loved him too. Could it have been anything but love that had brought her from her sunny islands to that gray land of Ireland where he had taken her?

I thought of Mary Queen of Scots, exiled from her golden France to those dim mists of Scotland, the greatest tragedy the world has ever seen. Only the need of history to make this as great a tragedy as well.

In the care of his two aunts he had placed her.

"And there she'll have to stay for some time. She wants educating," said he, and forthwith he proceeded to recount her little ignorances, her little follies, her little mistakes, at each of which he threw back his head and laughed.

"She knows nothing," he continued; "not that I think a woman ought to know much. But she knows absolutely nothing. I had thoughts of her coming over here to school. But she's too old for that; besides, she's nicely tucked away there in Ballysheen."

The name struck quickly on my ears. Ballysheen? Why was it familiar? One of those tricks of sense, perhaps. You know an Irish name anywhere. But I had no inclination then to follow it out. I beckoned my waiter for another Kümmel. My empty glass betokened idleness. I could see the woman's eyes wandering in my direction. The man would never have suspected me of listening, for when a man tells a story, the sound of

it absorbs him. Women, I find, are different. They are ever aware of the thousand things about them.

"How is she going to be taught?" she asked when her suspicions were allayed by the filling of my glass.

He inhaled deeply of his cigarette and slowly blew out the smoke between pursed lips. "Oh—they'll teach her," said he.

And they—were his two maiden aunts. From his ill-phrased description of them, I could see it all. He had caught a bird of brilliant plumage in the wild heart of a tropic forest, and to a cage one foot by three he had brought her; a cage hung in some dull drab room, where never the light of the sun could enter. Behind the bars of their little bigotries and their little prejudices, this poor untamed creature was beating her tired wings, or she was sitting there waiting with watching eyes for him to return and marry her.

It was not the manner of his telling that made the story real.

It was the place. That glare of lights, those sinuous sounds of music that crept upon one's ears, all the blatant artificiality of it, and this casual narrative told with a laugh and a glass to the lips! You hear strange conversations in public places; but I had never heard anything more strange than this.

Her father was wealthy, so it seemed. It was this that had attracted him to the match.

"She'll have ten thousand, when we marry," he continued; "worth thinking about, you know. And more when her father dies. But there's one ghastly drawback. I got used to it over there; but since I've been back in England—talking, for instance, to women like yourself—I sometimes wonder how the devil I'm going to do it."

I held my breath and strained my ears to listen. It is when you know what is coming that you are keenest of all to hear.

"You don't mean to say she's black?" said his companion, in horror.

Back went his head and he laughed right down my spine.

"Good Lord! No! You don't think any amount of money would tempt me to marry a black, do you? I hate that sort of thing as much as anybody. No, she's beautiful enough, but she's

colored. There's the strain in her. Three generations back there was a black in the family. In most of them it's worn itself all out completely, but she's a set back. You can see it. Her hair's as black as pitch. Not a mat, thank God; it's fine enough. Her skin's quite olive, too. The whites of her eyes are that blue-white of old china. She's got the taste, too, for gaudy colored things. Wanted to dress herself in canary-colored satin when she first came to Ballysheen. My aunts soon put a stop to that. Oh, I've no doubt they'll teach her in time."

I think just that touch made me see it most of all. The little creature putting on her bright plumage, the very colors which Nature gives to those whose home is in the sun, and then to have them stripped from her, and in their place the dull religious black of these gray countries given her to wear. Oh, no doubt, they would teach her quickly enough, those two old maiden aunts of his. Her school-room roof would be the lightless skies of gray—one quickly learns a lesson of obedience, the obedience of despair, in such a room as that. Ready to their hands would be all the forms of chastisement that can so soon break down a spirit from the sun. Just that canary-colored satin made me see it most of all.

And what did his aunts think of it all, I wondered. It was as if I had wondered aloud, for his companion echoed the question to my thought.

He shrugged his shoulders and beckoned lazily for his bill. "Can't help what they think," said he. "Matter of fact, I don't believe they like it at all. We're an old family, you see. The Fennells have been in Ireland since Cromwell. He gave us our estates, every inch of which has gone. The only property left is the old house my aunts live in. They'll be glad enough if I get a rich wife. For that reason I suppose they put up with her; but it goes against the grain. In Ireland, you know, a drop of black blood is the greatest curse you can have. They won't let anyone get a glimpse of her. I can tell you, it's a mystery over there. Everybody knows there's someone staying in the house—but they won't let her be seen. Rather rough on her, you know. They take her out for walks when it's dark—make her put a veil over her face. You wouldn't believe it in a cos-

mopolitan place like London; but it makes all the difference over there."

I heard no more than that. I could wait to hear no more.

"My things," said I to the attendant. He wanted to pull down the collar beneath my coat. I could not have borne that. It was a matter of walking home to Mount Street. There are times when the more civilized methods of progression have no meaning at all. There are times when one must return to Nature and use one's legs. I walked home, and all the time there sang in my head that phrase—no woman has ever come to me in trouble.

"My God," thought I. "If ever there was a woman in trouble!"

And then the name Clarissa—Clarissa—called itself back into my mind. Clarissa, with her little gown of canary-colored satin.

CHAPTER III

THEY can be cold, those nights in April, for spring comes timidly to this little island of ours. I have seen children, like her, peep round a door. There is laughter in their faces; it flows in a silver ripple, quivering shyly on their lips. For one instant they look in on you and then are gone. It is no good your calling. Nothing under Heaven will induce them to come back. Perhaps the next morning at the very same hour the door will open gently, you will see the sudden flash of eager eyes, but never again that day. It were as well you gave up hope of it. And so comes spring in such fashion to us here.

That very morning I had been sitting again in the Park. The sun was of pure white silver in a sky of blue. There was that cool, faint sense of chill about it, too, as when you see the flame of candles freshly lit. The daffodils under the trees lifted high their yellow petals from the grass to try and touch the warmth of it. Yet it only lasted for an hour or two. I looked down at Dandy as a gray cloud sailed up above the trees and hid the sun, and I saw a little wrinkle quiver swiftly up his back.

"Ah, my friend," said I, "I've no doubt you'd like Nature to spoil you. We all do; but, unfortunately, she won't."

I am always making these little reflections aloud to Dandy. It is not that he understands, but they do such a heap of good to me.

By night time that gray cloud had drawn a score of others after it. When I came out of the restaurant after supper the wind was scouring the streets with a shower of rain. As I walked home I thought with gratitude of the fire that I knew was burning in my room. My steps quickened as I pictured to myself the sight of Dandy lying curled in a complete circle upon the hearthrug. What manner of person, I wondered, would rise to his feet from such a comfortable position as that and greet you rapturously upon your entrance, put his hands on your wet coat and say between cavernous yawns and jovial laughter how jolly glad he was to have you back again? Perhaps there was one in the world who would have greeted a man like that.

Clarissa.

Ah, but there would be more than laughter, there would be those uncontrollable tears of gratitude if Clarissa's lover came back to her that night. Perhaps she had not even a fire by which to curl herself into the complete circle of contentment. No doubt at such an hour as that she was fast asleep in her tiny bed—or was she lying awake with eyes set deep into the darkness, listening to the ceaseless driving of the rain upon her window? Wherever she was, whatever doing, I could see the joy, lit radiant in her face, at the sound of his voice.

Then, when I thought of his return, I thought as well of him. The sudden picture of his face came straight into my eyes. I heard his voice. I heard his laughter. My God! thought I, what hopelessness to wait for such a man as that! Surely she knew the worthless kind he was? No, it was more likely she did not. So few, few women do.

"But what law of God or Nature is it," said I to myself, "that makes men treat women so?" Had there been an answer which left one shred of dignity to my back, I might have made it. So far as I could see there was none. "Unless," I

thought, "unless it is she asks no better of us and gets but little more."

The words had scarcely entered my mind when I was contradicted flatly to my face. From a doorway as I passed I heard a woman's voice.

"Here, I say."

I stopped, peering into the shadow. A girl was there, sheltering beneath the overhanging portal of the door.

"What is it?" I asked.

Perhaps the tone of genuine inquiry in my voice, no doubt a thousand other things as well, checked her in what she was going to say, for she caught the words and shut her lips upon them.

"What is it?" I asked again.

She screwed up her face into a smile; no doubt to hide the injured dignity in her heart.

"Would you like to give me my cab fare home?" said she.

Now had I received a blow of her hand across my face I should not have felt more surprise. It was so direct an answer to my assumption, to the very question I had put myself but a few steps back. I had assumed that women received the worst from us because they asked no better. Yet what better can a woman ask of any man than charity?

In some awkward effort to explain I have said that life has never reached me—no woman has ever come to me in trouble. But it is more than that—and it is less. I have often wanted a woman to say to me, "Come and buy me a hat." No woman ever has. I have known women whom I would like to have adorned from the top of their dainty heads to the soles of their elegant feet; but either it is that they have husbands who do it for them or there is some ridiculous etiquette which forbids it. It seems I am one of those men of whom a woman asks nothing, another symptom of the disease which I forgot to tell my doctor.

You may imagine, then, what I felt when this girl came out of nowhere and asked me to pay her cab fare home. My hand went straight to my pocket. She might have asked so many things other than that. She might have asked for a new hat. Her own was sodden with rain.

I looked up and down the street.

"You won't find the fare so difficult to get as the cab," said I. The whole street was empty. She peered out of the shadow, and I could see she must be wet to the skin.

"Look here," I continued, "come under this umbrella. I live just here. You'd better sit indoors while I get them to whistle for a 'taxi.'"

She stood quite still for a moment and stared at me. A foolish thing to do. Women behave ridiculously at times. It was the only obvious thing to suggest, and yet she gazed at me as though I could not possibly be aware of what I was saying. I was aware.

"Be good enough to come under this umbrella," I repeated, severely. Then she obeyed.

As we walked along in silence to my door, I began to see myself that there were two aspects to the case. I had forgotten for the moment my man. He would be waiting up for me. He always does. There are little things, and Moxon knows how to do them. I have come to believe he likes it. But would he like this?

"Oh, Moxon be damned," said I, and, of course, I must have said it out loud, for she asked me sympathetically who Moxon was.

"He looks after me," I replied.

I think that must have almost confirmed the opinion in her that I was not quite sane; that Moxon, indeed, was my keeper, for she drew away a little till I laughed and explained.

"You're a swell, then?" she said. She said it with conviction. She said it as a question, too.

"If you'll tell me what you mean by that," said I, "I'll tell you if you're right."

Whereupon for a few moments she was silent, but when I prompted her for an answer, she said,

"A swell's a swell."

"Then certainly the description doesn't apply to me," I replied, and, taking out the latchkey, I opened my door.

At first she hesitated to come in, but I took her arm. The sleeve of her dress was drenched.

"You mustn't stay outside," said I. "Just come and wait in my sitting-room while Moxon gets a 'taxi.' He won't be long."

The moment I opened the door, there, sure enough, was Dandy to his feet, but at the sight of my visitor he arrested all motion and glared. At this time of night I was his personal belonging. He had me to himself. There was no doubt he resented this intrusion of another person, and when he realized it was a woman, his contempt was wonderful. With just a glance at me, he turned round and stared into the fire. I never saw reproach so clearly drawn in the outline of a dog's back before.

"This is just a foretaste," thought I, "of what we shall get from Moxon," and I rang the bell.

When I turned round, she was looking all about the room with a silent wonder in her eyes. It is comfortable, I know. I have been told that. But no one has ever surveyed it with such an expression in their eyes as she had then. I felt almost ashamed of myself for calling it my own; for in that look I seemed to see all the dull, cheap finery of her own squalid little rooms.

"The world is hard on women," I said to myself, and again the name of Clarissa came like an echo into my thoughts. Clarissa in her little gown of canary-colored satin.

I was just going to ask her more about herself when she forestalled me.

"Do you live here alone?" she asked.

I nodded my head.

"All this to yourself?"

I nodded again.

"Aren't you lonely?"

I felt grateful for Moxon's entrance. He opened the door, and the look of astonishment that leapt into his face was ludicrous to behold.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said quickly.

"I rang," said I. "I want you to whistle for a 'taxi' for this lady. She's been caught in the rain outside."

He went out obediently, closing the door. Another moment and we heard his whistle blowing violently in the street.

"Is that Moxon?" she asked, when he had gone.

"It is."

"What's he think of you bringing me in here?"

"I shouldn't attempt to say," said I. "Moxon's mind is one of the riddles I shall never solve. Sometimes I feel inclined to believe that he never thinks at all."

She sat silent for a moment or two staring at the fire, and then suddenly looked up quickly at me.

"Why did you bring me in here?" she asked.

It came to my lips to give some irrelevant answer. Why should I tell her? Would she understand it if I did? But then there flashed across my mind the belief I always hold that above all creatures women are gifted with understanding, and I told her of the story I had just heard.

"And what's that to do with me?" she asked.

"Nothing," I replied, "and everything. One woman in trouble is the whole world of women in distress. What I have to complain of is that they never come to me. You did. That's why I brought you in here. If this child in Ireland were to appeal to me——"

"How can she?"

"That's true," said I, "she doesn't know me."

She looked at me queerly—deedily is the word—and, almost in a whisper, she asked, "Why don't you go to her?"

I leant back in my chair and laughed.

"What, become a Don Quixote!" said I. "Go out and tilt at windmills, try to pose knight-errant to a child who's lost her heart to someone else! What's the good of saving any woman from her own infatuation? She'll only hate you for it."

She looked me strangely in the face.

"She'll thank you for it one day," she said, and there were whole years of terror in her voice.

Suddenly, then, I saw things differently, and at that moment came Moxon into the room.

"The 'taxi' for the lady," said he.

CHAPTER IV

NOT only has Moxon his ideas about me; he has also his ideas about women.

"They're a strange lot of people," he said once to me, meaning women, but as if they were all huddled together in waiting down in the hall.

"By which you mean?" said I.

"By which I mean, sir, that my sister Amy has thrown off the man she was engaged to and has taken to religion."

That was not telling me much what he meant. I doubt if he really knew himself. In all probability it was that he had come violently to the conclusion that he knew nothing whatever about them, in which case a man will speak knowingly of women in non-committal terms.

In the same diplomatic way, I knew he must be thinking a great deal with every blast of that whistle out in the street, and doubtless in the same diplomatic way, he would express it later.

I returned therefore with a certain amount of expectancy to my room as soon as the "taxi" had driven off and that poor little creature had vanished away into the gray heart of her own world. There was that which I had slipped into her purse which might pay for the fare and perhaps a hat as well. God knows what hats cost, for I do not. Wherefore, when I put my hand into my pocket, I left it to God to suggest the amount.

And then, as I say, I returned, with a deal of expectancy in my mind. Moxon was putting out my slippers with Dandy looking on—Dandy assuring him, with expressions of contempt for his intelligence, that it was not a bit of good.

"There's someone with him," sniffed Dandy. "We shall have to sit up till they go," and he looked back again into the fire.

I remained there for a moment watching him, really waiting to hear what Moxon had to say. He stood up then, and as he said it, upon my soul, I came to the conclusion that I had never had such respect for diplomacy before.

"Is there anything more, sir?" he asked, and had there been a conscience to prick me, I swear to Heaven I should have

begged his pardon for having asked so much. As it was, I smiled serenely when I looked back into his face.

"No—I think that's enough," said I.

And when he replied, "Yes, sir," it was intended to convey that he entirely agreed with me.

I let him get to the door and there he stopped, looking round the room once more, to see if I had forgotten anything on my own account; then as he was departing, I called him back. It might have been enough for him; it was a gross misrepresentation to say that it was enough for me.

"Do you mean to say, Moxon," I began, "that you wouldn't help a woman if she was in trouble?"

"I was not aware, sir," he replied, "that I had said anything about any woman."

I had to swallow that as best I could and begin again on a fresh score.

"Well," I continued, "if a woman had asked you to give her her cab fare home—a woman drenched to the skin, sheltering in a doorway, shivering in the cold at one o'clock at night—what would you do?"

"Naturally—if you put it that way, sir—but it's against my principles; and, what's more, I'm never out at one o'clock at night, I make a point of being in by half-past eleven."

This was too evasive for me. So far as his principles are concerned, I know all about them. A man who supports his mother and two sisters out of his earnings has every right to talk about it being against his principles to help a woman in distress; but there is no special call upon one to believe him. I fancy myself that when, in a moment of confidence, Moxon told me that women as a rule do not take to him, it is that he wishes to hide his affection for the whole sex. I quite agree with him. If I had any affection for the sex, I should try to hide it myself.

But all this was really beside the point. One thing, and one thing only, was in full occupation of my mind—the last words that little half-drowned mouse had said to me before she went. "She'll thank you for it one day."

(To be continued)

THE FORUM

FOR AUGUST 1911

THE BALANCE OF POWER IN 1915

HARRY D. BRANDYCE

THE year 1915 will be marked by two events of world-wide importance—the opening to traffic of the Panama Canal, and the expiration by limitation of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty of Alliance.* The effects will make themselves felt almost immediately by all of the more important nations in that the changed conditions of politics and trade must of necessity cause a readjustment of the phenomenon known as the Balance of Power.

The great military and naval Powers of the world are just now divided into two groups, the one headed by Germany and the other by England. Only Russia and the United States are not yet included in these combinations; Russia because she is biding her time—watching, as it were, which way the cat will jump; the United States because we are traditionally opposed to what Washington called “entangling alliances.”

The Triple Alliance established by Bismarck—Germany, Austria, Italy—is held together by a formal treaty; whereas England, France and Japan are variously bound, the first two by the famous *Entente Cordiale* made possible by the tact of Edward VII; and England and Japan by the treaty of 1905.

Just now there is a constant shuffling for advantage, each party trying to win Russia over to its side. The fickle Muscovite, however, is not easy to win, and makes what advantageous terms he can first with one nation, then with another.

The position of Russia is a curious one. While still the avowed ally of France under the treaties of 1891 and 1897, she

* See footnote on p. 141.—EDITOR.

is also bound to England by a somewhat indefinite "understanding" which was effected several years ago through the able diplomacy of King Edward. But a year after that monarch had succeeded in healing the breach which had been constantly widening between Russia and England since the Russo-Japanese War, the German Emperor seized a momentary opportunity to solidify the Triple Alliance by and with the consent and aid of Nicholas II. He not only persuaded the Tsar to recognize the complete independence of Bulgaria—a task mitigated somewhat by the eagerness of Russia to countenance any move which should make for the weakening of Turkey—but he got Nicholas to approve the annexation by Austria of the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina—two States hitherto under the suzerainty of the Sublime Porte. What he promised Russia in return for these friendly acts is not definitely known, but the result has been a tightening of the bonds between Germany and Austria.

On the other hand the Kaiser just recently received a rude setback in his propaganda when Russia some three months ago gave him to understand that so far as France and her Moroccan policy was concerned, Germany must remember that the Dual Alliance was still in effect, and that Russia would not brook any officious interference on the part of Germany with the actions of France in the Moorish Empire.

The constant desire of Germany to have a finger in every political pie is nowhere more evident than in her attitude in the Moroccan situation. She has no "vital interests" in the Sherrefian Empire which require looking after, while Spain and France are very closely concerned in the affairs of that turbulent corner of Africa; but apparently the Kaiser considers it entirely consistent with his dreams of a Greater Germany to make capital out of any situation of distrust between other Powers. The German press is just now clamoring for a concession from Morocco, particularly a coaling-station on the Atlantic Coast of Northern Africa; and with that end in view the Foreign Office is quietly stirring up anti-French feeling in Madrid. England and France could not afford to allow Mogador, for instance, to be leased or ceded to Germany, for that would give the Kaiser a base on the routes to South Africa and South America; yet any attempt

to prevent it will call for the nicest kind of diplomacy if the peace of Europe is to be preserved. As matters stand at present the Franco-philic attitude of Russia may act as a check on German designs; though the vacillations of Muscovite diplomacy stand in the way of any definite settlement of the difficulty.

The United States has remained an interested but passive spectator of the situation in Europe. To be sure, the strength of our navy—which still ranks second only to that of Great Britain—and our immense wealth would make us a highly desirable ally for one faction or the other; and, recognizing this, the Kaiser has long been doing everything in his power to win our friendship. He has showered favors upon Americans both here and in Germany; in 1902 he invited the President's daughter to christen his American-built yacht; he sent his brother, Prince Henry, on a visit to the United States; instituted exchange professorships between American and Prussian universities—has done everything, in fact, that he could do to earn our good will, and perhaps also to alienate our national affection for England. Yet he can scarcely be said to have succeeded; for though he has been most courteous and friendly in little things, his official representatives have ever opposed ours in matters of political and economic importance. In questions affecting such vital interests as the tariff, the potash dispute, arbitration, disarmament, the Open Door in China, the rights of neutrals at sea, Germany and America have taken positions diametrically opposed to one another; whereas in all such discussions our representatives have worked along substantially the same lines as the English. And now, as if to put the finishing touch upon the Kaiser's discomfiture, we seem to be in a fair way to erecting the most colossal monument to international peace ever attempted—a categorical and binding arbitration treaty with England. This agreement will league together in sympathetic union all the English-speaking people of this earth, who control the destinies of one-third of the population of the world, and who have stood shoulder to shoulder for liberty and progress for the past one-hundred years.

The state of equilibrium in which the great Powers now find themselves will, in all probability, remain stable until 1915, when it will be disturbed, if not completely destroyed, by the

opening of the Panama Canal and the expiration by limitation of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty of Offence and Defence. The forces that will then tend to disturb the *status quo* will emanate from two sources, Japan and Germany. Furthermore, the altered position of the United States as a World Power must of necessity change her hitherto passive attitude toward her fellow-nations and compel her, however unwillingly, to assume the rôle of active participant in the political and economic struggle for supremacy.

In the first place the Canal, by giving passage to our fleet from the Atlantic to the Pacific, will make us the dominant Power in the greatest of oceans. While our fleet is now, and probably for a long time will be, materially stronger than that of Japan, it is not great enough to admit of our maintaining a part of it in either ocean. Our reasons for keeping it constantly in the Atlantic are many, chief among them being the fact that we have neither the docking nor the coaling facilities on our western coast adequate for the proper maintenance of a large fleet of modern battleships. By the time the Canal is finished we hope to have brought the dockyard at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, to such a state of efficiency that, in conjunction with the Mare Island and Bremerton Navy Yards (and to a lesser extent those at Cavite and Olongapo) we may be able to keep our fighting-ships in either sea, as the exigencies of the moment demand.

The question of fortifying the Canal, which lately promised to cause endless trouble and dispute, has fortunately been settled in Congress, and the work of erecting suitable forts and batteries at each end will soon begin. It is absolutely essential that these should be of such extent and completeness that they may effectually guard the Canal against any possible attack by a hostile fleet; further, the fixed works must be supplemented by a mobile force of soldiers adequate to protect both Canal and fortifications from a land attack. This will undoubtedly cost a great deal of money, but we dare not consider expense when such enormous interests are at stake; and the mere thought of the seizure of the waterway by a foreign Power, with the resultant crippling of our sea-strength, ought of itself to silence any opposition to the appropriations.

As auxiliaries to the defences of the Canal itself we must look to the protection of Hawaii, and the naval arsenal already mentioned; and on the Atlantic side we must develop Guantánamo, at the eastern end of Cuba, about 660 miles north of Colon. Guantánamo is the logical strategic outpost for the naval defence of the Canal. It is admirably suited by its location to guard all the approaches to the eastern end of the Isthmus, and it is imperative that we eventually convert it into a strong base for our fleet. Its topographical peculiarities are such that fortification would be easy, and its roadstead is more than ample for our needs. A great and efficient dockyard and repair-station should be erected there able to take care of several ships at a time, for Hawaii is too far away, and the nearest first-class navy yard on the Atlantic Coast (Norfolk) is about 2,000 miles from Colon.

While to some people it would look as if all this were an exorbitant price to pay for a Canal across the Isthmus joining North and South America, we must not lose sight of two salient facts. Firstly, the Canal will prove of inestimable value in the development of the Pacific Coast of both continents; and secondly, it would prove utterly ruinous to our growth and safety should it fall into the hands of some foreign Power. With a hostile flag flying over the Canal Zone and an enemy's fleet concentrated either at Colon or Panama (the cities at the termini of the waterway) our Gulf Coast and our western seaboard could not possibly be properly protected in the event of a state of war existing between us and any other Power. The Panama Strip is strategically as well as politically an integral part of our coast-line, and, except perhaps economically, quite as important a part as New York or San Francisco.

It is by no means difficult to foresee what the effect will be on our Pacific States of the opening of the Canal to traffic. The expected great influx of immigrants from Europe into the sparsely-settled sections of California, Oregon and Washington will effect tremendous changes in economic conditions there; and it is perhaps not too much to hope that the present overcrowding of our Atlantic seaboard cities due to the huge tide of immigration from overpopulated Europe may be ar-

rested by the diversion of the stream through the Canal to the Far West.

Another aspect of the changed conditions will lie in the commercial traffic which will be brought into being by the newly-opened trade route. Already a Japanese steamship company has signified its intention of establishing a line to New York. The Hamburg-Amerika Line not long ago acquired the Kosmos Line, a German Company operating steamships on the west coast of South America. These new enterprises will surely be followed by others, and if we Americans do not wish to see all the business monopolized by the alert merchants of aggressive Germany and Japan, we must bestir ourselves and urge upon Congress the necessity of affording relief from the intolerable conditions which at present hamper our deep-sea shipping trade and the growth of our merchant marine.

Both Germany and Japan use the same methods of fostering trade—cheap goods and cheap freights in subsidized ships; and England and the United States, unless they adopt similar methods, are likely to see what share they now possess in South American business taken from them by these two commercially militant nations. The trade of the northern half of the Pacific is already strongly dominated by the powerful steamship lines of the Mikado's subjects, and we may in all reasonableness expect to see the splendid new turbine liners of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha and the Toyo Kisen Kaisha invading the South Atlantic as soon as they can have access thereto without making the long detour around the Horn. And on the western coast the English and Americans will soon have to compete with the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-Amerika Lines, the two largest and among the best-managed ship-owning companies of the world. Successful competition will not be easy, for the wages paid to their crews by the Germans and Japanese are vastly lower than those paid on English vessels, and only from one-quarter to one-half as much as American owners are compelled to pay to the complements of ships flying the Stars and Stripes.

So unless we come to our senses and by increased Government aid take steps to meet this impending competition, we may as well abandon the idea of holding our share of the fast-growing

trade of South America. And if it be in any wise true that trade follows the flag, just so surely will the flag tend to follow on the heels of trade. Both Japan and Germany feel the need of an outlet for their surplus population, and what were more natural than that they should try to found colonies in the temperate latitudes of South America? We have had plenty of warning examples of what would happen in a mercantile way should Japan and Germany succeed in forcing their sovereignty upon alien territory. Just as Korea, parts of Manchuria and the Kiao Tschiao Peninsula are shut to our trade by the stringent laws of Japanese and German rule, so also should we find those parts of South America closed to our exports and imports. The subjects of the Kaiser and the Mikado do not invite outside competition as do Englishmen, for they are not rich enough to be able to afford the luxury of free-for-all competition, and so are not in a position to do away with the selfish policy of exploiting newly-acquired possessions for the sole benefit of their own countrymen.

Of course there is one very serious obstacle in the way of Germany and Japan—the Monroe Doctrine, which states clearly that the United States cannot and will not allow any further acquisition of American territory by any European (or other foreign) Power. For years now the British Government has lent its approval to this dictum, and we may certainly expect a continuation of this line of conduct on her part. But such a doctrine is of no validity unless backed up by armed force—like a blockade, it will not be recognized by others unless it is unqualifiedly efficient. Now, in the absence of a strong navy we could not expect foreigners to respect the Monroe Doctrine, and so we must decide promptly and definitely whether we wish to withdraw ignominiously from a position we have held for ninety years or face the issue squarely and increase our navy to such dimensions as will make aggression on the part of others at least unprofitable, if not impossible. Again the question of expense; but we must either go forward, shouldering new responsibilities, or wither and die—such is the law of nations. Germany, infinitely poorer in population and wealth than ourselves, has chosen to spend immense sums on her navy, and we

must either keep up the pace or see our people gradually lose in the contest for foreign markets.

It is otherwise with regard to Japan. Her fleet is only about one-half as powerful as ours, and even at our present rate of increase—two battleships a year—we can easily keep ahead of her, for Japan is poor, and financially exhausted by her recent war with Russia. Before she can expend any great sum on her fleet she must continue for some years longer the policy of rigid economy so as to pay off part of her huge external and internal debt. As it is, she is making creditable progress to that end, but only by virtue of a system of taxation which is proving an intolerable burden even in a land where love of country is a burning passion in all ranks of society.

The treaty of 1905 with England was a triumph of Japanese diplomacy. In the fall of that year, only a few days after the official close of the Russo-Japanese War, England signed a secret treaty with Japan, the terms of which were never fully given to the public. Such information as was given out points to an offensive and defensive alliance between those two countries by which each covenants to come to the aid of the other in the event of the latter becoming involved in a war with any other nation. The treaty was in the nature of a give-and-take. Japan sought thereby to checkmate any such concerted move by the Powers as would deprive her of the spoils of her recent victorious campaigns—there was to be no Franco-Russo-German intervention such as had wrested from her Port Arthur and the Liao Tung Peninsula ten years before. England was relieved of the necessity of keeping a strong fleet in Chinese waters and was assured of Japanese help in case of trouble in India.

As soon as the terms of this pact—which was to continue in force for ten years, and then expire if not renewed—were made known in England, the anti-administration press began a campaign of criticism on the ground that England had pledged herself for much more than she could hope to benefit by; and the hostile papers pointed out that in case of trouble between Japan and the United States England would be called upon to take sides against an altogether friendly country, and one from whom she derived a large proportion of her food-supply. When,

the following year, the anti-Japanese demonstrations broke out in the Pacific States public opinion in Great Britain showed itself so strongly opposed to the treaty that it is safe to assume that it will not be renewed—at any rate in its present form—when, in 1915, it becomes defunct.

If it is not renewed Japan will be left a free agent to pursue whatever course seems good to the authorities at Tokio; and England will be compelled to decide what her policy shall be with regard to the protection of her numerous valuable possessions in Eastern Asia. With Japan as an ally she has been able to reduce her naval forces in Chinese and adjacent waters to a minimum; but counting Nippon as a potential enemy England dare not leave unguarded such isolated colonies as Hong-Kong, Wei-Hai-Wai and Singapore. In view of the growing might of the German navy she will scarcely risk reducing her home forces for the sake of distant possessions, and so she will be compelled to look elsewhere for protection to her Chinese interests. What more natural than that England should turn to the United States, whose ownership of the Philippines requires the maintenance in the Far East of a military and naval force? She would establish no new precedent by such action, for a number of years ago these two nations arrived at some sort of an informal agreement whereby England reduced her garrisons on American territory and withdrew all her effective naval vessels from American waters.

Should an arrangement of this nature be consummated between ourselves and England the logical result would be to throw Germany and Japan into closer rapprochement. These two could easily persuade Russia to join forces with them, for Russia's interests in Eastern Asia are closely allied with those of Japan, and thus we should find the Kaiser heading a coalition of five nations—Germany, Austria, Italy, Russia and Japan—whose ideals, politics, laws are diametrically opposed to those obtaining in the Anglo-American "*entente*." With France it will be a case of "*sauve qui peut*," and she would most likely elect to align herself with those who would treat her best. Past experience might seem to point toward England and America, for her relations with the other countries mentioned are, with the excep-

tion of Russia, not too cordial either politically or commercially. The recent actions of the German Government in the Moroccan imbroglio have re-opened the old antagonism of France toward her neighbor across the Rhine; while at the same time the sympathetic attitude of Britain serves to strengthen the already fast ties of the *Entente Cordiale*.

Another cause of friction between Germany on the one hand and France and England on the other is the constant interference of the former in Dutch affairs. The Kaiser considers himself more or less "*in loco parentis*" toward the Netherlands, and has presumed upon his kinship with the Prince Consort to an extent not altogether relished by the sturdy Hollanders. It is an open secret that he looks with longing eyes on the great Dutch colonies, Java and Sumatra; nor is there room for doubt but that he would welcome any opportunity which might justify him in annexing Holland itself with its rich cities and lucrative trade. William has for years been trying to persuade Holland to fortify Flushing, at the mouth of the Scheldt. Such action would not only effectually cut off Antwerp, Belgium's one great seaport, from the sea, but it would provide a new and safe base for a hostile fleet operating against England. The hard-headed Dutch burghers have so far steadfastly refused to vote the money for this expensive fortification project, much to the Kaiser's disappointment; and the trend of public feeling throughout Holland is turning more and more away from Germany and toward England and France. The French, too, cannot view these actions without trepidation, for the little Kingdoms of Belgium and Holland are in the nature of a bulwark along her northern frontier; indeed the French Government recently gave it to be understood that any overt act of aggression toward the Netherlands on Germany's part would immediately be followed by the occupation of Belgium by a French army.

England has, of course, not been blind to these evidences of German policy. Most thinking Englishmen who, truly patriotic, have at heart the welfare of the entire British Empire, realize that sooner or later the questions at issue must be definitely settled. Germany feels the desperate need of room to grow in, but apparently she must expand at the expense of Great Britain, or

of the United States. Can the two nations which call themselves Anglo-Saxon allow this? To attempt seriously to prevent it will mean war; and such a war from the very nature of the conditions which caused it would mean ruin to one side or the other.

The balance of power as between the two factions is primarily and fundamentally dependent on the control of the sea. Neither England nor America is susceptible of attack by land, and no attack can be effected so long as their naval forces can prevent the landing of troops upon their shores. Therefore to those two nations the maintenance of a powerful navy is paramount, and must be looked to before all else; while the question of the size of their armies is a matter of decidedly secondary importance. The United States has chosen to neglect her land forces while adding yearly to her fleet; and has probably gone even too far in the neglect of her mobile army. There has ever been a tendency in this country to frown upon the idea of an adequate standing army, and while this prejudice has proved frightfully costly upon at least three occasions in our national history (1812, 1861 and 1898), we have not yet succeeded in overcoming our sentimental confidence in the military effectiveness of a volunteer army of militia.

In England the same prejudice is found, but there are unmistakable signs that it is no longer so powerful as it was; and while every Briton still dislikes the thought of conscription, it looks very much as if compulsory military service were bound to come within the next few years. Already Australia has voted for it, and New Zealand, South Africa and Canada are contemplating following her example.

Still, the navy remains the paramount issue, and the whole British Empire is unanimous in demanding a virile and militant policy in respect to the steady upbuilding of the fleet. In the United States the people are only lately awakening to the necessity for building and maintaining a strong navy, but as yet Congress has shown no disposition toward a generous loosening of the purse-strings. The two battleships which are annually provided for are only enough to replace the older ships as they become obsolete, and unless we increase the yearly appropriations for new construction we shall find ourselves gradually falling

behind in the race. Already Germany is abreast of us, and by January next will have passed us; and surely we should not stickle at expense when such vital interests are at stake. If a nation with but two-thirds our population, and half our wealth, can find the means to build five capital ships annually, while at the same time supporting an army of 600,000 men, surely we are well able to add an equal number of units to our fleet, the more so as our land forces comprise no more than 80,000 regular soldiers.

The navies of the eight leading Powers now rank as in the following table, only ships completed for sea on June 1, 1911, being counted:

	<i>England.</i>	<i>U. S.</i>	<i>France.</i>	<i>Germany.</i>	<i>Japan.</i>	<i>Italy.</i>	<i>Austria.</i>	<i>Russia.</i>
Dreadnoughts ..	10	6	..	5	2
Older battleships.	40	25	18	20	10	12	8	4
Dreadn't cruisers	4	1
Armored "	34	15	18	9	13	3	2	5
Scouts	12	3	2	..	1	..
Destroyers	150	36	70	96	60	29	12	65
Submarines	70	17	53	8	13	7	6	15

The most notable feature of this list of fighting-ships is the undoubted superiority of England and the United States over all the other nations, even when France is left out of consideration. But secure as is the position of the Anglo-Saxon Powers in 1911, it will be evident from Table II, given below, that four years hence conditions will have changed greatly. Germany will by then have usurped our place as second Power in naval strength, and the putative coalition—Germany, Italy, Austria, Japan and Russia—will be able to muster a force not a little superior to that flying the White Ensign and the Stars and Stripes.

Below are the figures for the fleets of the same nations as they will be in the year 1915 (so far as may be predicted with any assurance at the present time):

	<i>England.</i>	<i>U. S.</i>	<i>France.</i>	<i>Germany.</i>	<i>Japan.</i>	<i>Italy.</i>	<i>Austria.</i>	<i>Russia.</i>
Dreadnoughts ...	26	14	6	19	8	6	6	4
Older battleships								
since 1900	25	16	13	10	9	10	3	4
Dreadn't cruisers..	14	6	2
Armored cruisers								
since 1900	34	13	13	8	13	3	1	4

(Scouts, Destroyers and Submarines are omitted, as there is no reliable data concerning them.)

Now although in 1915 the margin of superiority of the fleets of the coalition over those of England and the United States will not be very marked, yet it might conceivably be sufficient to warrant an attempt on the part of Germany to seize territory in South America or elsewhere, trusting in her ability to retain possession once her flag is unfurled. And any open act of this nature must be viewed by England as a hostile move, for the solidarity of the British Empire depends on the inviolability of the routes of commerce between the Colonies and the Mother Country. (Hence, for example, the necessity for maintaining a British squadron in the Mediterranean to keep open the way to India and Australia.) The United States, also, has pledged herself to uphold the Monroe Doctrine with regard to South America, and at the same time must be prepared to defend the Philippines and Hawaii from possible attack and seizure by Japan. It may be that we shall also be called upon to guard the Pacific Coast of Canada, Australia and New Zealand—all of which will prove an enormous and well-nigh impossible task for a navy no larger than ours will be four years hence at its present rate of growth.

The Anglo-American Arbitration agreement, however, is an important factor, and may lead to the revision of the treaty between Great Britain and Japan; indeed, this seems inevitable, as by the present provisions of the treaty Great Britain might be compelled to support Japan in a war with the United States, which the Arbitration Agreement will make impossible. The necessary modifications in the Anglo-Japanese Treaty may be secured at the cost of extending the duration of the treaty for another term of years.* This, of course, will affect the balance of power in 1915; but the necessity for facing the ultimate issue remains. Therefore let us face it boldly—now; before it is too late. Carthage, Venice, Portugal, Holland—each in turn lost an empire through neglect of their once invincible navies: it behooves us then to profit by their experience—"to take up arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them."

* The treaty has now been modified as anticipated, and its term extended for six years.—EDITOR.

ERNESTO NATHAN, MAYOR OF ROME

BERTRAND MARTIN TIPPLE

THE majority of foreigners visiting Rome, come for her past, to look upon the remnants of walls and aqueducts, temples and monuments, that speak of the far-away generations, to study those churches and museums which preserve superb specimens of the art of the Middle Ages. But they ride to the Coliseum in an auto-taxicab, they travel through broad, well-paved, clean city avenues. At their hotels they are lifted to their steam-heated room by a modern elevator. Scouting in the suburbs, they discover new and luxurious villas. Trading in the city, they run across a large department store. If they can read and talk a little Italian, they quickly understand that while they are on ancient soil, they are in the midst of a modern people, a people concerned with stocks and bonds, wages and Government ownership and the redemption of waste lands, public schools, playgrounds and aeroplanes.

They climb those spacious stairs that lead to the Square of the Capitol, mounting the same slope down which "Rienzi, the Tribune, fled, disguised as a buffoon, in his last moments." They pass at the top the colossal figures of Castor and Pollux, heralds of the victory of Lake Regillus, twin heroes who watered their white steeds at the Fountain of Juturna under the hill and then rode swiftly away, who knows where? They pause to inspect that priceless antique in bronze, the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. "A sight of the old heathen emperor is enough to create an evanescent sentiment of loyalty even in a democratic bosom." At any rate that is what Hawthorne said.

They are on the Capitoline Hill, the heart of ancient Rome. Their guide book informs them that here King Saturn, the introducer of civilization, settled, here Romulus opened an asylum for fugitive slaves, here the Sabines with the aid of the traitress, Tarpeia, conquered, here the Gauls were frustrated by Juno's squawking geese, here stood the Temple of Jupiter and in a deep recess of the same lay the Sibylline Books, and here fell by the

hand of the assassin Tiberius Gracchus. From this hill-top the old Roman crowds looked down on the fellow-conspirators of Catiline, the African Jugurtha, the Macedon Perseus, Vercingetorix of ancient France, Appius Claudius, the decemvir, Sejanus, the favorite of Tiberius, the Christian Paul, as fettered, they were dropped into the dark subterranean chambers of the Mamertine. From this elevation one looks down and remembers that "there before my eyes opened an immense grave, and out of the grave rose a city of monuments in ruins, columns, triumphal arches, temples, and palaces, broken, ruinous, but still beautiful and grand,—with a solemn mournful beauty! It was the giant apparition of ancient Rome."

On this old Capitoline Hill, in the heart of old Rome, sits the Mayor of new Rome—Ernesto Nathan. His office is in the Palace of the Senators, erected by Boniface IX in 1389, altered by Michelangelo and still further altered by Ernesto Nathan.

Up to September 20, 1910, Mr. Nathan was a national but not an international personage. Here in Italy almost any schoolboy in his teens could have given a brief and fairly accurate history of the ardent Republican. Born in 1845, the fifth of twelve sons, his mother an Italian, his father an English banker, until his thirteenth year he lived in England. Then with his widowed mother he came to Pisa, where at the great University he continued his studies, "cultivating his soul in the Italian style." Later on he was in Florence, Milan, and Genoa. From the latter city his mother fled to Switzerland to escape imprisonment for her pronounced sympathies with the Republican conspirators. At this time he saw again the "glorious exiles," Maurizio Quadrio, Aurelio Saffi, and, last of all and first of all, Giuseppe Mazzini. Commercial tasks took him to Sardinia and again to Genoa and then for a short time to his boyhood home, London. He returned to Italy from London in 1870, the year that the King of United Italy moved into the Quirinal at Rome, and the Pope moved into the self-imposed imprisonment of the Vatican. It was day-break in Italy and Nathan came to the Peninsula to aid in the work of reconstruction. That he has done as editor, author, lecturer, university professor, social reformer, and political leader. He

assisted in editing the papers, *Rome of the People*, *Emancipation*, and *Duty*, publications expounding for the most part the political ideals and ethical idealism of Mazzini. He opened debating rooms for young men. Following the rush of socialism in Italy, he wrote *Twenty Years of Italian Life*, in which he attempts to make clear the difference between socialism and democracy. For many years he was the very soul of the great Girls' School in the Trastevere, Rome. During this time he was also Professor of Ethics in the Royal High Institute of Commercial and Colonial Studies, Rome. Four times he was elected a member of the City Council and under Mayor Ruspoli he was appointed a member of the municipal Executive Board. In 1907 he was chosen Mayor of Rome and reelected in 1910.

Modern Italy is the union of seven States, "ranging from a military despotism to a flabby, corrupt tyranny." In the eighteenth century Alfieri awoke the Italians from their dishonorable slumber. In the first half of the nineteenth century appeared Manin, Mazzini, Garibaldi, D'Azeglio, Cavour, Victor Emanuel II, and the war-cry rang from Alp to Ætna: "Italy free, Italy one!"

By the year 1860 Italians were well on the way to the goal, far enough along for Victor Emanuel to chance saying: "It is no longer the Italy of the Romans, nor that of the Middle Ages; it must no longer be the battlefield of ambitious foreigners, but it must rather be the Italy of the Italians." In 1861 a Parliament of all Italy except Venice and Rome, assembled in Turin, proclaimed Victor Emanuel II, by the grace of God and by the will of the nation, King of Italy, and declared by solemn vote that Rome should be the capital of the new nation. The sentiment of the country was that "without Rome for a capital, Italy can never be firmly united." On the field of Sadowa Prussia crushed Austria and compelled the latter to release Venice to Italy. Papal Rome was all that was now lacking to complete the union of the Peninsula. In 1870 came the Franco-German war, the forced withdrawal of the French regiments from the support of the Pope in Rome, the overthrow of Napoleon III and the establishment of the French Republic.

Feeling the moment opportune, Victor Emanuel "with the

affection of a son, with the faith of a Catholic, with the soul of an Italian" wrote to Pope Pius IX praying him to accede to the long-cherished determination of Italians to have Italy free, united, and Rome the capital of the new kingdom. The answer of the Pontiff was, "I cannot admit the demands of your letter nor accept the principles contained therein." Without further parleying, Victor Emanuel marched his troops against Rome, quickly silenced the guns of the Vatican, and through a breach in the old wall near Porta Pia carried the tricolor of United Italy into the Eternal City. The date was September 20, 1870.

September 20, therefore, is Italy's "Fourth of July." In Rome the patriotic exercises are always held near the breach in the old wall made by the troops of Victor Emanuel on the memorable day of 1870, and the address of the occasion is delivered by the Mayor.

At the last celebration, Mr. Nathan chose for his subject, "Papal Rome and Italian Rome," that is the Rome of 1869 and the Rome of 1911, Rome under the Pope and Rome under Nathan. The selection of this subject was natural, inasmuch as this is the Jubilee Year of United Italy. (Fifty years ago the first Parliament of United Italy assembled in Turin.) The contrast was bound to be painful to the old régime, and the Mayor was merciless. The arraignment drew from Pius X a protest and the protest drew from Nathan a rejoinder that Italians regard as classic. With the Pope it was a case of the last state being worse than the first. "I am not the author or inventor of the ban driving from the schools and seminaries all secular periodicals," said the Mayor. "Not I the one to conceive solemn condemnations against Christian democracy, against the Modernists, against the Sillonists, against all who act zealously in the search of a faith that reconciles intellect and heart, tradition and evolution, knowledge and religion; not I the one to melt together dogma, right and religion in a way to deny the consolation of faith to one who could not yield a blind submission to the changeable doctrines and will of men; not I the one to create the ignorance that, abandoning itself to superstition, brutally pushes back knowledge; not I the one to

be wanting in respect for the creeds of others, the inalienable rights of the individual conscience. . . . Everything moves, evolves, enlarges, and men turn their eyes upward in search of faith illuminated by knowledge. . . . If I have broken the law, I am ready to answer before the tribunal of the law; if I have transgressed the duties of my office, judgment awaits me at the hands of the citizenship of Rome; if I have offended religion, my soul, undismayed, without an intermediary, shall answer before God." Pius X blundered. The only question about Mr. Nathan's pronouncements is that of propriety. But in matters of propriety one can never be sure of Ernesto Nathan. He is a man of strong convictions, honest, fearless, but certainly not a man who considers times and seasons. His enemies say he is tactless. A reformer, however, cannot be a diplomat. Martin Luther said, "Out of the sword you cannot make a feather, nor out of war, peace." Working on this hypothesis, he spoke of the Vatican as "these masters of perdition, these cardinals, these popes, and all this crowd of Roman Sodom." The Liberal forces of Modern Italy believe that the Vatican of the sixteenth century and the Vatican of the twentieth century are one and the same in spirit, and, therefore, this is not a time for feathers.

Never again will the Pope be King. The Roman Hierarchy understands that the temporal power of the Pontiff has gone and gone forever. I am told that in private conversation, eight out of every ten members of the Curia acknowledge this. The King of Rome and of all Italy is Victor Emanuel III, and there is as much chance of the Pope again being King as there is of his election to the Presidency of the French Republic. But there is a contest on, and a bitter one. The issues are substantially the same as those which have disturbed the peace of France for a quarter of a century and those which now threaten the disruption of Spain. It is mediævalism against modernism, it is the Vatican against the new Italy.

Mr. Nathan puts it in this way: "The Vatican, image of the past, shuts itself into a compass narrower than the walls of Belisarius, with the idea of compressing thought into that little circumference, for fear that if it should come into contact with the free air, it might, like the embalmed dead of ancient Egypt,

be resolved into dust. From there, from that fortress of dogma, as a last desperate effort to perpetuate the reign of ignorance, comes on the one hand the order to banish from the religious schools all magazines in which modern life and thought are considered; on the other hand comes the thundering proscription—negative electricity without contact with the positive pole—against men and associations desirous of reconciling the practices and teachings of their faith with the teachings of the intellect, the vital life, and the moral and social aspirations of the civic soul. Like cosmic matter in dissolution, that city on the slope of the Janiculum (the Vatican) is a fragment of an extinguished sun, hurled into the orbit of the modern world.”

It should be understood that Modern Italy is against the Vatican, not because the Vatican is a spiritual institution, but because it is a political institution and the leader of the reactionary forces working for the destruction of the new nation. It is a colossal struggle. United Italy is young, vigorous, ambitious, daring, confident. The Vatican is old and tried, with vast resources of wealth, with an organization encompassing the whole earth, perfected and strengthened, until it is the most tremendous human machine ever set up. But it is too much of a machine. Its strength is its weakness, its perfection is its imperfection. Thousands of its more intelligent priests are in silent revolt against its usurpations and bondage, waiting, praying for emancipation.

Mr. Nathan is a Jew, so likewise is Luzzatti, the retiring Prime Minister, and Sonino, the leader of the centre in the Italian Parliament. But Italians never think of these men as Jews. There is no country in the world where a Jew so completely ceases to be a Jew as in Italy. Here the name simply indicates his religious belief: he is an Italian of Jewish faith. Mr. Nathan sits in his office on the Capitoline with his back to the Forum and his face to the first great monument of the New Italy, absorbed with the duties which his six hundred thousand fellow Romans have asked him to undertake.

One says to him, “Mr. Nathan, how does it happen that you are Mayor of Rome?” After a moment’s silence, he says, “There was a tradition that the Mayor of Rome must be a

member of one of the old noble families and a clerical. But New Italy thought that the time had come for a change. They asked me to be the change, I accepted. I accepted the office to demonstrate to the world that there is a new Rome, a new Italy, alive, progressive, ambitious to share the tasks of this twentieth century."

You begin to kindle with the fires of his personality. You begin to understand why he is a leader, why men follow his call. He rises from his desk, paces slowly to and fro across the room, listening attentively to your questions, answering frankly your inquiries. Six feet tall, athletic build, shoulders somewhat pitched forward, high forehead, clear-cut features, serious yet kindly eyes, a thoughtful, cultured man, eager, hopeful, independent, determined, spirit of the New Italy, this is the Mayor of Rome, this is the breath of new life that has entered into the Campidoglio. "Mr. Nathan, some imply that you are the champion of the red flag, the representative of the anarchistic elements of Italy." "Tell them to go to the devil!" is his quick, half-playful rejoinder. Then earnestly he says, "I believe in democracy, the new times, the changed ideas. I have nothing but contempt for a past condemned by history. There is burning in my soul an aspiration toward that era of civil liberties and human progress through which Rome must lift herself to a greatness always higher, feeling the responsibility of her noble mission among the peoples of the earth. Is that anarchy? I believe in Mazzini's 'Duties of Man,' in his apostleship of justice. I believe in educating young men, in directing them into the most beautiful channels of thought. In America would you call that anarchy? I believe in the public school, entirely free of an ignorant and corrupt priesthood; I believe in a well-paid staff of teachers, I believe in fresh-air and play-grounds." As he speaks, you are more and more impressed by his moral ruggedness, more and more convinced of his sincerity and integrity. You say to yourself, "Truly, here is a superior personality, precise, willing, never concealing his thought or bargaining with conscience, despising noises, steadily applying his mind to the mission to which he has been called by Roman democracy."

Mr. Nathan is convinced that no other kingdom has

achieved more largely than United Italy in the first fifty years of her life, taking into account the measure of her natural resources and opportunities, considering also the enormous obstacles she has had to overcome. More boys are going to schools and to better schools, illiteracy has been greatly reduced, likewise taxes, labor receives a higher wage, saves more money and enjoys some of the comforts of existence, manufacturing interests are multiplying rapidly, the wealth of the country is increasing by leaps and bounds, the unity of the nation has been preserved and strengthened, the people are happy and hopeful. Rome, as the capital of new Italy, has been a worthy leader in the procession. From a provincial town, she has been developed into a modern city of six hundred thousand inhabitants. Especially during the administration of Mayor Nathan has she been modernized. I do not mean by that that he has destroyed old Rome, the monuments that are of such absorbing interest to the whole earth; rather has he conserved them. There has been a great hue and cry over his sacrilegious treatment of some of the priceless treasures of Roman art and archæology. There is little or no ground for the charge. He has been careful to preserve and guard against future destruction whatever is of real historical value. For example, as he himself explains, "The Castle of St. Angelo, the tomb of the dead Roman emperor, afterward the tomb of living papal subjects, is now a museum of antiquities and of mediæval art, destined to teach and refine citizens; the Baths of Diocletian, the celebrated and colossal monument of Roman greatness, once used as a hay-magazine and filled with dirty cottages, are now surrounded by gardens and assume the character and form becoming to a great and matchless monument of ancient art."

It should be borne in mind that Mr. Nathan is the Mayor of a modern Rome, filled with a people of modern ideas, living in the present, anticipating a glorious future. For this modern people he has striven to provide a modern city with pure water and adequate drainage, clean streets, cheap and rapid transit, telephones, hospitals, public gardens and the other institutions that minister to the welfare and happiness of modern city life.

Freemasonry has been a chosen instrument in Italy to break

the chains of tyranny and set the people free, creating for them an atmosphere of brotherhood and goodwill, encouraging them unitedly to climb to the heights and establish a Third Italy which should be worthy of its illustrious predecessors. For more than a quarter of a century Mr. Nathan has been a leader in Italian Freemasonry. A large part of this time he has been Grand Master and now he occupies the position of Grand Honorary Master.

He is a religious man, but not of the conventional type. He believes that the present religious forms are going to pieces. Certainly no well-informed man can question this conclusion so far as it applies to Italy. What will happen? He does not know, and he is honest enough to say so. "We are groping," he says, "no one has a full programme." He feels that there will be a faith, but "It will be a faith born of intelligence, matured in freedom."

At the conclusion of his Mayoralty, it is probable that Mr. Nathan will be nominated by the King for the Senate. This would be in accordance with custom and it would be a fitting recognition of his services to Rome and to the country at large. Moreover, the Italian Senate needs him. Already he has been knighted by Victor Emanuel III. For accepting this honor at the hands of the King he was severely criticised in certain Republican centres. But it is another instance of his independence. No party owns him, not even the Republican party. In theory and in spirit he is Mazzinian, but he recognizes the fact that Italy has to-day in the person of Victor Emanuel III a wise, democratic King, strong in his mental and moral equipment, exalted in his love of the people, great in his embodiment of the Third Italy.

THE BRITISH REVOLUTION

SYDNEY BROOKS

ABOUT the time this article is published the controversy which has convulsed British politics for the past twenty months will be reaching a crucial stage. To get a right idea of its scope and character one must hark back to the election of 1906 that returned the Liberals to power with an overwhelming majority after practically two decades of exclusion from office. Perhaps it would be truer to say that one ought to review the developments of British politics for the past five and twenty years in order to analyze the nature and causes of the present crisis; to trace in the Conservative party the growth of the spirit of imperialism and militarism, its subjection to what in America are called the "special interests," its reversion to Protection, its increasing tendency to buttress and consolidate "property" as the dominant fact in the social and political life of the country; to show how among the Liberals there had been a great widening and transformation of ideals under the pressure of searching criticisms of the existing industrial order, how they were coming more and more to concentrate upon the work of social and economic reconstruction, how what Carlyle called the "condition of England" question—the problems of poverty, invalidity, unemployment, a national minimum of subsistence, hygiene, and the care of old age—were more and more engrossing them, and how inevitable it thus was that so deep and absolute an opposition between the upholders and the attackers of monopolies and vested interests should sooner or later lead to a sharp collision.

But for my present purpose it will be sufficient to date the beginnings of the British revolution from the victory of the Liberals in the election of 1906. It was foreseen that one result of their triumph would be to bring up again the question of the House of Lords, a question that during the long reign of the Conservatives had peacefully slumbered. The Lords were not long in showing that they had one form of treatment for Con-

servative measures and another for Liberal measures. They rejected, or so mutilated that they had to be abandoned, four first-class Liberal bills dealing with education, with land valuation, with plural voting, and with licensing reform. Other and not less urgent problems the Liberals felt debarred from tackling, because they were aware beforehand that their solutions would be found unacceptable by the hereditary House. Finally in 1909 the Lords capped their destructive activities by throwing out Mr. Lloyd George's Budget. The issue was then sharply formed. Liberals woke once and for all to the fact that the task of political and constitutional amendment had not been finally completed by Mr. Gladstone, and that it was necessary to suspend their programme of social industrial reform and devote themselves to the single question of removing the handicap imposed on their parliamentary effectiveness by the presence of an Upper Chamber permanently controlled by their political opponents.

The rejection of the Budget necessarily precipitated a general election. It took place in January of last year. The Liberals were again returned to power, though with a diminished majority, and one, moreover, that was united on little except the necessity of "doing something" with the House of Lords. Their policy eventually took shape in three resolutions which Mr. Asquith brought forward in the House of Commons in April, 1910, which were passed by majorities of over 100, and were embodied in a bill which received its first reading early in May. A week later, just when the contest seemed entering on its decisive phase, King Edward died. It was the unanimous feeling of the country that all political hostilities should be suspended and that an effort should be made to reach a settlement by consent. The effort was made. Four leading Liberals and four leading Conservatives met in conference. They held twenty-one protracted meetings, extending over five months; it was not until November 11 that they definitely broke up, having utterly and abjectly failed to effect an agreement. Once more the question was handed over to the fury of a general election and the passions of party politics. Once more the country found itself engaged in the amazing attempt to evolve what was nothing

less than a new Constitution out of the welter of electoral and parliamentary strife. The appeal to the country in December, 1910, resulted in leaving all parties pretty much as they were, the coalition of Liberals, Irish Nationalists and Labor men, which entered the campaign with a majority of 122, emerging from it with a majority of 126. Parliament met in February; the Government's bill for dealing with the House of Lords was at once reintroduced; after prolonged debates it passed its third reading on May 15; and it is now as I write being discussed and amended in the House of Lords.

The bill, the provisions of which have thus been before the country for some sixteen months, is one of two clauses and a preamble. The first clause deprives the House of Lords of all power in matters of finance and makes it impossible for the Peers ever again to act as they acted in November, 1909. Henceforward a money bill which is certified by the Speaker to be nothing but a money bill—that is, to contain no provisions that are not purely financial—will become law within a month after it reaches the House of Lords, whether the Peers assent to it or not. What are the arguments for and against this proceeding? The arguments against it are, roughly, that no business handled by Parliament equals in importance its financial business; that the tendency is for finance to encroach more and more upon the domain of ordinary legislation; that persecution in these days is fiscal and not physical; that Socialism itself is less a theory of society than a scheme of finance; that the finance of the future is the politics of the future; that it is possible to squeeze almost any resolution that commends itself to the majority of the House of Commons within the four corners of a money bill that, technically, is nothing but a money bill; that all the incomes from land, railroads, church property and liquor licenses could in this way be annexed to the State; and that it is madness therefore to deprive the House of Lords of a safeguard which, though it should be used sparingly and with the utmost caution, might one day prove the only barrier between the nation and a policy of predatory confiscation. As against this, the Liberals argue that if the right of the House of Lords to reject the Budget is once admitted, then the hereditary and

indissoluble Upper Chamber has the power of compelling a dissolution; of bringing the machinery of government to a total stoppage, of nullifying the theory that Ministers are responsible to the House of Commons and hold office subject to its goodwill; of making it impossible for any Government to enjoy full security unless it commands a majority in both Houses; of transferring the power of the purse from the elected Commons, who can always be called to account for misusing it, to the non-elected Peers, who can never be called to account; of thus permanently thrusting the popular Chamber into a position of subordination; of inflicting a serious financial loss and confusion upon the country, and of changing the whole accepted distribution of power between the estates of the realm. It is clear that there is force, and very great force, in both these sets of arguments. I need only add that, in my judgment, the opinion of the country and of most moderate men favors the Liberal contention. Both the Peers and the Unionists in the House of Commons have, indeed, practically admitted that the popular Chamber must be supreme in all that appertains to finance. The point on which they have mainly concentrated their attack is the provision making the Speaker the sole judge of whether a given bill is or is not a money bill. They contend, and not unreasonably, but so far quite ineffectually, that to invest the Speaker with authority to decide matters that may be of vital party consequence is to run the risk of converting him into what he has never yet been in British history—a strict party man.

The second clause in the Government's bill severely limits the powers of the House of Lords in dealing with ordinary, non-financial legislation. It lays down that any measure which passes the House of Commons in three consecutive sessions, and is rejected by the House of Lords in each of these sessions, shall become law on receiving the Royal assent, providing that two years have elapsed between its first introduction and its third and final passage through the House of Commons. It is round this proposal that the battle has chiefly raged; and to judge it fairly one must remember that the Liberals propose to restrict the duration of Parliament to five instead of seven years—which means, in practice, that in each Parliament there will be

not more than four working sessions. But that, while it slightly minimizes, is very far from removing the fundamental objections to the Liberals' programme. The Lords under this scheme may debate, may criticise, may delay the passage of a bill for two years, may suggest amendments—and the amendments, if accepted by the Government, will be incorporated in the bill; but they may not throw it out or submit it to the judgment of the electorate; when the two years have expired, it becomes law whether they assent to it or not. The Conservatives maintain that this amounts to placing the nation on a Single-Chamber basis; that a Second Chamber deprived of the power of rejecting or referring to the people the measures sent up to it is a Second Chamber only in name; that any scheme, however revolutionary, would reach the Statute Book under the pressure of a determined Minister or of a determined faction, and in spite of the condemnation of the country; that what the Liberals are proposing is to abolish the House of Lords and therefore to abolish the effective rights of the British people; that the rigidity of the party system inside the House and the inability of opinion outside it make the suggested delay of two years little more than a meaningless formality; that there is no deadlock between the two Houses of a character to justify the Government's scheme, or, indeed, any deadlock at all that cannot be, and has not been, solved by the well-known rule of the Constitution—a rule exemplified by the passage in April, 1910, of the Budget rejected in November, 1909—that the House of Lords, after referring a bill to the judgment of the people, must bow to their verdict; and that the Liberals are attempting to overthrow the settled balance of the Constitution merely to gratify their party prejudices. To this the Liberals retort that when the Conservatives are in power the country, for all practical purposes, is on a Single-Chamber basis, since the Lords never amend or reject Conservative measures; that in the past few years the Liberals have seen bills, the principles of which had been emphatically endorsed by the electorate, either mutilated or rejected by the House of Lords; that in three or four vital directions the Liberals, no matter what majority they may command in the House of Commons, know that all advance is blocked by the House of Lords; that the

party system is thus in grave danger of breaking down under the intolerable handicap imposed upon Liberal legislators; that, if it does break down, it will be replaced, as in Germany, by a fierce conflict of social classes; that the safeguards proposed in the Government's scheme and the powers of criticism, revision and delay that will still be left to the House of Lords are amply sufficient to prevent anything revolutionary from being rushed through Parliament; and that the whole purpose of the projected changes is to place the two chief parties on an equality of legislative effectiveness and to make a Liberal vote count for as much as, but for no more than, a Conservative vote. Here again a dispassionate observer would probably decide that both parties have a measure of justice and reason on their side; but he would almost certainly add that the dangers to be feared from the Liberal scheme are greater than the dangers of leaving things as they are.

From this précis of the principal arguments on both sides the general course of the debates in the House of Commons may easily be inferred. The Conservatives have steadily sought to exclude from the operation of the bill measures extending the maximum duration of Parliament, or affecting the Act of Habeas Corpus, the Bill of Rights, the appointment of judges, the Protestant succession, the Act of Union with Ireland, the qualification for the Parliamentary franchise, the Established Church, and so on; and they have also sought to amend the bill by providing a system of joint sessions and the referendum for the adjudication of otherwise insoluble differences between the two Houses. All these amendments the Liberals have overwhelmingly voted down, and the bill that is now being debated by the House of Lords is the same bill almost to a comma that was introduced by Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons fifteen months ago. The Peers, however, undeterred by the discomfiture of their friends in the Lower House, are determined to fight on. On June 26 Lords Lansdowne and Cromer gave notice of two vital amendments. The first provides that any bill (*a*) which affects the existence of the Crown or the Protestant succession thereto; or (*b*) which establishes a national Parliament or a national Council in Ireland, Scotland, Wales

or England, with legislative powers therein; or (c) which has been referred to the Joint Committee, and which in their opinion raises an issue of great gravity upon which the judgment of the country has not been sufficiently ascertained, shall not be presented to his Majesty nor receive the Royal assent unless and until it has been submitted to and approved by the electors in manner to be hereafter provided by Act of Parliament. The Joint Committee referred to in this amendment is provided for by the amendment standing in Lord Cromer's name. It is to consist of seven members of the House of Lords and seven of the House of Commons, the former chosen by the Lord Chancellor and the latter by the Speaker, "in such manner as they think best adapted to provide an impartial tribunal." The Speaker is to preside and to have a casting vote, and the Committee may be convened either by a Minister of the Crown or by a resolution of either House. Its functions are to decide whether a money bill is really a money bill or whether it includes legislation that ought to be treated and discussed as such. The purpose of the first amendment, it will be seen, is to exclude grave constitutional changes from the scope of the Government's Bill. The purpose of the second amendment is to relieve the Speaker from the invidious duty of determining whether a money bill is really what it professes to be or whether it contains non-financial matter.

Both these amendments are certain of adoption by the House of Lords and of rejection by the Government in the House of Commons. A deadlock will thus be created from which there are but two roads of escape. Either the Lords will withdraw their amendments, pass the bill as it stands, and proclaim their intention of repealing it at the first opportunity—that is to say, when the Conservatives are in office again; or they will stand firm and dare the Government to proceed to extremities. And the Government is quite prepared to proceed to extremities. They are ready to advise the King, who for his part will have no option but to follow their advice, to create five hundred Peers in order to pass the bill into law. To prevent an inundation that would fatally wreck the social prestige of their order the Peers, I imagine, will in the end consent to anything. Between

the Government Bill plus five hundred new Peers and the Government Bill minus this vast incursion, their preferences, if they still possess any political sanity or the spirit of enlightened self-interest, must surely be on the side of the lesser evil. There are not wanting powerful voices to urge them to risk everything rather than accept the Government Bill, and the Lords, throughout this crisis, have shown such an inspired lack of political prescience that no recklessness can be predicted as beyond their capacities. My inclination none the less is to anticipate that they will climb down more or less grudgingly and resolve to wait until the inevitable reaction enables them to restore to the British Constitution some semblance of its ancient shape.

The crux of the whole controversy is the righteous determination of the Liberals to win for themselves the same opportunities for writing their measures on the Statute Book as the Conservatives possess. With that aim nobody can quarrel; the British people with their sense of justice and fair play may, I think, be said to have endorsed it without qualifications. But how is it to be attained? There are, roughly speaking, two ways. One, the way the Liberals have chosen, is so to restrict the powers of the House of Lords that it will be equally impotent whatever party is in office. The other is to reform the composition of the House of Lords so that Liberals and Conservatives may have an equal chance of obtaining a majority in it. Of these two alternatives the Liberals have followed the former. That is to say, their solution of the House of Lords question is the destruction or the paring away of its legislative prerogatives. It is true that in the preamble to their bill they speak of an intention "to substitute for the House of Lords as it at present exists a Second Chamber constituted on a popular instead of hereditary basis." But no attempt has been made, and in all probability none ever will be made, to give effect to that intention. There are many Liberals, though not, I should judge, a majority of the party, who desire to take up the question of reconstructing the House of Lords and to take it up drastically; but the Radicals, all the Labor men and all the Irish Nationalists will have nothing whatever to do with it, or—

if that is putting it too strongly—will only agree to make the House of Lords personally efficient after they have rendered it politically impotent. What they dread—and I think from their standpoint rightly dread—is that any reform of the House of Lords, any introduction into it of an elective element, will only make it stronger, more assertive, and a greater obstacle in the path of Liberalism. When its powers have been stringently limited by statute, they may then be willing to undertake its reconstruction. But until that has been done, they decline to run the risk of strengthening the very barrier they are most anxious to remove. When the House of Lords has been made powerless to reject Liberal measures, they may address themselves to the question of whether it could not be made more efficient for the task of revising, criticising, delaying and amending the bills submitted to it; but not until then. So far as the present Government is concerned, the question of reforming the House of Lords may be considered indefinitely postponed.

This, of course, has given the Conservatives their chance. To the Liberal policy of destroying or circumscribing the powers and privileges of the House of Lords the Conservatives have opposed the policy of reforming its composition. It is impossible to think of them as naturally desirous of reconstructing an assembly so venerable and so useful to their own party purposes. But they have been driven to advocate its reform, first, because they recognize that the nation has revolted against a Second Chamber exclusively based on the hereditary principle, and that every Conservative candidate who does not disown that principle is put at a serious electioneering disadvantage; secondly, because it is the business of every party to propose on every question a policy different from that of their opponents, and the Liberals having concentrated on the political emasculation of the House of Lords, the only alternative left for the Conservatives is to put forward the reform of its *personnel*; thirdly, because a knot of able and earnest Peers, headed by Lord Rosebery, who have for twenty years and more urged the desirability of altering the composition of the Upper House, have now seized the opportunity to press forward their views with redoubled energy and effectiveness; and, fourthly, because

the consciousness that the Liberals and their Labor and Nationalist allies do not desire to see the House of Lords reformed helps to convince the Conservatives of the political wisdom of reforming it. The country, as a whole, recognizes that the House of Lords is (1) too large; (2) overcrowded with members who have neither taste nor aptitude for public life and who sit and vote in it simply because of the indiscriminate application of the hereditary principle; (3) too much representative of a single class and of a special set of interests; (4) too favorable to one of the great parties in the State, so much so that it is always open to the Conservatives to retrieve in the House of Lords the reverses sustained at the polls and in the House of Commons; and (5) too aloof from the direct and visible operation of public opinion. The moderate minds of the nation—and it is they who in the long run govern its politics—are alive to the reality of these five comprehensive defects and desire their removal. They have a considerable respect for the Peerage as a whole; they do not subscribe to the familiar contention of the Liberals that the Lords are an obstacle to reform, except in the sense that every Second Chamber must naturally be more cautious and conservative than the popularly elected House; they are well aware that the Lords have often proved themselves truer exponents of national sentiment than the House of Commons; they emphatically favor the preservation of a Second Chamber with full and effective powers not only of amendment and delay but of rejection; and they are troubled less by the occasional destruction dealt out by the Lords to Liberal measures than by their uncritical acceptance of all Conservative bills. None the less they recognize that the *personnel* of the Assembly, its unwieldiness, its overwhelming inclination, both in numbers and in opinion, toward the Conservative side, and the fact that, however representative of public opinion, it is not answerable to it and has no tangible connection with the processes by which, in a democracy, public opinion is made known and operative—are shortcomings that it is time to remedy.

After many fumbings and hesitations the Conservative leaders in the House of Lords have made an honest attempt to remedy them. Lord Lansdowne, early in May, introduced a bill

for the reconstruction of the Upper House, and before the end of the month his brother Peers, with what inward sentiments I shall not attempt to determine, had assented to it. Under that scheme the House would consist of rather fewer than 350 members, made up as follows: 100 elected by the whole body of hereditary Peers from those of their own order who possess certain official qualifications; 120 elected for electoral districts by the members of the House of Commons for each district sitting as an electoral college; 100 appointed by the Ministry of the day in proportion to the strength of parties in the House of Commons; 2 Archbishops and 5 Bishops; and, finally, 16 Peers who have held high judicial office. It is also provided in Lord Lansdowne's bill that the term of office of a Lord of Parliament should be for twelve years, one fourth, as nearly as may be, in each category, retiring every third year; that the judicial Peers should sit for life; that minorities should be represented; that the creation of hereditary peerages should be limited to five a year; and that a Peer, unless a Lord of Parliament, should be eligible for election to the House of Commons. There is, of course, no chance whatever of this highly interesting scheme being accepted by the Government. It has failed to thrill either the country or the Conservative party, and a great many of the Peers themselves believe it to be a tactical blunder and even profess to think that they would have done better to have taken from the beginning a firm stand on the hereditary principle, to have upheld it at any cost, and if necessary to have died (politically, I mean) fighting for it. Thus far has the British revolution advanced. It will reach in a few days a momentous milestone. But that it is destined to go much further, that it will not have run its course when the Government Bill becomes law, must be evident to those who, with any political instinct, consider the many-sided, intricate and fundamental issues and consequences involved in it.

RÊVES ROUGES ET NOIRS

MARION DOROTHY SHAINWALD

THEY tell me drowning men have dreams:
That as the waters mock their screams
And wrap them in the undertow,
Sweet scenes and dreams come back to them
To brighten life before they go . . .
Before they go far out of sight
Into the cold, black depths of night.

They tell me this, whose life is done:
When in the warmth of youth and sun
A moment's madness !
I loved her so—I could not know
I'd killed her! when she sought to go . . .
My days are nights. I loathe the sun.
My love is dead, my life is done.

They tell me drowning men have dreams:
That as the waters mock their screams
And wrap them in the undertow,
Sweet scenes and dreams come back to them
To brighten life before they go . . .
They tell me this—and yet no dreams
Have come to me . . .
To me who drown in Life's dark sea,
And yet no dreams have come to me!

THE SWIMMERS

JOHN S. REED

IN the hot electric oppressiveness of a July night, the South Pacific lay like a black poison spilled from the inverted chalice of the starless sky. It moved uneasily, like a Titan trying to breathe; although there was not a breath of wind, little uneven waves showed their teeth, and like mottles on a sick man's face, the yellow-green whorls of phosphorus boiled up. On the very edge of the horizon, pale heat-lightning slowly flickered. In another direction, a faint red incandescence painted the sky from something on the down-hill of the world.

Two divergent restless lines of phosphorescence streamed out behind Andy Lasky, swimming steadily, easily across the velvet tropic sea. With the powerful kick of his legs, sea-fire blazed, resisting; then came the slow relentless sweep of arms, whirling two curving lines of glowing eddies. A continual foam of pale light broke before him, shooting luminous auroras into a young face, and a mop of light hair, brown and straggly in the water. Like a man out for a pleasure swim he moved, calm, buoyant, strong. Every few minutes he plunged his head under, gurgling the water deliciously in ears, throat and nose, spurting it up like a walrus blowing, rolling over in its warm embrace. But he never looked back at the red glow in the sky. His eyes were fixed ahead, eager yet calm, as if he confidently expected a vision of something.

Suddenly Andy shifted his gaze to the right, for the first time. He stopped swimming, resting easily, treading water. The eddies swirled around, snuffing out. Then from the darkness, dully, like a voice in a close room, came a faint, high-pitched "Hello!"

Trembling a little, he gave a tremendous shout.

"Coming," cried the voice, "coming!"

Andy waited. Far away to the right moved a glowing blot on the face of the water. Little waves slapped Andy in the mouth. He paid no attention. He felt unaccountably stirred, curiously nervous. He had made up his mind what to do—and

now, into a world in which he was alone and content, another human being intruded, disturbing, unsettling. Where there had been but one, there were now two—perhaps a responsibility.

The stranger came nearer, swimming with an awkward overhand stroke. His arms flapped down smartly, his head bored into a luminous wash, one foot came out of the wake like a leaping fish and slapped stiffly down.

As the head came out of the water, Andy saw by the phosphorous glow a wizened, yellow face, surmounted by a bald head. Drooping English whiskers gave him the appearance of an awkward seal.

The newcomer paused, panting, a few yards distant, evidently exhausted.

"It's my wind," he said querulously. "Too many cigarettes. Where are you going?"

"Oh, down the pike," answered Andy, with an affectation of jauntiness. "There's an island—ten miles east—they told me on the ship—" He stopped suddenly, strangely shaken. He had made himself forget the ship. And now, it all rushed back on him—the screaming of women, the sullen grumble of the flames. He felt a sudden rage at this yellow thing that had reminded him.

"Same place!" said the little man. "Go together—eh, what?"

They set out in silence. Neither looked back. Andy swam easily, strongly. He tried to shake off the consciousness of the man at his side. But he couldn't; in the pauses between strokes he would hear the thumping leg and labored wheezing of the little man. Without knowing it he forged ahead.

"Hey there," shouted a thin voice, "hold your bally horses. You can't hurry in the East."

Andy pulled up impatiently while the little man came alongside. They rested, half floating, half treading water.

"But we've got to get there," said Andy. "Haven't got forever, you know."

"I know—I know," puffed the stranger. "Can't hurry the East, though—blub—'member what Kipling says—man tried to hurry the East——"

"Look here," said Andy, inwardly raging, "you waste strength with every kick. Do like this." He showed him.

"Thanks," said the little man, still breathing with difficulty, "that goes better."

"Let's get along then."

"Minute. Little rest. Got all night. Can't hurry—blub—I *know*," with emphasis. "Lived out in China three years—going Home—what you doing?"

"Going around the world."

"Uh—huh—Griffin, eh?"

"Griffin?"

"First time in the East—blub—thought so from the way you were travelling—too fast—you know—blub."

"Come along," said Andy surlily, "if you're coming with me." He set out, the little man following in silence. Night hung closely, stiflingly, like a monk's cowl. On the horizon shivered the heat lightning. The strange sea-glow whirled.

"What you—blub—steering by?" shrilled the voice behind.

"Lightning."

"Not always sure," complained the voice. "Sometimes shifts—blub—too bad—no moon——"

Andy felt as if someone had struck him. Not always sure—suppose they were swimming *away*—wandering lost in a thousand dark miles of limitless ocean?

"Better take your time," said the voice, now far behind. "Wait till dawn."

Andy slowed down, and let the stranger approach. He was breathing, if anything, worse than before. Andy experienced an access of pity.

"How are you coming?"

"Pretty fair, pretty fair—blub—can do. Got a little crick in my side—blub—rest a minute—what d'you say?"

They lay on their backs, on the moving irregular breast of the vast waters.

"Funny way to go home," said the high voice. "Sink down, down, down—blub—lie in oozy mud on the bottom—bore tunnel through the world. One, two miles down—tunnel through Hell—one, two miles up—blub—" He fell to coughing as a

wave filled his mouth. "Quaint idea—very," he laughed in a cracked, ugly falsetto.

All the ideas that Andy had shut out of his mind—the fathomless deep, the cold, the ooze under him—the unbounded largeness of the ocean—the choking of the breath—the writhing of cold slimy things on the sea bed—flooded back upon him. He shuddered. A great anger seized him against this little yellow thing that had upset his tranquillity, robbed him of his self-confidence.

"Shut up, will you, damn you!" he broke out, and set off again.

"I say," cried the voice anxiously, "don't lose temper—blub—can't do it in the East—I *know*—can't hurry—awfully sorry."

That was true. He mustn't lose his temper. He mustn't think of those horrible things. Still he swam nervously onward, with the pound of that awkward foot stabbing the darkness behind. It wore upon Andy until he almost screamed. Several times he made up his mind to swim away—to escape from that monotonous reminder of Death. "Can't hurry the East—blub," said the high voice over and over again. Once Andy swam so far ahead that the voice could not be heard. Then he realized with a sudden horror the unutterable loneliness of the ocean. Vague shapes seemed reeling in the darkness, threatening him. The breathing hush of interminable spaces branded his brain like a white-hot iron. At least here was companionship. Andy turned and scanned the blackness. No sound but the swish of little waves—nothing human in that vast pit of the world.

"Hello!" he called wildly.

"Where are you?" said a faint voice. Andy swam swiftly in mortal terror lest he lose the one link that bound him to life. He found the little man resting again, breathing more easily.

"Thought you'd—blub—gone ahead to get breakfast ready—morning—blub."

Morning was indeed coming, with the swiftness of the tropics. The clouded sky, that had been so close and black, went gray like the face of a watcher of the sick—a weary, indeterminate gray that seemed to come from no particular point of the compass. In the dull gray-green sea, the phosphorescence gleamed no more.

"You're a great—blub—swimmer—" went on the high voice. "Wish I had learned how—blub—really."

"Yes," said Andy, with renewed confidence. "I've been in the water most——"

"Look!" screamed the little man, "the sun—blub—what a curious direction——"

Like a gong of red Chinese copper, the sun shot up behind the thick curtain of the sky. Both men turned swiftly to face it.

"Why," cried Andy, astonished, "it's rising in the north. No! no! we're wrong—we've been swimming wrong! My God! We've been going south—dead south!"

"So we have," muttered the querulous voice, "so we have."

"Lost! we're lost, I tell you!" cried Andy in terror.

"Here, come now," said the little man. "It's not so—blub—bad. Can't be very far off. Don't lose your head, my boy. Blub—go slow—you can't hurry—just swim north-east——"

"How far—how far?" moaned the other, churning the water wildly. He was obsessed with the desire to find land, to find land, to find land; at any cost, to escape from the pitiless immensity of the sea.

"It's not very far," said the cheerful voice. "Came a good bit to the east—blub—before lightning shifted—should say—about ten miles——"

Ten miles! All the night's work wasted! What if his strength should give out. He was terribly afraid of being afraid.

"Come on!" yelled Andy. They swam along together for a time; then Andy drew ahead.

"Hey!" came the voice. "Hold up!—blub—you can't hurry——" Andy forced himself to slow down. Three times he distanced the little man; three times he needed all his strength of will to stop. He ached with impatience to let himself out, to sprint, to gain the land and roll in the dry sand. Trying to keep up with him, the little man breathed loudly behind him.

Above them the clouds thinned away, burned into nothingness by the sun. The sky was a flaming blue, and the sea the color of deep Indian jade. A light warm breeze fluttered the tips of the waves.

Andy wondered if his strength would hold out. He imagined

that he felt weariness plucking at his muscles. The sun beat upon his head, and he thought again of frigid and horrible slime in the green, immeasurable profundity. He dared not look ahead.

"Look!" shrilled the little man. Andy raised his eyes. Nothing! With a superb effort, like a steel-head salmon leaping, he lifted himself out of the water. There, on the far edge of the world, three slender palm-trees rose as if from the bosom of the sea.

"Saved!" cried the high voice. "Don't hurry, man, don't hurry, or you're lost—blub—wait—rest——"

But Andy was off, tearing aside the ocean like a motor-boat. He had swung into a racing "crawl," arm flashing over arm, head buried, feet whirring in a chaos of foam, senseless, mad for the touch of the land, crazed with the fear of the sea. His brown, rippling back seemed to leap from wave-crest to wave-crest.

"Wait!" came the voice, farther and farther behind, caught when his head broke water in the fury of his work. Once he leaped out of water to look again. He was not gaining—he was not gaining—he must hurry . . .

A little, bald-headed, yellow man, whose moustaches made him look like an awkward seal, swam through the immense murmurous quiet of the South Pacific. Overhead the sky was intensely blue; ahead three palm-trees lifted from a beach dazzling white. Down the little man's face tears streamed unheeded; his breath came in sobs. Once he lifted himself out of the sea. The immense prairie of ocean was empty. No gleaming back plowing along—no wash of shuttling feet—not even a bird in the sky.

So the little man settled back awkwardly to his task. His arms flapped down smartly, his head bored into the wash, one foot came out of the wake like a leaping fish and slapped stiffly down.

And as he swam, he murmured to himself monotonously, in ceaseless iteration:

"Can't hurry—blub—the East—can't—hurry——"

NEGRO INFLUENCES IN AMERICAN LIFE

WALTER WINSTON KENILWORTH

CAN it be said that America is falling prey to the collective soul of the negro? Some sociological writers of prominence believe so. Some psychologists are of the opinion. One thing is infallibly certain: if there is any tendency toward such a psycho-physical amalgamation, toward such a national disaster, it should be definitely pointed out and some measures taken to inhibit the influence and avert the increasing danger.

History attests that national degeneracy has followed in the wake of indiscriminate and unchecked racial interblendings. This is, of course, true in a sense relative to the reproduction of species. But from the psychological and occult standpoint the sexual sense is not of as wide a meaning as the mental and suggestive influence which might mark its power on popular life and fancy.

Thought is anterior to conduct and determines its mode, quality and intensity of expression. It lends color to the moral meaning. In this light it is readily understandable how inferior thought-expression, the collective sentiment, conduct and thought of a race inferior in menta-psychical evolution, might definitely affect the life of a superior race by influencing its lower types, if not in fact the average type, which is not far removed from the lower. A civilization must not be confounded with the average type. The average type is unimportant. Those only who stand out in bold relief in the mental and ethical culture of any race or age are truly representative of a civilization. The common lot is incomparably distinct from the high achievement of the Supermen. The majority is in closer touch with the general psychical atmosphere of a race immediately inferior, or a race indefinitely inferior, with which it may come into contact.

Another powerful fact ever to be borne in mind in the consideration of inter-racial amalgamatory influences is the superiority of the physical instincts of the average type in any cultured

civilization and the comparatively less evolution of the mental and ethical qualities. Plainly speaking, the average type is more closely identified with the evolved instincts of the inferior race than with the high-cultured Superman of the respective civilization of which he is a member.

This draws a significant line of demarcation. It is impossible for a high type to be influenced by a low type. It is extremely possible for an average type, and types below the average, to be influenced by the proximity and physio-psychical vibrations of an inferior race. The reader is asked to exercise his judgment and imagination in reference to these hypotheses as analogous and applicable to the negro and the common American type. It is not advisable to be too radical. A suggestion bears enough of the ominous.

All civilization of whatever character and description is based upon the moral element. It is the moral element with its spiritualization of lower instincts that underlies those refined æsthetic ties upon which the family and community relationships of a highly civilized race are founded. On the individual family the State is founded. Another significant fact is that a desirable transmission of evolved hereditary instincts depends upon the maintenance of the moral element. If this be in any way retrogressively influenced, the decay of the race is certain. As previously stated, a low type can never degrade a high type by reason of the latter's specialized nerve and brain centres. Yet there is a method by which highly individualized types may drift to the abnormal through the undermining of the moral sentiment. And this is brought about by indiscriminate association and physical proximity with members of an inferior race. We must remember that a high type labors under extreme nervous tension and excitability. Their sensations are hyper-acute. Certainly, they entertain high moral sentiments; yet there is no particular guarantee for their maintenance if contrary instincts occur in too close relation with highly evolved nerve centres. A high type is either excessively normal or abnormal. History shows us that where men of highly nervous and mental culture succumbed to the tremendous sexual seductiveness of a member of an inferior race, the mentality of those men and those personal psycho-physical

qualities by which they held their standing in the realm of affairs were noticeably dwarfed. Marc Anthony is not the only instance—and it is said Cleopatra was an Ethiop. At all events, these suggestions alone explain the marked decadence of those brilliant and individual traits which distinguished the Southern type of seventy years ago. Those familiar with the Congressional scandal of that time need not draw on their imagination. The uninformed reader may do so and his awakened interest may lead him to peruse the personal history, memoirs and biographies of some of our more distinguished statesmen.

By this interpretation we can understand how the average man directly, and the Superman indirectly, is affected by inferior racial types, and the history of the American negro stands unexampled as appropriately explanatory. True, men can damn facts by the surface show of conduct. No one would suspect from the treatment accorded the negro that he possessed any telling influence, yet the weak moments of some men and the garrulousness of others have revealed facts.

Thus indirectly and directly a nation or a race may succumb to the vibrations of inferiority, provided these have enough potency and seductiveness to disturb or undermine the general moral sentiment. Turning the pages of history, dismissing the consideration and confining our attention to the paradoxical influence of inferiority over superiority, there is no doubt that Rome in its higher racial conceptions suffered irremediably from its close association with the degenerate Persian civilization. There is no doubt that the debauched condition and the influence of the racially retrogressive types of the Orient was the psychological downfall of Rome; the cause that perverted the simplicity, courage and candor of the early Roman spirit and stigmatized it with the fire and fever, the passions and perversions which enfeebled the warrior upon whom Rome depended. Thus when these influences assumed their most destructive proportions the tide of circumstance threw the German masculinity against the effeminate Roman, with the result of the disruption of the Empire and a new political map of Europe.

Nature works by circuitous paths. The debauching influence which upsets a nation may exist in the nation's consciousness. It

may equally exist in the sub-consciousness of a nation, and this applies to the American situation. The degenerating influences do not parade the highway of public opinion. They operate in sequestered instances and under the silence which has its motive in the fear of opinion; yet they exist as vital forces, and those who pry closely become knowers of facts.

There is a great deal of psychological significance, yes, physiological significance, in the segregation of types. There is a great deal in the maintenance of that segregation. It implies that the racial stock, the racial physiognomy, remains uninfluenced and unimpaired. It means that the physiological conduct and motive-forces remain intact. We notice the converse and reverse of this truth in our modern day as well as in the ancient eras. Our country is—has been several decades since more definitely—segregated in type as strictly as though marked by political lines. All nations are formed from the selection and segregation of types. Though apart from the subject, it is somewhat remarkable that for this reason America was not differentiated into various nationalities rather than one United States, because the segregation of types is marked. The tendency to separate nationalizing was emphasized, however, in the Southern secession. We have had, and have, our New England type, with its proverbial “New England conscience”; our Middle Western and Western types, with their instinct toward bourgeois domesticity; our Southern type, with its eccentric accentuation of social caste. The strict differentiation in type of the latter, more than all else, was the psychological cause of the Civil War. Physiological differences mean difference of temperament, and the especially wide difference between the Southern and Northern type, on reaching its climax of development, manifested itself in the bitterest clash. All wars have a similar origin. Men ascribe them to political fault-findings, when in reality the political fault-findings are only avenues of expression for psycho-physiological and temperamental distinctions. The difference in type is not so radical between the Western and Middle West and Northern type; yet the distinction is recognized. In the day of further specialization of national types, however, the different sectional types are fast disappearing before the interstate materialization

of the typical American type. History only repeats itself. The same differentiation and specialization has obtained not only in the formation of all nationalities, but of all races as well. Races are formed through the association and amalgamation of fragmentary elements of several dead races, numbers of survivors of one ante-historic race mingled with the survivors of other ante-historic races giving rise to the evolution of our modern yellow, brown, red, black and white races.

Seeming deviations of the previous paragraph lead to an important physio-psychological truth—the final Caucasianization of the negro, making him physiologically equal with the white. Some may laugh at the suggestion, but can they satisfactorily answer this question—Why is it that the black color, the *ink-black* color of the negro, has increasingly diminished in exact ratio as the flowing years separate us from the Civil War? Is it possibly racial amalgamation? Racial amalgamation does not essentially involve reproduction, although wholesale instances are not wanting. It involves the injection of white into negro blood and physical force, and *vicé versâ*. That alone has its telling physical changing process. Such relationships interblend types in a tremendously physiological sense. It is impossible that members of different races should have intimate relations without a certain exchange of physical characteristics. Naturally, statistics of these things are not shouted from the housetop.

All this is relative to the gradual amalgamation of initiatively widely separate racial types. Similarly, as the earlier separated American types are becoming centralized into one type, so the American negro, already possessed of many of the mental and emotional characteristics of our nation, has become so importantly different from his African ancestor that to call him a plain Ethiop would not be touching the point. He is already an American citizen. Who knows what he will be six generations hence?

Apart from this it remains singularly mysterious just exactly why the negro type is gradually relinquishing its darker bodily shade and coming into a rarer and more Caucasian color. There are negroes, and an increasingly growing number of them, whose

color is not far removed from the average Caucasian of Southern Europe or Western Asia. Many of them in truth might be taken for Orientals of the darker Italian or Spanish types. The only reasonable hypothesis is—the amalgamation of the negro with the Caucasian. It alone can account for the gradual change in the frontal development of the head, the gradual thinning of the lips, the gradual contraction of the nostrils and the gradual change in the texture of the hair, receding from its primitive curly state to the straight black, coarse hair of the South Asiatic, the Malay or Pacific Island type. This is so emphatically striking that attention only need be called to the fact.

There are some things which we know, but which we try to ignore because of their vast import. But ignoring them does not change their relative influence, which continues until it reaches a point where it can no longer be checked.

Indirectly and through this amalgamation a decided change is perceptible, a change which is physiologically raising the negro to an *equality* with the white. And the physiological implies the temperamental, mental and psychological. Some might ask, apart from color is not this desirable in the extreme? A moment's reflection might change the balance in favor to marked disfavor. Color has of itself no mental or psychical importance. It is the mental with which we are dealing, the inter-influence of higher and lower mental qualities. We have seen how a lower form cannot be absorbed by a higher without indirectly partaking of its lower qualities and nature. This leads to the second and the most important of the phases in this consideration—the psycho-mental and moral, embracing numerous subordinate subjects. The foregoing paragraphs serve as necessary introduction to this larger field, requiring, to a large extent, an analysis of the negro life and character.

Being closer to more primitive conditions, more closely related to the higher mammalian types than to the exalted evolutionary state of representative Caucasians—of Caucasians as such—the negro partakes of this lower enfoldment and is closer to natural character in expression; to speak explicitly, closer to the animal type in instinct. A description of negroid traits will forcibly bring to mind the idea of this close relationship:

1. The abnormal length of the arm, sometimes reaching to the knee-pan.
2. Prognathism (facial angle, 70° ; in Caucasian, 82°).
3. Weight of brain, 35 oz. (In gorilla, 20 oz.; average European, 45 oz.)
4. Coal-black eye, black iris and yellowish sclerotic coat.
5. Short flat, snub nose, broad at the extremity, with dilated nostrils and concave ridge.
6. Thick, protruding lips, showing inner surface.
7. Very large zygomatic arches.
8. Exceedingly thick cranium, enabling him to use the head as a weapon of attack.
9. Weak lower limbs, terminating in a broad flat foot, with low instep, projecting and somewhat prehensile great toe, and "lark heel."
10. Complexion deep brown, blackish or even black, not due to any special pigment, but to the greater abundance of coloring matter in the Malpighian mucous membrane.
11. Short, black hair, distinctly woolly, not frizzly.
12. Thick epidermis, cool, soft and velvety, mostly hairless, and emitting a peculiar odor described by Pruner Bey as hircine.
13. Frame of medium height, thrown somewhat out of the perpendicular by the shape of the pelvis, the spine, the backward projection of the head and the whole anatomical structure.
14. The cranial sutures, which close much earlier in the negro than in other races.

The description stands on its own merit. It shows the remarkable similarity between negro and lower types and primitive instincts. Scientists have measured to points of accuracy the variation in evolution of different racial brains. The Caucasian, of course, is in the lead. The Australian Bushman is in the rear. But how far removed in frontal and general brain construction is the head of a typical negro from that of a Bushman? Not by any very noticeable degree. This is stated because of its moral bearing.

Steeped in inferior standards of life, primitive in thought and feeling, vehemently sensuous in expression, the moral standards of the negro, if admitted to express themselves in a highly civil-

ized community, will influence it to no desirable degree. It is easier to slip backward than to go forward. It is easier for a highly civilized community instinctively to follow lower or more primitive morals than to follow its own high ideals. Retrogression is a very possible condition under any circumstance, but particularly so when it is induced by close proximity to degenerative environment. Progression is the symbol of self-control and of the attainment that has been brought about; retrogression the relaxation of that control and the conterminous setting back.

One noticeable feature of the negro character, one more prominent than others, is a specific racial indifference to those high mental and moral barriers which raise the progressive type to the climax of civilization and of mental and moral vigor. The negro is morally relaxative. As a race he fails to understand the reason for any extreme moral endeavor. We need not fear any extended negro asceticism. He lives more of a vegetative life, eats, drinks, sleeps, goes through all the physical requisites and, provided this life is not disturbed in its expression, he cares little for any other. It would be unjust to say that there are not representatives of the race who are on a higher plane, but we are considering the race collectively, for it is the race as a whole which has suggestive force and influence on our life. It is unthinkable that the increase of negro population, the increased and unhampered circumstances of negro expression, should not have an important reaction on the white population, particularly as the latter is daily allowing the negro greater and more important social recognition and privilege. By social recognition is not meant interchange of social courtesy, but the living down of that aloofness which previously strictly differentiated the relationship of white and black. That this differentiation is now almost nominal may be seen in that growing freedom of daily converse and interchange of life which our industrial conditions have allowed and furthered. Of course, this cannot fail to bring the types closer together and increase the influence of negro over the white. This furtherance of social relationship is particularly visible in contrast throughout the South, where the negro was once regarded as less than human. The South is making less demand for respect and recognition of inferiority on the

part of the negro. All along the line the walls of social demarcation are weakening.

The indifference to any high moral effort, previously mentioned as a condition of the negro character, particularizes itself in shallowness of emotion and careless freedom of moral conceptions. No one will accuse a negro of any great emotional elasticity or rareness. The emotions are more physical than æsthetic. In fact, the term æsthetic is discordant with the wilfulness of the type. We shall later understand why this phase in particular should wield a detrimental influence over the average American mind.

There is nothing more vital in the expression of the life of any race than its music. Its music is the symbolism for the summary of its emotional attainment and possibility. There is no need to say that the "rag-time" music, or, as it is popularly called, "rag music," has its visible source in the ancestry of negro music. It is negro music more modernly adapted. It was *typically* negroid in the years prior to the Civil War. It bears radical resemblance to the fantastic waywardness of Creole song. It is a modulated derivation. Now the most significant fact about this music is that it has become typically American. It has outgrown its negroid limitations and achieved national importance. There is a popular *demand* for it. Fortunately, it is assuming a more desirable interpretation, yet the entire range of vaudeville song is permeated with the derivative type.

There is a certain sway and swing, a certain indescribable sensuous something appealing and suggestive about the ring and melody, the rhythm and versification of this music. Scrutinizingly criticised, all of the songs are insidiously perverting; they are indicative of relaxative morality, of disparagement of the marital tie, of triviality in relationship of sex, etc., and the entire moral code might be included. There is not even an attempt made at concealment of the thought conveyed in the song. It is out-and-out vulgarity.

It has been previously implied that the music of a nation or a race is symbolic of its collective character and the discrepancies of its individual character. Accordingly, our rag-time and rag-time evolved music is symbolic of the primitive morality and the

perceptible moral limitations of the negro type. With the latter, sexual restraint is almost unknown, and the widest latitude of moral uncertainty is conceded. Be that as it may, it is of relative importance isolatedly considered. Its significance lies in whatever influence it may exercise over the average American mind. During the last quarter of a century the increase of divorce, the lapsing of the marital code, the indiscriminate illicit cohabitation, with its growing uncertainty and increased danger, are all more or less due to our popular music, developed as it is from the negro rag-time. The necessary provision almost for the birth of sexual crime, at least its more immediate furtherance, is the atmosphere of a questionable café and the passion-appealing, the sensuous music we have been discussing. How could it be otherwise when the music had its birth through the sensuously sonorous larynx of the negro and was first voiced from his savage, sensuously formed mouth? How could it be otherwise when the ancestry of the music was first voiced in the wild, weird, barbarous howl of the prototypical African?

It is the characterization of this menta-psychical influence which is emphasized. It is not the physical as much as the mental, which touches the physical in expression, that counts in a telling manner in racial counter-influences. Accordingly considered, the complete reaction of the negro's thought and conduct upon the American, particularly the Easterner, is visible in social disturbance and intricacy. It is believed by many sociologists that these disturbing conditions are directly or indirectly to be attributed to the influence of the negro on American life; the influence of the lower race on the weaker portion of society. It is reasonable; and, what is more, it is true.

J. M. SYNGE AND THE IRELAND OF HIS TIME

W. B. YEATS

ON Saturday, January 26, 1907, I was lecturing in Aberdeen, and when my lecture was over I was given a telegram which said, "Play great success." It had been sent from Dublin after the second act of *The Playboy of the Western World*, then being performed for the first time. After one in the morning my host brought to my bedroom this second telegram, "Audience broke up in disorder at the word shift." I knew no more until I got the Dublin papers on my way from Belfast to Dublin on Tuesday morning. On the Monday night no word of the play had been heard. About forty young men had sat on the front seats of the pit, and stamped and shouted and blown trumpets from the rise to the fall of the curtain. On the Tuesday night also the forty young men were there. They wished to silence what they considered a slander upon Ireland's womanhood. Irish women would never sleep under the same roof with a young man without a chaperon, nor admire a murderer, nor use a word like "shift"; nor could any one recognize the country men and women of Davis and Kickham in these poetical, violent, grotesque persons, who used the name of God so freely, and spoke of all things that hit their fancy.

A patriotic journalism which had seen in Synge's capricious imagination the enemy of all it would have young men believe, had for years prepared for this hour, by that which is at once the greatest and most ignoble power of journalism, the art of repeating a name again and again with some ridiculous or evil association. The preparation had begun after the first performance of *The Shadow of the Glen*, Synge's first play, with an assertion made in ignorance, but repeated in dishonesty, that he had taken his fable and his characters, not from his own mind nor that profound knowledge of cot and curragh he was admitted to possess, but "From a writer of the Roman decadence." Some spontaneous dislike had been but natural, for

genius like his can but slowly, amid what it has of harsh and strange, set forth the nobility of its beauty, and the depth of its compassion; but the frenzy that would have silenced his master-work was, like most violent things, artificial, the defence of virtue by those that have but little, which is the pomp and gallantry of journalism and its right to govern the world.

II

Thomas Davis, whose life had the moral simplicity which can give to actions the lasting influence that style alone can give to words, had understood that a country which has no national institutions must show its young men images for the affections, although they be but diagrams of what it should be or may be. He and his school imagined the Soldier, the Orator, the Patriot, the Poet, the Chieftain, and above all the Peasant; and these, as celebrated in essay and songs and stories, possessed so many virtues that no matter how England, who as Mitchell said "had the ear of the world," might slander us, Ireland, even though she could not come at the world's other ear, might go her way unabashed. But ideas and images which have to be understood and loved by large numbers of people, must appeal to no rich personal experience, no patience of study, no delicacy of sense; and if at rare moments some *Memory of the Dead* can take its strength from one; at all other moments manner and matter will be rhetorical, conventional, sentimental; and language, because it is carried beyond life perpetually, will be as wasted as the thought, with unmeaning pedantries and silences, and a dread of all that has salt and savor. After a while, in a land that has given itself to agitation over-much, abstract thoughts are raised up between men's minds and Nature, who never does the same thing twice, or makes one man like another, till minds, whose patriotism is perhaps great enough to carry them to the scaffold, cry down natural impulse with the morbid persistence of minds unsettled by some fixed idea. They are preoccupied with the nation's future, with heroes, poets, soldiers, painters, armies, fleets, but only as these things are understood by a child in a national school, while a secret feeling that what is so unreal

needs continual defence makes them bitter and restless. They are like some State which has only paper money, and seeks by punishments to make it buy whatever gold can buy. They no longer love, for only life is loved, and at last, a generation is like an hysterical woman who will make unmeasured accusations and believe impossible things, because of some logical deduction from a solitary thought which has turned a portion of her mind to stone.

III

Even if what one defends be true, an attitude of defence, a continual apology, whatever the cause, makes the mind barren because it kills intellectual innocence; that delight in what is unforeseen, and in the mere spectacle of the world, the mere drifting hither and thither that must come before all true thought and emotion. A zealous Irishman, especially if he lives much out of Ireland, spends his time in a never-ending argument about Oliver Cromwell, the Danes, the penal laws, the rebellion of 1798, the famine, the Irish peasant, and ends by substituting a traditional casuistry for a country; and if he be a Catholic, yet another casuistry that has professors, schoolmasters, letter-writing priests, and the authors of manuals to make the meshes fine, comes between him and English literature, substituting arguments and hesitations for the excitement at the first reading of the great poets which should be a sort of violent imaginative puberty. His hesitations and arguments may have been right, the Catholic philosophy may be more profound than Milton's morality, or Shelley's vehement vision; but none the less do we lose life by losing that recklessness Castiglione thought necessary even in good manners, and offend our Lady Truth, who would never, had she desired an anxious courtship, have digged a well to be her parlor.

I admired, though we were always quarrelling on some matter, J. F. Taylor, the orator, who died just before the first controversy over these plays. It often seemed to me that when he spoke Ireland herself had spoken, one got that sense of surprise that comes when a man has said what is unforeseen, because it is far from the common thought, and yet obvious, because when it has been spoken, the gate of the mind seems suddenly to roll

back and reveal forgotten sights and let loose lost passions. I have never heard him speak except in some Irish literary or political society, but there at any rate, as in conversation, I found a man whose life was a ceaseless reverie over the religious and political history of Ireland. He saw himself pleading for his country before an invisible jury, perhaps of the great dead, against traitors at home and enemies abroad, and a sort of frenzy in his voice and the moral elevation of his thoughts gave him for the moment style and music. One asked oneself again and again, "Why is not this man an artist, a man of genius, a creator of some kind?" The other day under the influence of memory, I read through his one book, a life of Owen Roe O'Neill, and found there no sentence detachable from its context because of wisdom or beauty. Everything was argued from a premise; and wisdom, and style, whether in life or letters, come from the presence of what is self-evident, from that which requires but statement, from what Blake called "naked beauty displayed." The sense of what was unforeseen and obvious, the rolling backward of the gates had gone with the living voice, with the nobility of will that made one understand what he saw and felt in what was now but argument and logic. I found myself in the presence of a mind like some noisy and powerful machine, of thought that was no part of wisdom, but the apologetic of a moment, a woven thing, no intricacy of leaf and twig, of words with no more of salt or savor than those of a Jesuit professor of literature, or of any other who does not know that there is no lasting writing which does not define the quality, or carry the substance of some pleasure. How can one, if one's mind be full of abstractions and images created not for their own sake but for the sake of party, even if there were still the need, find words that delight the ear, make pictures to the mind's eye, discover thoughts that tighten the muscles, or quiver and tingle in the flesh, and stand like St. Michael with the trumpet that calls the body to resurrection?

IV

Young Ireland had taught a study of our history with the glory of Ireland for event, and this for lack, when less than

Taylor studied, of comparison with that of other countries wrecked the historical instinct. An old man with an academic appointment, who was a leader in the attack upon Synge, sees in the eleventh century romance of Deirdre a re-telling of the first five-act tragedy outside the classic languages, and this tragedy from his description of it was certainly written on the Elizabethan model; while an allusion to a copper boat, a marvel of magic like Cinderella's slipper, persuades him that the ancient Irish had forestalled the modern dockyards in the making of metal ships. The man who doubted, let us say, our fabulous ancient kings running up to Adam, or found but mythology in some old tale, was as hated as if he had doubted the authority of Scripture. Above all, no man was so ignorant, that he had not by rote familiar arguments and statistics to drive away amid familiar applause all those, had they but found strange truth in the world or in their mind, whose knowledge has passed out of memory and become an instinct of hand or eye. There was no literature, for literature is a child of experience always, of knowledge never; and the nation itself, instead of being a dumb, struggling thought seeking a mouth to utter it or hand to show it, a teeming delight that would re-create the world, had become, at best, a subject of knowledge.

V

Taylor always spoke with confidence, though he was no determined man, being easily flattered or jostled from his way; and this, putting as it were his fiery heart into his mouth, made him formidable. And I have noticed that all those who speak the thoughts of many, speak confidently, while those who speak their own thoughts are hesitating and timid, as though they spoke out of a mind and body grown sensitive to the edge of bewilderment among many impressions. They speak to us that we may give them certainty, by seeing what they have seen; and so it is, that enlargement of experience does not come from those oratorical thinkers, or from those decisive rhythms that move large numbers of men, but from writers that seem by contrast as feminine as the soul when it explores in Blake's picture the recesses of the grave, carrying its faint lamp trembling and

astonished; or as the Muses who are never pictured as one-breasted Amazons, but as women needing protection. Indeed, all art which appeals to individual man and awaits the confirmation of his senses and his reveries, seems when arrayed against the moral zeal, the confident logic, the ordered proof of journalism, a trifling, impertinent, vexatious thing, a tumbler who has unrolled his carpet in the way of a marching army.

VI

I attack things that are as dear to many as some holy image carried hither and thither by some broken clan, and can but say that I have felt in my body the affections I disturb, and believed that if I could raise them into contemplation I would make possible a literature, that finding its subject-matter all ready in men's minds would be, not as ours is, an interest for scholars, but the possession of a people. I have founded societies with this aim, and was indeed founding one in Paris when I first met with J. M. Synge, and I have known what it is to be changed by that I would have changed, till I became argumentative and unmannerly, hating men even in daily life for their opinions. And though I was never convinced that the anatomies of last year's leaves are a living forest, or thought a continual apologetic could do other than make the soul a vapor and the body a stone; or believed that literature can be made by anything but by what is still blind and dumb within ourselves, I have had to learn how hard in one who lives where forms of expression and habits of thought have been born, not for the pleasure of begetting, but for the public good, is that purification from insincerity, vanity, malignity, arrogance, which is the discovery of style. But it became possible to live when I had learnt all I had not learnt in shaping words, in defending Synge against his enemies, and knew that rich energies, fine, turbulent or gracious thoughts, whether in life or letters, are but love-children.

VII

Synge seemed by nature unfitted to think a political thought, and with the exception of one sentence, spoken when I first met him in Paris, that implied some sort of nationalist conviction, I

cannot remember that he spoke of politics or showed any interest in men in the mass, or in any subject that is studied through abstractions and statistics. Often for months together he and I and Lady Gregory would see no one outside the Abbey Theatre, and that life, lived as it were in a ship at sea, suited him, for unlike those whose habit of mind fits them to judge of men in the mass, he was wise in judging individual men, and as wise in dealing with them as the faint energies of ill-health would permit; but of their political thoughts he long understood nothing. One night when we were still producing plays in a little hall, certain members of the company told him that a play on the Rebellion of '98 would be a great success. After a fortnight he brought them a scenario which read like a chapter out of Rabelais. Two women, a Protestant and a Catholic, take refuge in a cave, and there quarrel about religion, abusing the Pope or Queen Elizabeth and Henry VIII, but in low voices, for the one fears to be ravished by the soldiers, the other by the rebels. At last one woman goes out because she would sooner any fate than such wicked company. Yet, I doubt if he would have written at all if he did not write of Ireland, and for it, and I know that he thought creative art could only come from such preoccupation. Once, when in later years, anxious about the educational effect of our movement, I proposed adding to the Abbey Company a second Company to play international drama, Synge, who had not hitherto opposed me, thought the matter so important that he did so in a formal letter.

I had spoken of a German municipal theatre as my model, and he said that the municipal theatres all over Europe gave fine performances of old classics, but did not create (he disliked modern drama for its sterility of speech, and perhaps ignored it), and that we would create nothing if we did not give all our thoughts to Ireland. Yet in Ireland he loved only what was wild in its people, and in "the gray and wintry sides of many glens." All the rest, all that one reasoned over, fought for, read of in leading articles, all that came from education, all that came down from Young Ireland—though for this he had not lacked a little sympathy—first wakened in him perhaps that irony which runs through all he wrote, but once awakened, he made it turn

its face upon the whole of life. The women quarrelling in the cave would not have amused him, if something in his nature had not looked out on most disputes, even those wherein he himself took sides, with a mischievous wisdom. He told me once that when he lived in some peasant's house, he tried to make those about him forget that he was there, and it is certain that he was silent in any crowded room. It is possible that low vitality helped him to be observant and contemplative, and made him dislike, even in solitude, those thoughts which unite us to others, much as we all dislike, when fatigue or illness has sharpened the nerves, hoardings covered with advertisements, the fronts of big theatres, big London hotels, and all architecture which has been made to impress the crowd. What blindness did for Homer, lameness for Hephæstus, asceticism for any saint you will, bad health did for him by making him ask no more of life than that it should keep him living, and above all perhaps by concentrating his imagination upon one thought, health itself. I think that all noble things are the result of warfare; great nations and classes, of warfare in the visible world, great poetry and philosophy, of invisible warfare, the division of a mind within itself, a victory, the sacrifice of a man to himself. I am certain that my friend's noble art, so full of passion and heroic beauty, is the victory of a man who in poverty and sickness created from the delight of expression, and in the contemplation that is born of the minute and delicate arrangement of images, happiness, and health of mind. Some early poems have a morbid melancholy, and he himself spoke of early work he had destroyed as morbid, for as yet the craftsmanship was not fine enough to bring the artist's joy which is of one substance with that of sanctity. In one poem he waits at some street corner for a friend, a woman perhaps, and while he waits and gradually understands that nobody is coming, sees two funerals and shivers at the future; and in another written on his twenty-fifth birthday, he wonders if the twenty-five years to come shall be as evil as those gone by. Later on, he can see himself as but a part of the spectacle of the world and mix into all he sees that flavor of extravagance, or of humor, or of philosophy, that makes one understand that he contemplates even his own death as if it

were another's, and finds in his own destiny but as it were a projection through a burning glass of that general to men. There is in the creative joy an acceptance of what life brings, because we have understood the beauty of what it brings, or a hatred of death for what it takes away, which arouses within us, through some sympathy perhaps with all other men, an energy so noble, so powerful, that we laugh aloud and mock, in the terror or the sweetness of our exaltation, at death and oblivion.

In no modern writer that has written of Irish life before him, except it may be Miss Edgeworth in *Castle Rackrent*, was there anything to change a man's thought about the world or stir his moral nature, for they but play with pictures, persons and events, that whether well or ill observed are but an amusement for the mind where it escapes from meditation, a child's show that makes the fables of his art as significant by contrast as some procession painted on an Egyptian wall; for in these fables, an intelligence, on which the tragedy of the world had been thrust in so few years, that Life had no time to brew her sleepy drug, has spoken of the moods that are the expression of its wisdom. All minds that have a wisdom come of tragic reality seem morbid to those that are accustomed to writers who have not faced reality at all; just as the saints, with that Obscure Night of the Soul, which fell so certainly that they numbered it among spiritual states, one among other ascending steps, seem morbid to the rationalist and the old-fashioned Protestant controversialist. The thought of journalists, like that of the Irish novelists, is neither healthy nor unhealthy, for it has not risen to that state where either is possible, nor should we call it happy; for who would have sought happiness, if happiness were not the supreme attainment of man, in heroic toils, in the cell of the ascetic, or imagined it above the cheerful newspapers, above the clouds?

VIII

Not that Synge brought out of the struggle with himself any definite philosophy, for philosophy in the common meaning of the word is created out of an anxiety for sympathy or obedience, and he was that rare, that distinguished, that most noble thing,

which of all things still of the world is nearest to being sufficient to itself, the pure artist. Sir Philip Sidney complains of those who could hear "sweet tunes" (by which he understands could look upon his lady) and not be stirred to "ravishing delight."

"Or if they do delight therein, yet are so closed with wit,
As with sententious lips to set a title vain on it;
Oh let them hear these sacred tunes, and learn in Wonder's schools
To be, in things past bonds of wit, fools if they be not fools!"

Ireland for three generations has been like those churlish logicians. Everything is argued over, everything has to take its trial before the dull sense and the hasty judgment, and the character of the nation has so changed that it hardly keeps but among country people, or where some family tradition is still stubborn, those lineaments that made Borrow cry out as he came from among the Irish monks, his friends and entertainers for all his Spanish Bible scattering, "Oh, Ireland, mother of the bravest soldiers and of the most beautiful women!" It was, as I believe, to seek that old Ireland which took its mould from the duellists and scholars of the eighteenth century and from generations older still, that Synge returned again and again to Aran, to Kerry, and to the wild Blaskets.

IX

"When I got up this morning," he writes, after he had been a long time in Innismaan, "I found that the people had gone to mass and latched the kitchen door from the outside, so that I could not open it to give myself light.

"I sat for nearly an hour beside the fire with a curious feeling that I should be quite alone in this little cottage. I am so used to sitting here with the people that I have never felt the room before as a place where any man might live and work by himself. After a while as I waited, with just light enough from the chimney to let me see the rafters and the grayness of the walls, I became indescribably mournful, for I felt that this little corner on the face of the world, and the people who live in it, have a peace and dignity from which we are shut for ever." This life, which he describes elsewhere as the most primitive

left in Europe, satisfied some necessity of his nature. Before I met him in Paris he had wandered over much of Europe, listening to stories in the Black Forest, making friends with servants and with poor people, and this from an æsthetic interest, for he had gathered no statistics, had no money to give, and cared nothing for the wrongs of the poor, being content to pay for the pleasure of eye and ear with a tune upon the fiddle. He did not love them the better because they were poor and miserable, and it was only when he found Innismaan and the Blaskets, where there is neither riches nor poverty, neither what he calls "the nullity of the rich" nor "the squalor of the poor," that his writing lost its old morbid brooding, that he found his genius and his peace. Here were men and women who under the weight of their necessity lived, as the artist lives, in the presence of death and childhood, and the great affections and the orgiastic moment when life outleaps its limits, and who, as it is always with those who have refused or escaped the trivial and the temporary, had dignity and good manners where manners mattered. Here above all was silence from all our great orator took delight in, from formidable men, from moral indignation, from the "sciolist" who "is never sad," from all in modern life that would destroy the arts; and here, to take a thought from another playwright of our school, he could love Time as only women and great artists do and need never sell it.

X

As I read *The Aran Islands* right through for the first time since he showed it me in manuscript, I come to understand how much knowledge of the real life of Ireland went to the creation of a world which is yet as fantastic as the Spain of Cervantes. Here is the story of *The Playboy*, of *The Shadow of the Glen*; here is the "ghost on horseback" and the finding of the young man's body of *Riders to the Sea*, numberless ways of speech and vehement pictures that had seemed to owe nothing to observation, and all to some overflowing of himself, or to some mere necessity of dramatic construction. I had thought the violent quarrels of *The Well of the Saints* came from his love of bitter condiments, but here is a couple that quarrel all day long amid

neighbors who gather as for a play. I had defended the burning of Christy Mahon's leg on the ground that an artist need but make his characters self-consistent, and yet, that too was observation, for "although these people are kindly towards each other and their children, they have no sympathy for the suffering of animals, and little sympathy for pain when the person who feels it is not in danger." I had thought it was in the wantonness of fancy Martin Dhoul accused the smith of plucking his living ducks, but a few lines further on, in this book where moral indignation is unknown, I read, "Sometimes when I go into a cottage, I find all the women of the place down on their knees plucking the feathers from live ducks and geese."

He loves all that has edge, all that is salt in the mouth, all that is rough to the hand, all that heightens the emotions by contest, all that stings into life the sense of tragedy; and in this book, unlike the plays where nearness to his audience moves him to mischief, he shows it without thought of other taste than his. It is so constant, it is all set out so simply, so naturally, that it suggests a correspondence between a lasting mood of the soul and this life that shares the harshness of rocks and wind. The food of the spiritual-minded is sweet, an Indian scripture says, but passionate minds love bitter food. Yet he is no indifferent observer, but is certainly kind and sympathetic to all about him. When an old and ailing man, dreading the coming winter, cries at his leaving, not thinking to see him again; and he notices that the old man's mitten has a hole in it where the palm is accustomed to the stick, one knows that it is with eyes full of interested affection as befits a simple man and not in the curiosity of study. When he had left the Blaskets for the last time, he travelled with a lame pensioner who had drifted there, why heaven knows, and one morning, having missed him from the inn where they were staying, he believed he had gone back to the island and searched everywhere and questioned everybody, till he understood of a sudden that he was jealous as though the island were a woman.

The book seems dull if you read much at a time, as the later Kerry essays do not, but nothing that he has written recalls so completely to my senses the man as he was in daily life; and as

I read, there are moments when every line of his face, every inflection of his voice, grows so clear in memory that I cannot realize that he is dead. He was no nearer when we walked and talked than now while I read these unarranged, unspeculating pages, wherein the only life he loved with his whole heart reflects itself as in the still water of a pool. Thought comes to him slowly, and only after long seemingly unmeditative watching, and when it comes (and he had the same character in matters of business), it is spoken without hesitation and never changed. His conversation was not an experimental thing, an instrument of research, and this made him silent; while his essays recall events, on which one feels that he pronounces no judgment even in the depth of his own mind, because the labor of Life itself had not yet brought the philosophic generalization, which was almost as much his object as the emotional generalization of beauty. A mind that generalizes rapidly, continually prevents the experience that would have made it feel and see deeply, just as a man whose character is too complete in youth seldom grows into any energy of moral beauty. Synge had indeed no obvious ideals, as these are understood by young men, and even as I think disliked them, for he once complained to me that our modern poetry was but the poetry "of the lyrical boy," and this lack makes his art have a strange wildness and coldness, as of a man born in some far-off spacious land and time.

XI

There are artists like Byron, like Goethe, like Shelley, who have impressive personalities, active wills and all their faculties at the service of the will; but he belonged to those who, like Wordsworth, like Coleridge, like Goldsmith, like Keats, have little personality, so far as the casual eye can see, little personal will, but fiery and brooding imagination. I cannot imagine him anxious to impress, or convince in any company, or saying more than was sufficient to keep the talk circling. Such men have the advantage that all they write is a part of knowledge, but they are powerless before events and have often but one visible strength, the strength to reject from life and thought all that would mar their work, or deafen them in the doing of it; and

only this so long as it is a passive act. If Synge had married young or taken some profession, I doubt if he would have written books or been greatly interested in a movement like ours; but he refused various opportunities of making money in what must have been an almost unconscious preparation. He had no life outside his imagination, little interest in anything that was not its chosen subject. He hardly seemed aware of the existence of other writers. I never knew if he cared for work of mine, and do not remember that I had from him even a conventional compliment, and yet he had the most perfect modesty and simplicity in daily intercourse, self-assertion was impossible to him. On the other hand, he was useless amidst sudden events. He was much shaken by the *Playboy* riot; on the first night confused and excited, knowing not what to do, and ill before many days, but it made no difference in his work. He neither exaggerated out of defiance nor softened out of timidity. He wrote on as if nothing had happened, altering *The Tinker's Wedding* to a more unpopular form, but writing a beautiful, serene *Deirdre*, with, for the first time since his *Riders to the Sea*, no touch of sarcasm or defiance. Misfortune shook his physical nature while it left his intellect and his moral nature untroubled. The external self, the mask, the persona was a shadow, character was all.

XII

He was a drifting, silent man full of hidden passion, and loved wild islands, because there, set out in the light of day, he saw what lay hidden in himself. There is passage after passage in which he dwells upon some moment of excitement. He describes the shipping of pigs at Kilronan on the North Island for the English market: "When the steamer was getting near, the whole drove was moved down upon the slip and the curraghs were carried out close to the sea. Then each beast was caught in its turn and thrown on its side, while its legs were hitched together in a single knot, with a tag of rope remaining, by which it could be carried.

"Probably the pain inflicted was not great, yet the animals shut their eyes and shrieked with almost human intonations, till

the suggestion of the noise became so intense that the men and women who were merely looking on grew wild with excitement, and the pigs waiting their turn foamed at the mouth and tore each other with their teeth.

"After a while there was a pause. The whole slip was covered with a mass of sobbing animals, with here and there a terrified woman crouching among the bodies and patting some special favorite, to keep it quiet while the curraghs were being launched. Then the screaming began again while the pigs were carried out and laid in their places, with a waistcoat tied round their feet to keep them from damaging the canvas. They seemed to know where they were going, and looked up at me over the gunnel with an ignoble desperation that made me shudder to think that I had eaten this whimpering flesh. When the last curragh went out, I was left on the slip with a band of women and children, and one old boar who sat looking out over the sea.

"The women were over-excited, and when I tried to talk to them they crowded round me and began jeering and shrieking at me because I am not married. A dozen screamed at a time, and so rapidly that I could not understand all they were saying, yet I was able to make out that they were taking advantage of the absence of their husbands to give me the full volume of their contempt. Some little boys who were listening threw themselves down, writhing with laughter among the sea-weed, and the young girls grew red and embarrassed and stared down in the surf."

The book is full of such scenes. Now it is a crowd going by train to the Parnell celebration, now it is a woman cursing her son who made himself a spy for the police, now it is an old woman keening at a funeral. Kindred to his delight in the harsh gray stones, in the hardship of the life there, in the wind and in the mist, there is always delight in every moment of excitement, whether it is but the hysterical excitement of the women over the pigs, or some primary passion. Once, indeed, the hidden passion instead of finding expression by its choice among the passions of others, shows itself in the most direct way of all, that of dream. "Last night," he writes, at Innismaan, "after walking in a dream among buildings with strangely

intense light on them, I heard a faint rhythm of music beginning far away on some stringed instrument.

"It came closer to me, gradually increasing in quickness and volume with an irresistibly definite progression. When it was quite near the sound began to move in my nerves and blood, to urge me to dance with them.

"I knew that if I yielded I would be carried away into some moment of terrible agony, so I struggled to remain quiet, holding my knees together with my hands.

"The music increased continually, sounding like the strings of harps tuned to a forgotten scale, and having a resonance as searching as the strings of the 'cello.

"Then the luring excitement became more powerful than my will, and my limbs moved in spite of me.

"In a moment I was swept away in a whirlwind of notes. My breath and my thoughts and every impulse of my body became a form of the dance, till I could not distinguish between the instrument or the rhythm and my own person or consciousness. For a while it seemed an excitement that was filled with joy; then it grew into an ecstasy where all existence was lost in the vortex of movement. I could not think that there had been a life beyond the whirling of the dance.

"Then with a shock, the ecstasy turned to agony and rage. I struggled to free myself, but seemed only to increase the passion of the steps I moved to. When I shrieked I could only echo the notes of the rhythm.

"At last, with a movement of uncontrollable frenzy I broke back into consciousness and awoke.

"I dragged myself trembling to the window of the cottage and looked out. The moon was glittering across the bay and there was no sound anywhere on the island."

XIII

In all drama which would give direct expression to reveries, to the speech of the soul with itself, there is some device that checks the rapidity of dialogue. When *Œdipus* speaks out of the most vehement passions, he is conscious of the presence of the chorus, men before whom he must keep up appearances,

“ children latest born of Cadmus’ line ” who do not share his passion. Nobody is hurried or breathless. We listen to reports and discuss them, taking part as it were in a council of state. Nothing happens before our eyes. The dignity of Greek drama, and in a lesser degree of that of Corneille and Racine, depends, as contrasted with the troubled life of Shakespearean drama, on an almost even speed of dialogue, and on a so continuous exclusion of the animation of common life, that thought remains lofty and language rich. Shakespeare, upon whose stage everything may happen, even the blinding of Gloster, and who has no formal check except what is implied in the slow, elaborate structure of blank verse, obtains time for reverie by an often encumbering Euphuism, and by such a loosening of his plot as will give his characters the leisure to look at life from without. Maeterlinck—to name the first modern of the old way who comes to mind—reaches the same end, by choosing instead of human beings persons who are as faint as a breath upon a looking-glass, symbols who can speak a language slow and heavy with dreams, because their own life is but a dream. Modern drama, on the other hand, which accepts the tightness of the classic plot, while expressing life directly, has been driven to make indirect its expression of the mind, which it leaves to be inferred from some commonplace sentence or gesture as we infer it in ordinary life; and this is, I believe, the cause of the perpetual disappointment of the hope imagined this hundred years that France or Spain or Germany or Scandinavia will at last produce the master we await.

The divisions in the arts are almost all in the first instance technical, and the great schools of drama have been divided from one another by the form or the metal of their mirror, by the check chosen for the rapidity of dialogue. Synge found the check that suited his temperament in an elaboration of the dialects of Kerry and Aran. The cadence is long and meditative, as befits the thought of men who are much alone, and who when they meet in one another’s houses—as their way is at the day’s end—listen patiently, each man speaking in turn and for some little time, and taking pleasure in the vaguer meaning of the words and in their sound. Their thought, when not merely practical, is as full of traditional wisdom and extravagant pictures as that of

some Æschylean chorus, and no matter what the topic is, it is as though the present were held at arms' length. It is the reverse of rhetoric, for the speaker serves his own delight, though doubtless he would tell you that like Raftery's whiskey-drinking it was but for the company's sake. A medicinal manner of speech too, for it could not even express, so little abstract it is and so rammed with life, those worn generalizations of national propaganda. "I'll be telling you the finest story you'd hear any place from Dundalk to Ballinacree with great queens in it, making themselves matches from the start to the end, and they with shiny silks on them. . . . I've a grand story of the great queens of Ireland, with white necks on them the like of Sarah Casey, and fine arms would hit you a slap. . . . What good am I this night, God help me? What good are the grand stories I have when it's few would listen to an old woman, few but a girl maybe would be in great fear the time her hour was come, or a little child wouldn't be sleeping with the hunger on a cold night?" That has the flavor of Homer, of the Bible, of Villon, while Cervantes would have thought it sweet in the mouth though not his food. This use of Irish dialect for noble purpose by Synge, and by Lady Gregory, who had it already in her *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, and by Dr. Hyde in those first translations he has not equalled since, has done much for national dignity. When I was a boy I was often troubled and sorrowful because Scottish dialect was capable of noble use, but the Irish of obvious roystering humor only; and this error fixed on my imagination by so many novelists and rhymers made me listen badly. Synge wrote down words and phrases wherever he went, and with that knowledge of Irish which made all our country idioms easy to his hand, found it so rich a thing, that he had begun translating into it fragments of the great literatures of the world, and had planned a complete version of the *Imitation of Christ*. It gave him imaginative richness and yet left to him the sting and tang of reality. How vivid in his translation from Villon are those "eyes with a big gay look out of them would bring folly from a great scholar." More vivid surely than anything in Swinburne's version, and how noble those words which are yet simple country speech, in which his Petrarch mourns that death came upon

Laura just as time was making chastity easy, and the day come when "lovers may sit together and say out all things are in their hearts," and "my sweet enemy was making a start, little by little, to give over her great wariness, the way she was wringing a sweet thing out of my sharp sorrow."

XIV

Once when I had been saying that though it seemed to me that a conventional descriptive passage encumbered the action at the moment of crisis, I liked *The Shadow of the Glen* better than *Riders to the Sea*, that is, for all the nobility of its end, its mood of Greek tragedy, too passive in suffering; and had quoted from Matthew Arnold's introduction to *Empedocles on Etna*, Synge answered, "It is a curious thing that *The Riders to the Sea* succeeds with an English but not with an Irish audience, and *The Shadow of the Glen* which is not liked by an English audience is always liked in Ireland, though it is disliked there in theory." Since then *The Riders to the Sea* has grown into great popularity in Dublin, partly because with the tactical instinct of an Irish mob, the demonstrators against *The Playboy* both in the press and in the theatre, where it began the evening, selected it for applause. It is now what Shelley's *Cloud* was for many years, a comfort to those who do not like to deny altogether the genius they cannot understand. Yet I am certain that, in the long run, his grotesque plays with their lyric beauty, their violent laughter, *The Playboy of the Western World* most of all, will be loved for holding so much of the mind of Ireland. Synge has written of *The Playboy*, "anyone who has lived in real intimacy with the Irish peasantry will know that the wildest sayings in this play are tame indeed compared with the fancies one may hear at any little hillside cottage of Geesala, or Carraroe, or Dingle Bay." It is the strangest, the most beautiful expression in drama of that Irish fantasy, which overflowing through all Irish Literature that has come out of Ireland itself (compare the fantastic Irish account of the Battle of Clontarf with the sober Norse account) is the unbroken character of Irish genius. In modern days this genius has delighted in mischievous extravagance, like that of the Gaelic poet's curse upon his children, "There are three

things that I hate, the devil that is waiting for my soul, the worms that are waiting for my body, my children, who are waiting for my wealth and care neither for my body nor my soul: Oh, Christ, hang all in the same noose!" I think those words were spoken with a delight in their vehemence that took out of anger half the bitterness with all the gloom. An old man on the Aran Islands told me the very tale on which *The Playboy* is founded, beginning with the words, "If any gentleman has done a crime we'll hide him. There was a gentleman that killed his father, and I had him in my own house six months till he got away to America." Despite the solemnity of his slow speech his eyes shone as the eyes must have shone in that Trinity College branch of the Gaelic League, which began every meeting with prayers for the death of an old Fellow of College who disliked their movement, or as they certainly do when patriots are telling how short a time the prayers took to the killing of him. I have seen a crowd, when certain Dublin papers had wrought themselves into an imaginary loyalty, so possessed by what seemed the very genius of satiric fantasy, that one all but looked to find some feathered heel among the cobble stones. Part of the delight of crowd or individual is always that somebody will be angry, somebody take the sport for gloomy earnest. We are mocking at his solemnity, let us therefore so hide our malice that he may be more solemn still, and the laugh will run higher yet. Why should we speak his language and so wake him from a dream of all those emotions which men feel because they should, and not because they must? Our minds, being sufficient to themselves, do not wish for victory but are content to elaborate our extravagance, if fortune aid, into wit or lyric beauty, and as for the rest, "There are nights when a king like Concho-bar would spit upon his arm-ring and queens will stick out their tongues at the rising moon." This habit of the mind has made Oscar Wilde and Mr. Bernard Shaw the most celebrated makers of comedy to our time, and if it has sounded plainer still in the conversation of the one, and in some few speeches of the other, that is but because they have not been able to turn out of their plays an alien trick of zeal picked up in struggling youth. Yet, in Synge's plays also, fantasy gives the form and not the

thought, for the core is always as in all great art, an over-powering vision of certain virtues, and our capacity for sharing in that vision is the measure of our delight. Great art chills us at first by its coldness or its strangeness, by what seems capricious, and yet it is from these qualities it has authority, as though it had fed on locust and wild honey. The imaginative writer shows us the world as a painter does his picture, reversed in a looking-glass that we may see it, not as it seems to eyes habit has made dull, but as we were Adam and this the first morning; and when the new image becomes as little strange as the old we shall stay with him, because he has, beside the strangeness, not strange to him, that made us share his vision, sincerity that makes us share his feeling.

To speak of one's emotions without fear or moral ambition, to come out from under the shadow of other men's minds, to forget their needs, to be utterly oneself, that is all the Muses care for. All art is the disengaging of a soul from place and history, its suspension in a beautiful or terrible light, to await the Judgment, and yet, because all its days were a Last Day, judged already. It may show the crimes of Italy as Dante did, or Greek mythology like Keats, or Kerry and Galway villages, and so vividly that ever after I shall look at all with like eyes, and yet I know that Cino da Pistoia thought Dante unjust, that Keats knew no Greek, that those country men and women are neither so lovable nor so lawless as "mine author sung it me"; that I have added to my being, not my knowledge.

XV

I wrote the most of these thoughts in my diary on the coast of Normandy, and as I finished came upon Mont Saint Michel. Here I saw the places of assembly, those cloisters on the rock's summit, the church, the great halls where monks, or knights, or men at arms sat at meals, beautiful from ornament or proportion. I remembered ordinances of the Popes forbidding drinking-cups with stems of gold to these monks who had but a bare dormitory to sleep in. Even when imagining, the individual had taken more from his fellows and his fathers than he gave, one man finishing what another had begun; and all that majestic fan-

tasy, seeming more of Egypt than of Christendom, spoke nothing to the solitary soul, but seemed to announce whether past or yet to come an heroic temper of social men, a bondage of adventure and of wisdom. Then I thought more patiently and I saw that what had made these but as one and given them for a thousand years the miracles of their shrine and temporal rule by land and sea, was not a condescension to knave or dolt, an impoverishment of the common thought to make it serviceable and easy, but a dead language and a communion in whatever, even to the greatest saint, is of incredible difficulty. Only by the substantiation of the soul, I thought, whether in literature or in sanctity, can we come upon those agreements, those separations from all else that fasten men together lastingly; for while a popular and picturesque Burns and Scott can but create a province, and our Irish cries and grammars serve some passing need, Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe and all who travel in their road with however poor a stride, define races and create everlasting loyalties. Synge, like all of the great kin, sought for the race, not through the eyes or in history, or even in the future, but where those monks found God, in the depths of the mind; and in all art like this, although it does not command—indeed because it does not—may lie the roots of far-branching events. Only that which does not teach, which does not cry out, which does not persuade, which does not condescend, which does not explain is irresistible. It is made by men who expressed themselves to the full, and it works through the best minds; whereas the external and picturesque and declamatory writers, that they may create kilts and bagpipes and newspapers and guide-books, leave the best minds empty, and in Ireland and Scotland, England runs into the hole. It has no array of arguments and maxims, because the great and the simple (and the Muses have never known which of the two most pleases them) need their deliberate thought for the day's work, and yet will do it worse if they have not grown into or found about them, most perhaps in the minds of women, the nobleness of emotion, associated with the scenery and events of their country, by those great poets, who have dreamed it in solitude, and who to this day in Europe are creating indestructible spiritual races, like those religion has created in the East.

MARY STUART AND THE POET CHASTELARD

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THEIR far-reaching political consequences have given a prominence to two of Queen Mary's love-affairs out of proportion to their genuine romantic qualities. Rizzio and the blood-stained floor at Holyrood, Bothwell and the Casket Letters, have occupied our imaginations in the forefront of the story, to the semi-oblivion of other names more truly deserving the tragic laurel which was Mary's one invariable gift to her lovers; the names of men who loved her with no *arrière pensée* of selfish ambition, men whose eyes were less on her crown than on her fair, disastrous face, glorious madmen who loved that face as men love the moon, fated servitors of *la belle dame sans merci*.

Modern historical criticism has sadly tarnished the Rizzio and Bothwell legends. Nowadays we think less of the decorative Italian artist and his chamber-music, and more of the rather elderly, somewhat fattish, Italian secretary, deep in political intrigue and perilous foreign correspondence, objectionably familiar in manner with his royal mistress, and exasperatingly upstart in his general ways. We have rather ceased, I think, to blame Darnley for his murder, and begin to wonder that he was allowed to live so long. As to Bothwell, seeing so clearly the cold self-seeking and brutal commonness of the man, we have lost all patience with Mary for wrecking her fortunes on so coarse a bully, and her disordered infatuation seems to belong less to poetry than to disagreeable pathology. Rizzio and Bothwell are only romantic by position, by their relation to the dramatic disposition of events, and by association with the romantic personality of Mary, as vulgar objects grow poetic in the moonlight. Those other wearers of Mary's tragic laurel, however, are essentially romantic, by the fire and the purity of their devotion, as well.

Such was that young Lord John Gordon who was to be the first literally to lose his head over Mary soon after her arrival in Scotland. There were many to say that she had smiled over

kindly on the handsome youth, with such potent magic indeed that, when she had committed him to Edinburgh Castle, for his truculent swordsmanship in the city streets, he had not only broken his ward, but dared to gather his clansmen about him and plan her abduction. For this, he was to mount the scaffold, and Mary, not without tears, but without mercy, was to see him die. With the dream still in his eyes, he called to her, before the axe fell: "Most lovely, but most cruel of her sex!"

Happier than he, perhaps the happiest of all Mary's minor lovers, was that young George Douglas, the gallant lad of eighteen who managed her escape from Lochleven Castle. Him she had even expressed a wish to marry. She had said so frankly to the Regent Murray on one of his visits to his precarious prisoner, young George being the Regent's brother, and at that time an inmate of the castle, his mother Lady Douglas and another brother Sir William Douglas being the Queen's gaolers. The immediate result of Mary's frankness was to banish George Douglas from the castle; only, however, that he should the more actively plan Mary's escape. A few weeks later, it was his loving arms that carried his Queen ashore from the darkling boat and set her on his waiting horse; proud and happy George Douglas, riding by her side through the rushing night. Nearly twenty years later, another gallant moth was to hurl himself into the magic dazzle, young English Anthony Babington who was found ready to murder his Queen for Mary's sake, and so passes in his dream to Tower Hill. And to these might be added other names, humbler lovers still, who had been eager to dare all and lose all for a smile from those strange eyes, a touch of that too thoughtlessly caressing hand. Ah! those soft bird-like ways of hers, those artless arts of casual tenderness so easy to mistake, that made all her slaves, and drove some mad.

"I know how folk would gibe
If one of us pushed courtesy so far."

says one of her four "Maries," in Swinburne's honied play, striving to tell where lay her mistress's all-conquering charm:

"She has always loved love's fashions well; you wot,
The marshal, head friend of this Chastelard's,

She used to talk with ere he brought her here,
 And sow their talk with little kisses thick
 As roses in rose-harvest. For, myself,
 I cannot see which side of her that lurks
 Which snares in such wise all the sense of men;
 What special beauty, subtle as man's eye
 And tender as the inside of the eyelid is,
 There grows about her."

So Mary Hamilton; but Mary Carmichael deems it is her way of talking:

"I think her cunning speech—
 The soft and rapid shudder of her breath
 In talking—the rare tender little laugh—
 The pitiful sweet sound like a bird's sigh
 When her voice breaks; her talking does it all."

But Mary Seton will have the charm is in her eyes:

"I say, her eyes with those clear perfect brows:
 It is the playing of those eyelashes,
 The lure of amorous looks as sad as love,
 Plucks all souls toward her like a net."

So a poet strives to formulate a fascination which Mary's portraits only hint at, but fall short of conveying, a gift of personal enchantment to which even her enemies bore witness, but which, while all could praise, none could with exactness analyze. After naming this feature and that characteristic, the last secret still escapes them; as perhaps it always does in the beauty that has done the most divine damage in the world—for the essence of a spell is its mystery, and wizardry knows no why or wherefore. Plain miracle is alike the only explanation of a rose, or of a "tragic Mary"; and plain madness is perhaps the most logical worship of such beauty. Divine beauty, divine madness, divine death! Such, at all events, would seem to have been the desperate logic of that other quite unpolitic lover of the Queen, Pierre Boscobel de Chastelard, gentleman of Dauphiné, descendant of Bayard, and poet of the *Pléiade*.

Outside Mr. Swinburne's noble tragedy, Chastelard's divine madness, his really fine frenzy, has not, it seems to me, received its fair due at the hands of romance, not to speak of history.

History, indeed, has treated Chastelard as a crazy fribble, much in the spirit of Hamlet's manner toward Osric: "Dost know this water-fly?"—and romance has seemed scarcely aware of his existence. The egregious S. W. H. Ireland, of the famous "Ireland forgeries," attempted in Chastelard's name one more mystification of the guileless public of 1805, with a nauseous confection entitled *Effusions of Love from Chatelar to Mary Queen of Scotland—Translated from a Gallic manuscript in the Scotch College at Paris. Interspersed with songs, sonnets and notes explanatory—by the Translator*. One would need the command of that explosively polysyllabic literary Billingsgate which Swinburne employed in a very ecstasy of vituperative mud-throwing, to characterize the unimaginable silliness of Ireland's production. Merely as a literary curiosity, one may quote a typical passage—the highfalutin of a "man of feeling" in 1805. Chatelar, so called, is represented as having stolen Mary's rosary. These are his sublime raptures over his treasure:

"This rosary was the theft of love—surely 'tis forgiven. I stole the secret moment, and in the absence of my love, I made myself possessor of these beads unseen. Heavenly powers! they were Mary's, her ivory fingers with love-thrilling touch, have pressed these little amber studs! her lips! love, love, omniscient love! her lips, too, have kissed them! Come, come to mine—thus—and thus—and thus I scent their fragrance, and I suck their sweets! Oh, balmy essence! nectareous juice! tinged with the vermeil dye of those moist rubies, which, moving, utter dulcet music, and dispense around the violet's rich perfume. O mouth more exquisite than fragrant May! more luscious than the honey bee's rich store! Thus, thus, I taste thee!"

Even Mr. Maurice Hewlett, friendly by nature to euphuistic forms of gallantry, declines the opportunity, in his brilliant *The Queen's Quair*, to give poor Chastelard a chance with posterity; though he admits that he died like a gentleman, which, after all, is an epitaph worth dying for. A glittering gentleman of France, the perfection, the coxcombical exaggeration, of the sworded butterfly type characteristic of the Renaissance, Chastelard undoubtedly was; one whose fine clothes and posturing elegancies of speech and manners, all the satin and sugar and general high-

flown dandyism of him, masked the genuine virility and strength of soul not infrequently to be found beneath such externals in those days, when life, so stern at core, went so often in such fantastic masquerade. Surely to those dour Scotch eyes that so grimly watched the landing of all those "French popinjays," that heartsick misty morning of Mary's first arrival at Leith, he may well have seemed the very personification of those "Babylonian" iniquities so unpleasing to the godly Mr. Knox, the very prince of that papistical company of "skippers and danciers and dalliers with dames."

Let us pause a moment to indulge our modern sympathy—a sympathy which history has insufficiently bestowed—with that shivering chapfallen company of exquisites new-come from singing France over the weary sea, so laughably out of place, so absurdly misunderstood, in this land of inhospitable rock and dripping mist, prison-like houses, funereal costumes, raw-bones, sour faces, and harsh outlandish speech. Well might the little Queen cry herself to sleep, looking her last—her literal last, poor Mary—on laughing France—"Farewell, beloved France! I shall never, never see you more!"—as movingly described by Brantôme, who was one of the many illustrious French "dancing-masters"—otherwise the fine flower of the chivalry and culture of France—that formed Mary's brilliant suite. No less than three of her uncles of the redoubtable house of Guise, the Duc d'Aumale, the Marquis d'Elbœuf, and the Grand Prior, were of this company, preposterously regarded by these supercilious hyperborean saints as though they were a troupe of strolling players, not to speak of some six-score noble French gentlemen, amongst them the chief ornaments of the Court of the Louvre; and that "garden of girls," the four Maries, her immortal maids of honor. To our eyes that little fleet riding at anchor in the fog and drizzle of Leith harbor, with its strange foreign sailors and its gay-garmented courtly folk, trying to keep up their spirits with half-frightened laughter,—a snatch of flowery song and a touched lute maybe here and there, to deepen the disapproving gaze of Scotch fishwives and glooming zealots—seems a veritable argosy of romance; so much of vivid, forceful, fated personality lay packed between its decks, so much brilliant human

story, so much of the beautiful tragic stuff of life; strong men, fair faces, fluttering hearts, and plotting and dreaming brains. One likes to think, too, of the priests with their sacred vessels—be sure the grim folk ashore thought of little but that! Mr. Knox's "idol of the mass"—the musicians with their delicate old-world instruments, their lutes and viols, their "citherns and citoles"; and a specially precious charge is in the keeping of grave Servais de Condé,—no less than the library of the learned young Queen. That library itself was to have a romantic history, probably the first library of any account, and surely of *belles-lettres*, ever housed in Scotland. An uncouth catalogue made by no sympathetic hand, years after, when Mary had fled to England, still exists, and has been piously edited and annotated by a modern bibliophile. It was a delightfully varied collection, concentrating every form of "sweet learning" dear to the Renaissance. Though "the Decameron of Bocas" was there, and many a quaint Arthurian romance, "The First Buik of Amades of Gaule," "Two Volumes of Lancilot de Laik," "The First Buik of Rolland Amoreuse," and so forth; and though the "gay science" of the fashionable Ronsardist poetry is well represented; Pontus de Tyard with his "Errores Amoreuses," Du Bellay, and the master Ronsard himself—her own familiar friend—with an "Art Poetik in French"—the library was by no means a frivolous one. "Vergilius" was there, and "the First Volume of Horos," likewise "Herodote," "The Symposie of Plato," and Marcus Aurelius in Italian; and there were weighty theological treatises which the Scotch cataloguer must have taken up with a pair of tongs, such as "Ane Treatie of the Premicie of the Peap," and "The Answer of Johnne Calvynis Epistle," together with one volume which, doubtless, he approved, a translation of the Psalms, by her Latin Master, George Buchanan. Books of hunting, the game of chess, and "Thre Buikis of Musik" (perhaps Rizzio's) are found side by side with Saint Augustine, and lives of the saints. And there is one book absurdly catalogued as "Frenche Sonnattis in Writt," which may well have been a manuscript volume of Chastelard's own poems. Such were the volumes that M. Servais de Condé had in keeping between decks, in fair bindings—Mary had probably caught a

taste for fine bindings from Diane de Poitiers—blazoned with her arms and those of her dead boy-King Francis, for whom her tears were scarcely yet dried, and whom she had mourned in pretty pathetic verses of her own:

“ Si en quelque séjour,
Soit en Bois ou en Prée,
Soit pour l’aube du jour,
Ou soit pour la vesprée,
Sans cesse mon cœur sent
Le regret d’un absent.”

Brantôme tells us that during the voyage the gallant Chastelard had not feared to rally the Queen on her obstinate widowhood, and had written her a sonnet “tres bien faict” in Italian, beginning “*che giova posseder cittadi e regni*,” of which the substance was: “Of what use is it to possess widespreading domains, cities, crowns and bowing people, to be admired, respected, feared and gazed at, and yet sleep alone in glacial widowhood?” Brantôme evidently thought no little of Chastelard as a poet. “He made many other very beautiful rhymes,” he says, “which I have read in his own handwriting, but they have never been printed, so far as I have seen.”

He adds that the Queen “who herself loved letters, and particularly rhymes, and sometimes made pretty ones herself,” was much pleased with Chastelard’s poetry, and even wrote back verses in reply, generally “making him good cheer and entertaining him.” Brantôme has this further praise of Chastelard. “The Lord Chastelard,” he says, “was a knight of polished manners, as good a swordsman as he was good at letters. He was very adroit with arms, and was expert in all manly sports and exercises, such as fencing, tennis, jumping and dancing. In short, he was a very accomplished gentleman; and in spirit he was no less charming, he talked well, and wrote even better, and as well even in rhyme as any gentleman of France, making very sweet and graceful poetry with ease.”

Chastelard’s wit and gay spirits had evidently been very welcome to Mary on that voyage dolorous, to the customary hardships of which had been added the fear of capture by Elizabeth’s warships, and Brantôme records one high-flown conceit of

his—"ce gentil mot"—much, one can imagine, in his usual dandiical manner. As, one evening, the sailors were lighting the ship's lanterns, the voice of Chastelard was heard declaring that there was no need of lantern or flambeau to light up the sea, for the beautiful eyes of the Queen were bright enough to illuminate with their lovely fires the wide waters, and gave all the light he needed to see by.

There were other poets aboard to say similar pretty things to the Queen—Chastelard's own patron M. d'Anville, of the great house of Montmorenci, for one—and then we hear, too, of five "violars" to make music. So, doubtless, these poor French butterflies contrived to keep up a certain gaiety on the voyage, and the fog was interpreted into a providence, as hiding them from the sea-dogs of Elizabeth. How Knox interpreted that fog it is interesting to recall. "The very face of the heavens," he says, "the time of her arrival, did manifestly speak what comfort was brought unto this country with her, to wit, sorrow, darkness, dolor, and all impiety; for, in the memory of man, that day of the year, was never seen a more dolorous face of the heaven than was at her arrival, which two days after did so continue. . . That fore-warning gave God unto us, but, alas, the most part were blind." So did the genial John read the celestial signs, and such in the main was the mood of welcome awaiting Mary, and her "dames, damoisellis, and maidinnis"; though it is recorded that a certain human element in the sermon-ridden population did its poor best to provide a serenade for the Queen beneath her palace windows. The graceful arts, however, might well be a little rusty in a city where a poor rascal had recently been hung for "making a Robin Hood" (a sort of merry England carnival mummary) and, though John Knox speaks highly of the entertainment—"a company," he says, "of most honest men with instruments of music, and with musicians, gave salutations at her chamber window"—Mary and her courtiers seem to have held their ears. "There came under her window," writes Brantôme, "five or six hundred ragamuffins of that town, who gave her a concert of the vilest fiddles and little rebecs, which are as bad as they can be in that country, and accompanied them with singing of psalms, but so wretchedly out of tune that noth-

ing could be worse. Ah! what melody it was! What a lullaby for the night!"

Mary, however, accepted the good intentions, and professed herself pleased; and poor soul, the crudest attempt at anything so human as music may well have been grateful to her in a people who, she was soon to find, were dourly on the watch to misinterpret the most innocent gaiety as "French" depravity. Alas! for the "*joyeuseté*," in which, she wailed, she had been brought up; "so termed she," Knox sourly explains, "her dancing, and other things thereto belonging."

There was, however, a wistful section of society in Kirk-ridden Edinburgh to whom Mary's advent must have come like a burst of sunshine, youthful lords and ladies to whom the Queen's "French fillokes and fiddlers" were anything but anathema; and one can imagine that the sojourn of Mary's little French Court at Holyrood, with its consequent round of festivities, was an oasis of natural joy in their bleak sermon-charged atmosphere. Strange, that such found more fun "in fiddling and flinging than in reading or hearing of God's most blessed word; and fiddlers and flatterers more precious in their eyes than men of wisdom and gravity." Youthful levity incomprehensible to Knox and other "sober men," whose "wholesome admonition" young Edinburgh, oddly enough, found far less attractive.

In the centre of this godless gaiety, one of the most brilliant figures was our Chastelard, whose gifts and graces had evidently by this time, from the report of various witnesses, made him somewhat too conspicuously *persona grata* with the heedlessly demonstrative Queen. Mary's indiscreet complaisance seems to have turned the head of the inflammable poet, who henceforth made no secret of his passion for the Queen. No doubt she discounted his raptures as the euphuistic exaggeration which poets were privileged to employ toward noble ladies at that period, but Chastelard was to prove them all too tragically—however idiotically—sincere. When the time came for the French visitors to return home, Chastelard, with lyrical reluctance, accompanied his patron, the Maréchal d'Anville; but before very long, he had found an excuse to be back in Scotland once more. His family were Huguenot, but he had been brought

up by the Montmorencis, and a religious war breaking out at this time, Chastelard escaped from the dilemma of having to choose sides between his co-religionists and his patrons, by gaining permission for this timely absence in Scotland. Meanwhile, he had not ceased to proclaim his hopeless love for the Queen in open talk as well as in sugared sonnets, and, as he passed through London on his way north, he was coxcomb enough to boast that he was going to Scotland "to see his lady love." Mary seems to have received him with a graciousness he was all too ready to misunderstand. "He is well entertained, and hath great confidence with the Queen," wrote Randolph, the English Ambassador, to Cecil, "riding upon the sorrel gelding that my Lord Robert (Stuart) gave her Grace." Politicians had their eye on the affair, as we shall presently see; and there were many to censure "the over-great familiarity that any such personage (as the Queen) showeth to so unworthy a creature and abject a varlet." We are told that he had, on his first audience, presented Mary with "a book of his own makings written in metre." This is probably those "Frenche Sonnattis in Writt" catalogued in Mary's library at Holyrood. This book is no longer in existence, and little or nothing of Chastelard's poetry seems to have found its way into print. Some few verses are to be found in Le Laboureur's "Additions" to Castelnau's *Memoirs*, Castelnau having been one, not the least brilliant, of Mary's escorts to Scotland. Here are the first and last verses of a lament which may well have been written, with the thought of Mary.

Adieu, prez, monts et plaines,
 Rochers, forêts et bois,
 Ruisseaux, fleuves, fontaines,
 Où perdre je m'en vois:
 D'une plainte incertaine
 De sanglots toute plaine,
 Je veux chanter
 La misérable peine
 Qui me fait lamenter

Ces buissons et ces arbres
 Qui sont autour de moy,

Ces rochers et ces marbres
 Scavent bien mon esmoy;
 Bref, rien de la nature,
 N'ignore la blessure,
 Fors seulement
 Toys, qui prends nourriture
 En mon cruel tourment.

Chastelard was, doubtless, all the more welcome at court, for being Mary's one remaining link with that "*joyeuseté*" of the Louvre forever lost to her; and, at all events, there seems to have been more godless "*joyeuseté*" at Holyrood than ever during this winter of his return in 1562; and John Knox is not the only authority for the statement that Mary's manners toward the infatuated poet were of a perilous familiarity and warmth. John Knox, however, is always so piquantly trenchant in his disapproval that he becomes attractive to quote by his very vehemence. "Amongst the minions of the court," he says, "there was one named Monsieur Chatelet, a Frenchman, that at that time passed all others in credit with the Queen. In dancing of the purpose—so term they that dance, in which man and woman talketh secretly; wise men would judge such fashions more like the bordell than to the comeliness of honest women—in this dance, the Queen chose Chatelet, and Chatelet took the Queen, for he had the best dress. All the winter Chatelet was so familiar in the Queen's cabinet, early and late, that scarcely could any of the nobility have access unto her. The Queen would lie upon Chatelet's shoulder, and sometimes privily would steal a kiss of his neck:—and all this," Knox adds with a fine snort, so to say, of ironical scorn, "was honest enough; for it was the gentle entreatment of a stranger."

Whether or not these dances, of which Knox has so much to say, really passed beyond decorum, is a doubtful question; but we may be very sure that a very little levity would go a long way with the great reformer—better versed in the wrath to come than in the pleasure-fashions of the moment; and it is probable that Mrs. Oliphant comes near the truth when she says, commenting on this passage: "Dancing was in those days the most decorous of performances: but if Mary had been proved to have

danced a stately 'pas seul' in a minuet, it was to Knox, who knew no better, as if she had indulged in the wildest bobbing of a country fair—nay, he would probably have thought the high-skipping rural performance by far the more innocent of the two."

Poor Mary's passion for dancing might almost be said to have been a matter of international politics in those days. Elizabeth, who was fond of it herself and jealous of Mary's much bruited charms and accomplishments, had asked the Scotch Ambassador Melville's opinion as to which was the better dancer, herself or Mary. Melville had answered, with Scotch caution, that they danced differently. "The Queen"—Mary—he said, "danced not so high and disposedly as Elizabeth did." Elizabeth, too, had asked if "his mistress played well." "Reasonably, as a Queen," had been his answer.

Though Knox and other such severe onlookers doubtless exaggerated Mary's levity, and unjustly, or ignorantly, put the worst construction upon it, there seems to be no question that her "entertainment" of Chastelard was such as a man wildly in love might too easily misunderstand and presume upon, though, had his eyes been less drugged, he might have noted that, in her moods of affectionate expansiveness, such favors as she showed him were somewhat indiscriminately lavished on all who pleased her, her young pages and her maids of honor alike. Mary, too, was unquestionably a born coquette, was avid of admiration, and unhappy unless she had everyone around her in love with her, unmindful of consequences. Chastelard, who had known her at the Court of France, should have been sufficiently forewarned against her "strange soft ways"; but he had "kissed the sea-witch on her eyes,"—"La belle dame sans merci" had him in thrall, and he was determined to win all or lose all on one desperate cast. What Knox sarcastically calls Mary's "gentle entreatment of a stranger" had wrought such madness in him that, on the night of February 12, 1562, while Mary was in conference with her Ministers Murray and Lethington, he secreted himself, fully armed with sword and dagger, in the Queen's bedchamber. There, before the Queen's retiring, he was discovered by her maids, who said nothing of his intrusion until the morning.

When Mary heard of it, she angrily ordered him from her presence; but apparently she must have consented to overlook his offence, for he was allowed to follow the Court, when, later in the day, it removed from Holyrood to St. Andrews. Alas! Mary's clemency seems to have further misled the love-crazed poet, for, on the following night, he repeated the same egregious offence. This time it was not to be overlooked, for the Queen's cries of alarm brought her attendants, followed presently by the grim Earl of Murray, all too glad, doubtless, in his heart, to have such colorable matter against the Queen—who had cried out on him to plunge his dagger in the intruder. But, according to Knox, his friend Murray was too God-fearing a man for such summary work. He promised that Chastelard should be brought to trial instead, and so the doomed poet, putting a gallant face on his tragic dilemma, was removed by the guards. Knox seems to have a sort of pity for "poor Chatelet," as he calls him, but perhaps his intention is rather to point his moral against the Queen, of whose levity, he hints, the poet was made the victim. He represents Murray as falling on his knees before Mary, and the scene proceeds in this fashion: " 'Madame, I beseech your Grace, cause me not to take the blood of this man upon me; your Grace has entreated him so familiarly before, that ye have offended all your nobility; and now if he shall be secretly slain at your own commandment, what shall the world judge of it? I shall bring him to the presence of justice, and let him suffer by law according to his deserving.' 'Oh,' said the queen, 'ye will never let him speak?' 'I shall do,' said he, 'madam, what in me lieth to save your honor.' "

Chastelard's shrift was short. This is Knox's account of the end: "Poor Chatelet was brought back from Kinghorn to St. Andrews, examined, put to an assize, and so beheaded the 22nd of February, 1562. He begged license to write to France the cause of his death, 'which,' said he, in his tongue, was 'Pour être trouvé en lieu trop suspect'; that is, 'Because I was found in a place too much suspected.' At the place of execution, when he saw that there was no remedy but death, he made a godly confession, and granted that his declining from the truth of God, and following of vanity and impiety, was justly recompensed

upon him. But in the end he concluded, looking unto the heavens, with these words, 'O cruelle dame!' that is, 'cruel mistress.' What that complaint imported, lovers may divine." "And so," concludes Knox with a Puritanical snuffle of satisfaction, and a final fling at the Queen, "received Chatelet the reward of his dancing; for he lacked his head, that his tongue should not utter the secrets of our Queen. 'Deliver us, O Lord, from the rage of such inordinate rulers.' "

Strange indeed as it seems to our modern notions, Mary was present at Chastelard's execution—the second lover she had seen die within six months for her sake. "Most lovely, but most cruel of her sex," had been Lord John Gordon's last cry to her, only a short while before; and now Chastelard takes farewell of her from the same scaffold in almost identical words. "Adieu to thee, so beautiful and so cruel—who kills me, and yet whom I shall never cease to love." So runs one version, slightly elaborating on Knox, as also on Brantôme, who was present at the execution, and supplements, or rather corrects, Knox's account of Chastelard's good end with a picturesque and appropriate variant. According to him it was not the consolations of religion that Chastelard found at the end, but the consolation of poetry, with a volume of Ronsard for his breviary. "Executed," says Brantôme, "for his presumption, and not for any crime (the presumption of Phaethon), he stood on the scaffold with the hymns of Ronsard in his hand, and for his eternal consolation, he read through the Hymn of Death, which is very well made, and very suitable to bring peace to the dying, seeking the support of no other spiritual book, nor any minister or confessor. Coming to an end of his reading, he turned towards the place where he believed the Queen to be, and cried aloud, 'Adieu, most beautiful and most cruel princess in the world!' And then, very calmly offering his neck to the executioner, he allowed himself to be dispatched with the utmost ease."

Years after, when Mary herself had come to the block at Fotheringay, there were those who had recalled Chastelard's last words, and Mary's cruelty in thus allowing him to die. Brantôme, however, would justify the Queen against such censure. "Some," he says, "have wished to discover why he had

called her so cruel—was it because she had had no pity on his love—or no pity on his life? But how was it possible to have shown that last? If, after her first pardon, she had pardoned him still a second time, she would have been entirely compromised; and so, to save her honor, it was necessary that the law should take its course.” There one cannot but feel speaks the man of sense, as well as the man of the world. Chastelard, as Brantôme had said, had played at Phaethon, and must take the consequences, as it must be admitted he did with courage and dignity and with a proper sense of that dramatic effect the occasion demanded.

There were those who hinted, and indeed said, what one cannot believe, nay! will not even think of believing, that there was political method in Chastelard’s madness, and that his tragic escapade was a deliberate affront put upon the Queen by her Huguenot enemies in France, with a view to fouling her good name with Philip of Spain, whose son was looked upon at that time as her possible husband. It is possible, indeed, that such enemies may, without his suspicion of their motives, have inflamed Chastelard’s passion and worked on his vanity for such hidden ends; but, tragic fool as Chastelard undoubtedly was, the whole picture we get of him forbids any such mean shadow upon his splendid folly. A glorious and graceful fool, maybe, but surely no worse than that; and one cannot but feel that the man who loved Mary so wildly that he was willing to give his life for a kiss compares well, after all, with a coarse, rough-riding Bothwell whose so-called love was not for Mary, but her throne. Standing there on his scaffold, with that volume of Ronsard in his hand, and his eyes with their last long look seeking his Queen, surely he cuts no such sorry figure, after all, and deserves his “place in the story.”

BALLAD OF A CHILD.

JOHN G. NEIHARDT

I

YEARLY thrilled the plum tree
With the mother-mood;
Every June the rose stock
Bore her wonder-child;
Every year the wheatlands
Reared a golden brood:
World of praying Rachels,
Heard and reconciled!

- "Poet," said the plum tree's
Singing white-and-green,
"What avails your mooning,
Can you fashion plums?"
"Dreamer," crooned the wheatland's
Rippling, vocal sheen,
"See my golden children
Marching as with drums!"

"By a god begotten,"
Hymned the sunning vine,
"Through my lyric children
Purple music flows!"
"Singer," breathed the rose bush,
"Are they not divine?
Have you any daughters
Mighty as a rose?"

Happy, happy mothers!
Cruel, cruel words!
Mine are ghostly children,
Haunting all the ways:

*Latent in the plum-bloom,
Calling through the birds,
Romping with the wheat-brood
In their shadow plays!*

*Gotten out of star-glint,
Mothered of the Moon;
Nurtured with the rose-scent;
Wild, elusive throng!
Something from the vine's dream
Crept into a tune;
Something of the wheat-drone
Echoed in a song!*

II

Once again the white fires
Smoked among the plums;
Once again the World-Joy
Burst the crimson bud;
Golden-bannered wheat-broods
Marched to fairy drums;
Once again the vineyard
Felt the Bacchic blood.

"Lo, he comes—the dreamer!"
Crooned the whitened boughs;
"Quick with vernal love-fires—
O at last he knows!
See the bursting plum-bloom
There above his brows!"
"Boaster!" breathed the rose bush,
"'Tis a budding rose!"

Droned the glinting acres,
"In his soul, mayhap,
Something like a wheat-dream
Quickens into shape!"

Sang the sunning vineyard,
"Lo, the lyric sap
Sets his heart a-throbbing
Like a purple grape!"

*Mother of the wheatlands,
Mother of the plums,
Mother of the vineyard,
All that loves and grows;
Such a living glory
To the dreamer comes—
Mystic as a wheat-song,
Mighty as a rose!*

*Star-glint, moon-glow,
Gathered in a mesh!
Spring-hope, white fire
By a kiss beguiled!
Something of the World-Joy
Dreaming into flesh!
Bird-song, vine-thrill
Quickened to a child!*

THE GARDEN OF RESURRECTION

BEING THE LOVE STORY OF AN UGLY MAN

E. TEMPLE THURSTON

BOOK I

CHAPTER IV (*Continued*)

A VISION of Clarissa thanking me grew formlessly into my mind. I gazed over Dandy's head into the fire. She was there. There was her little gown of canary-colored satin, the very shade of it, leaping and dancing with all the joy that I had brought. A very silly dream! I tried to put it out of my head. I turned to Moxon, asking him if ever in the course of our travels we had been to Ballysheen. He shook his head.

"Where is it, sir?"

"In Ireland."

He shook his head again.

"Why does it sound familiar to me then?" I asked.

He assumed the attitude of a Prime Minister in deep thought. I cannot say that I know what that attitude is; but it was the attitude I fancy I should assume if I were asked to play the part of a Prime Minister in an advertising world. It impressed me immensely. I felt that his mind was working at a Herculean task. It lasted a good two minutes. Dandy and I watched him with keen interest all the time. So much were we wrought up to the pitch in fact, that when it was all over and Moxon suddenly made a swift movement toward my desk, Dandy rushed at him, barking loudly. It says much for the histrionic powers of Moxon. I could have made some similar exhibition of emotion myself, but I am more reserved.

After a few moments' hunting about among my correspondence—letters I have kept over two or three years which I need

to refer to again—he produced an envelope and, in a triumph of silence, gave it into my hands.

I opened it. Then, when I saw the address stamped on the top of the note-paper, it all came back to me. The Rosary—Ballysheen.

“Why, Townshend!” said I.

Moxon inclined his head with dignity, like a conjurer who has produced the card from the hair of a lady in the audience.

“MY DEAR A. H.,” ran the letter, “The floods are all over and all our pools are stocked. We shall have the best season we’ve ever had. There’s a rod tired of hanging here for you. Come and flog the water for a week—only come at once. Yours—F. H. TOWNSHEND.”

“That was the 18th of April—two years ago,” said I.

“You didn’t go, sir.”

Of course I had not gone. Should I have forgotten Ballysheen if I had? That was the time we went to Algiers, and I glanced at Dandy.

“You can go to bed, Moxon,” said I, and therewith I sat down at my desk and pulled out a clean sheet of note-paper.

“Good night, sir.”

“Good night,” I answered, and I dipped my pen in the ink.

“MY DEAR F. H.,” I wrote, “If the fishing is anything like it was two years ago, may I come over and hold a rod in your honor? My doctor tells me I want a change and I am beginning to believe him; accordingly, when I happened on your letter of two years ago, I made up my mind to force your hospitality. If inconvenient don’t hesitate to say so.—Yours, A. H. BELLAIRS. P.S.—Are there two old maiden ladies in Ballysheen of the name of Fennell?”

When I had finished, I read it through. Could any man guess from that innocent little postscript, the mad errand I had in contemplation? I think I know now why women are such past-masters in the use of that particular form of letter writing. As a method of diplomacy, there is nothing to touch it. What you say in a postscript can have no possible significance to the man who reads it. Were it a matter of dignity alone, no one would admit to themselves that you had treated them with such

scant courtesy. No—that postscript was the one bright spot in my letter, and therewith I sealed it up.

When I came back to the fire, there was Dandy still staring at the leaping antics of the canary-colored flame. I sat down on the hearthrug and put one arm round his neck.

“You can see that satin gown, too, can you?” said I. Dandy blinked his eyes. “And do you think she’ll be grateful?” I went on. “Do you really imagine that any woman is grateful to a rank outsider for breaking her heart? It will break her heart, you know. She’s breaking it now, longing for her blue skies and her palm trees—but if we send her back there without him, it’ll break her heart altogether. Yet that’s what we shall have to do. We shall have to send her back again. What do you think about it all?”

Dandy yawned toward the fire, and the yellow flame danced higher than ever. At moments it looked as though it were going to leap up the chimney out of sight, yet always it came back into the heart of the fire once more like a spirit chained to the furnace.

Three days later there came a reply from Ballysheen.

“There’s not a fish in the water,” wrote Townshend. “But come all the same, you never know. Your company is as good as any twenty-pounder in the slackest of seasons.” “What, is he lonely, too?” I thought. “There are Miss Fennells here,” the letter continued, “but for God’s sake, don’t talk of them as old maiden ladies—Miss Teresa wears an orange-colored wig, so they say in Ballysheen—and she would have you know that at thirty-seven a woman is in her prime. I don’t promise you entertainment from them—but come anyway.”

And I am going. I have just rung the bell for Moxon, and Dandy already is beginning to lift his nose to the scent of adventure in the wind.

CHAPTER V

WHEN I woke up this morning—my first in Ballysheen—the sun was ablaze upon everything. Last evening I had driven over the nine miles from Youghal upon Quin’s car. Quin is the local baker, doing odd jobs as a jobbing-master besides. Then the

sky had been a sullen gray, no light or hope was there to be found in it as far as your eyes could see. Those long, lone, rutted roads were empty. Not a soul did we pass from the bridge over the Blackwater all the way to where the dense trees tunnel an entrance into the wee village of Ballysheen.

"Is it always as lonely as this over here?" I asked of Quin, whose eyes were set dreamily before him, as though in the little gap between the horse's ears he saw visions of a country we should never reach. "Are there never any people about on the roads?"

With a jerk he brought himself back into the present.

"Shure there are plenty of people in these parts," said he, "only they're in their cottages, the way 'tis misting."

I gathered that he meant raining. But it was not raining, wherefore I said as much.

"Ah—well it will," said he, in a tone of fatality. "Ye see them clouds over there to the west, 'tis always wet when they be coming up from there. D'ye see the way the cattle have got their backs turned to ut? Yirra, don't I know a wet day when I see wan!"

"But, my God!" said I. "It's six o'clock and it isn't wet yet!"

"Wait a while," he replied, equably, "it will," and he put up the collar of his coat to prove it.

That was my first, my very first, impression of Ireland. Here this morning there was not a cloud in the sky, the sun was a flaming torch in the heavens, there had not been a drop of rain all night, yet in the heart, in the very spirit of James Quin there had poured down a veritable deluge. And they would understand Ireland who talk of a nation of light-hearted men and women. I think we must have driven three more miles of our journey before I said another word after that. Speaking truth, the grayness of it, the endlessness of those walls of mud and stone, the passing sight of a roofless cottage, the very soul of its past habitation starved and dead within it, they had all combined to close about me in a dull, impenetrable despair. Despair, I will admit, that was not of my own. I was thinking of Clarissa. I could see her gazing forth from the window of her

prison, with those dark, Southern eyes of hers, gazing into that limitless mist of gray out of which, had a Banshee cried, upon my word, I should have felt no surprise.

Then from thought of her came the sudden wonder to my mind—how was I to help her? How, in the name of Heaven, set about the liberation of a woman who hugs to her heart the very chains that bind her? And not that obstacle only, but there were those two maiden aunts to face. It was then I turned once more to Quin.

“Who are the Miss Fennells who live in Ballysheen?” I asked.

“Is it Miss Mary and her sister, living at Janemount?”

“Are there others?” I inquired.

“There are not,” said he, “’tis enough for one village to be havin’ thim two. I wouldn’t drive thim on this carr, not if they was to go down on their four knees bended.”

“Why not?”

“Faith, they’d owe me for the job of ut for the rest of their lives.”

“Are they very poor?”

“Is ut poor?” he exclaimed. “Shure, they haven’t got what ’ud cover the palm of me wan hand with silver, an’ they dhrive to Lady O’Shea’s at the house on the cliff over, the way ye’d think the money was dhropping out av a sack with a hole in ut.”

“Is it a crime to be poor, then?” I asked.

“It is not,” said he; “but ’tis a crime to hide ut, the way ye can be ashamed of others who are.”

To meet fatalism and philosophy all in one day! I had not done as much in London in a year. But in Ireland, if Nature has not given you the one, a divine Providence invests you with the other. My friend Townshend, whom I have not met since our days together at Oxford, I find is a philosopher to his finger-tips. But his is a philosophy of the beauty of Nature, whereby he closes Her hand that she may not present him with the gift of fatalism too.

It was this morning when, finding the sun laughing in at my windows, shaming my laziness, I jumped out of bed, dressed and

went down into the garden. There was Townshend already before me, visiting his rose trees with an open pruning knife in his hand.

"I thought March——" I began.

He laughed.

"You're quite right," said he. "March for pruning—but all the rest of the year for love."

I stole a glance at him as he moved to another tree. This was the first swift insight I had received into his philosophy. Had he really got the secret of it—had he found Dandy's unsailable circle of contentment? One asks one's self these questions in a breath. If in the next breath they are not answered, they are gone. Now, in the next breath, the name of Dandy having but recently come into my mind, I lost sight of the spirit of his philosophy and began wondering where he was in the flesh. From wondering, I asked.

"On a morning like this," said Townshend, "where else would you expect?"

I shook my head.

"Out on the cliffs with Bellwattle."

I stared at him.

"In the name of God," said I, "who's that?"

"My wife. My name for her is Bellwattle. In a moment of exuberant spirits one day, she addressed me as Cruikshank. Why? For no reason. For less reason I returned her the compliment of Bellwattle. That at least was suggested by her name for me. What made her think of Cruikshank is more than I can tell you. She hasn't the faintest conception herself."

So I call them Cruikshank and Bellwattle. It seems in some odd way to fit in with the quaintness of their philosophy—this living to give to Nature in return for what Nature has to bestow on them.

Just before breakfast, then, came Dandy dancing attendance on Bellwattle. They had walked four miles.

She swung up the path from the gate with Dandy at her heels, and her step was as light as the morning. I had not even known until the night before that my host was married; yet as Dandy, seeing me for the first time that day, leapt thrice and

was at my knees, she gave me a smile and a cry of good morrow, and I felt we had been the best of friends for the better part of our lives.

"How about breakfast?" said Cruikshank.

Bellwattle nodded her head violently, waving a bunch of wild violets in her hand. I followed them slowly into the house. There was something on Dandy's mind which he had somehow or other to express.

"Well—what is it?" I said, and I caught one paw as he jumped up, so that he must walk upon his hind legs beside me. "What is it?"

He dragged at his paw until I set it free, and then he told me. He raced three times round one flower-bed and twice round another, with the sides of his body almost touching the ground, so incredible was the speed he made. When that was completed he came back and looked up at me with his tongue lolling out.

"I understand," said I. "I can feel it just the same. It's the country." Whereupon he started racing it all over again.

Of course, it is the moment that lives; never the hour or the day or the year. The moment is the nearest approach to the truth in our conception of Eternity. I have gone back in my mind since, over my stay at Ballysheen, and, though many a meal-time comes back to my memory with pleasure, that first breakfast stands out beyond them all.

The chintz curtains were drawn full back, the window was wide open. Marvellously muted by the distance came the tireless music of the sea, which plays upon its gentlest instruments when the day is still. From the farmyard over the way the strains of yet another orchestra touched at moments on our ears. Neither the one nor the other clashed, for Nature chooses her instrumentalists, not for what they *can* do, but for what they *must*. This is not only the secret of harmony, it is the secret of all music and all art.

I sat down at the table facing the window in silence. Upon the clean white cloth was placed their set of Worcester-pink, with the color of roses, such as we scarce know how to handle upon china now. In the middle of it all stood one great bowl of prim-roses.

The maid came in and placed a basin of porridge before me—porridge! Such as I had not eaten for years and years.

"I'll ask them to let me off this to-morrow," I said to myself. "But this being my first day, 'twere better manners to take it now and say nothing." Therefore, I took it; and what is more, I am glad I said nothing. When I looked up out of the window again, that basin was empty.

Half way through breakfast, Cruikshank suddenly looked up. He directed his gaze at me.

"What was that about the Miss Fennells?" said he.

For a moment I felt confusion in my cheeks. The barest instant it lasted, and then was gone; yet in that very instant Bellwattle's eyes had sought my face. When a woman has instinct—and when has she not?—her heart has seen long before her eyes are warned of it. The abruptness of her husband's question had presupposed confusion in both of us, wherefore, while I was confused, her eyes were ready to my face to find it. I would swear Cruikshank were as ignorant of it as a helpless babe, for when he had waited but a second for my answer, he began again.

"That letter you wrote me," said he. "When you asked——"

"Of course—I know—and in the postscript I wanted to know if they lived here."

"That's it."

I made an effort to let him leave it at that.

"All your eggs come from the farm, I suppose?" I hazarded.

"Yes; he won't let me keep chickens; they tear up the garden," said Bellwattle. "Bless their hearts—I think those little chickens—the tiny little yellow things——" The thought of them overwhelmed her.

Words failed, as they often did with her. She begged to be allowed to keep them next year; but Cruikshank shook his head.

"What was it you wanted to find out about the Miss Fennells?" he asked. His mind had clung tenaciously to its subject.

"Merely that I wanted to know if they lived here. I had heard them mentioned."

"They live at a house called Janemount," said Bellwattle. "I'll show it to you after breakfast."

CHAPTER VI

IN an affair of this kind it is best to keep one's own counsel. I find it necessary to warn myself in this fashion, for it has ever been that women have found an easy prey in me. I know, moreover, that Bellwattle is already curious of my confusion at breakfast. What she thinks it would be impossible to say; but that she has finally made up her mind about it, of that I am certain. Such a child of Nature as she is must have instinct alive in her to her finger-tips.

Doubtless, she imagines I am in love. Without the shadow of a doubt, she believes a woman to be in some way concerned. For here it is that women think more elementally, more simply and, therefore, nearer to the truth than their brothers. There is nothing that a lonely man can do, but what a woman will trace therein the influence of her sex. And it is damnable to have to admit it, but she is right.

Now with Cruikshank, whose mind is forever working in complicated theories about the grafting of roses and who, in his day at Oxford, was thought well of as a mathematician, with him and his highly elaborated intelligence, I know that I could trust myself all day. I might lead him a thousand times in the direction of Clarissa's prison, and he would never adjust the facts to a definite assumption of my behavior. It would not be so with Bellwattle.

As I left them after breakfast in the morning-room, Cruikshank said to me, "You know, I'm glad you thought of coming over for the fishing. From something I heard yesterday I believe we're going to have some fish up the stream after all."

I echoed most heartily that I was glad of it, and I left the room. But outside the door I stopped. There was a broad passage leading down to the hall door which stood wide open, and through a break in the trees, where stretched in the distance a sea of emerald, there stood the blood brown sail of a Kerry fishing-boat. I stopped to watch it, flapping its wings in an idle

breeze like a tortoise-shell butterfly in a green meadow. Then, as I suppose, thinking I had departed altogether, I heard Bellwattle's voice within the room.

"I like him very much," said she, for which silently I thanked her from the bottom of my heart. "But," she added, "what a pity he's so ugly."

Now, if there be those who do not follow from this how I knew that she had connected me at once in her mind with the mystery of some woman, I must leave it unexplained for the benefit of those who do. To give it words were to tangle it a thousand times. It is far too dainty for that.

I walked on then out into the garden, wandering up this path, down that. Everywhere there were those little sticks, neatly written on, marking the spots where seeds were in the earth.

And then it suddenly occurred to me how strange it was, how dearly does all humanity cling to life; for whereas in God's Acre the little slips of wood mark out the places where the dead lie buried, it is not so with man. In that little acre which, with such simple vanity, he calls his own, his garden, a man will plant his tiny slips of wood to mark the spot where life is hidden for a while; hidden, only to come forth and blossom for his happiness. When, then, I had thought so far as that, there came with a rush into my mind the words in Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*, "There are no dead," and suddenly I saw it all.

The body of a man holds a seed. Through life it ripens, as all seeds do. Then, when the sun has parched it dry and you would say "there is no life in it"; then comes the hand of God to lay it in the earth once more that it may flower again. . .

CHAPTER VII

BALLYSHEEN is one of those little villages, tucked in between high headlands, that lie along the south coast of Ireland. A Protestant rector, a parish priest and his curate shepherd the two or three hundred souls of which it is composed.

There is one street—so called—lined with those white or pink-washed cottages, all one storey in height, which are peculiar

to that corner of the world. For the most part they are occupied by fishermen; though here, there is Quin the baker, there, Foley the provision merchant and, distributed in other cottages down the street, you will find Linehan the cobbler, Tierney the town councillor and plumber, O'Shaughnessey the butcher, and last of all, achieving distinction by its proportions, the two-storeyed edifice belonging to the Royal Irish Constabulary.

Besides, and beyond the centre of this hive of activity, there are three lanes, all combining to meet toward that road which has been built up the side of the cliff and which, when at length necessity ceases for it to continue, dwindles into a winding cliff path that leads on and away to the wild headlands.

The few better-class houses, occupied by summer residents, or those who of necessity are compelled to live there the whole year round, are to be found variously situated. There is no fashionable quarter in Ballysheen. If you were to divide it up into quarters you might lose sight of it altogether. My friend Cruikshank lives in a house hidden away in a nest of trees that cluster round the Protestant church. Janemount, on the other hand, belonging to the Miss Fennells, is away on the very brow of the cliff road, just at that point where it tires of magnificence and becomes a little rambling path.

Apart then from the cottages and houses of better class, there are the Roman Catholic chapel, the Protestant church, the schools, the post-office—which is an ordinary cottage with two holes in it, one where you buy stamps, the other where you post letters—there is the lifeboat house and the court house, the latter used mostly by the butcher, and last of all, there is that record of forty years' stern and persistent agitation, the pier. Like a breakwater, it runs out some thirty yards or so into the sea, locking in a little strip of water where the fishing-boats lie at rest. For forty years they agitated for its construction and when, after a year's labor, the last block of cement was laid, the fishermen turned and looked into each other's faces.

"Shure, what in the name of God do we want a pier for?" they said. "If they'd had the sinse to buy us a few boats!"

But no one yet who has provided for Ireland has ever had the "sinse." Sense in fact is not the quality that is required.

One ounce of heart would do more for Ireland than a whole bushel load of sense. And the one man who had it, lost it to a woman! Is not that ever the way?

This then is Ballysheen. I feel I have discharged a duty in describing it, however poorly. In the first ten minutes as I walked with Bellwattle towards the Miss Fennells' house, I was able to absorb it all, to realize at the same time that I knew nothing whatever about it.

It is ever the people one must know; seldom the place. I made the acquaintance of three of them that morning. It was as we took the broad lane which connects the church road with that leading to the cliff, that we saw the figure of a man approaching us. At such distance he would have been undistinguishable to me, but Bellwattle knew him at once.

"Let's turn and go the other way through the village," said she.

I asked her why.

"Here comes General Ffrench. He's a most terrible bore. Directly he sees I'm with a visitor—a stranger—he'll want to be introduced. He'll force us to stop and speak to him."

"As you like," said I, but I was disappointed. I was not sure that anybody could bore me there. "What sort of a dog is that he has with him?" I added. It was a hazard, but it was my only chance.

"Is Pepper with him?" said she.

"If that black Aberdeen is Pepper—" said I.

I heard no more about turning back. She just told me to come along and I went. As we decreased the distance between us, Dandy began a-pricking of his ears.

I pointed to him as his tail set erect.

"I don't expect we shall be bored," said I.

She stooped down to take hold of Dandy's collar.

"P'raps they'll fight."

I shook my head. This was the first I was to see of Bellwattle in her moments of maternal fussiness. Where any animals, birds or insects are concerned, she becomes like a hen with a brood of chickens. Cruikshank tells me that when first he took her abroad, she shuddered and winced at every animal in the

streets. Whenever she saw a horse whose harness chafed a sore on its back, she bit her lip and clutched his arm.

"You mustn't look at them," said he.

"I can't help it," she replied. "I find myself looking out for them because I know they're there."

At last he gave it up in despair. There was no curing her.

"I suppose women must suffer," he concluded, as he told the little incident to me.

"If one might only say that of men," said I.

"And who is this General Ffrench?" I asked, as we walked along to meet him. "What regiments did he command?"

"Oh—he was only a Surgeon-General," said she.

"Then why not give him his proper title?"

"Not one of us has the courage, besides you forget the—the whatever-you-call-it that we get out of it. It's not only what he calls himself, it's what we want to call him. We should be very unhappy if we couldn't say—General Ffrench."

I bent my head in comprehension, just catching the twinkle in her eye.

"Am I to begin to understand Ireland from that?" I asked.

"I wouldn't begin, if I were you," said she.

And then she told me more about him, how he lived with his widowed sister, combining his pension with the fragile income her husband had left to her; how she, too, cultivated a garden, but one whose produce was designed to bring them in a steady, but scarce-appreciable profit through the summer months.

"She sends round a little girl," said Bellwattle, "who has a bunch of flowers in one hand which she holds—conspicuously do you call it?"

I nodded—what does a word matter one way or another? Language was a precious thing once when the few knew how to use it.

"Which she holds conspicuously in front of her. In the other, behind her back, she carries a basket of vegetables, peas and so on. She comes to the back door, and when it is opened she thrusts forward the flowers. 'These are from Mrs. Quigley,' she says, and then comes the hand with the basket of peas from behind her back."

"Therefore having taken the flowers," said I——

"Well naturally," said Bellwattle; "I wouldn't mind if I had to praise her for her peas, because they're really splendid. But one dare not mention them. They've been paid for. So I have to thank her for the flowers which are given, and they're nothing to what Cruikshank grows."

"Cruikshank grows the most beautiful flowers in the world," said I.

She looked at me out of the corner of one eye, which is her habit, always fearing that one has contrived to deceive her. If ever she finds that I have misled her in the use of that word—conspicuously—can I hope to regain her confidence then? But were women unable to forgive, where should we be? And not that only, but what would there be left for women to do?

The next moment, General Ffrench was bearing down upon us. Already he had raised his hat, in much the same fashion as you lift a lid from off a saucepan and, holding it there above his head, he came forward with the other hand stretched out and a weather eye upon me. Bellwattle knew her man. There was no getting away from this.

But, the moment I was introduced, she turned her attentions to Pepper. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw her formally introducing Dandy.

"Pepper," I heard her say, "this is Dandy," and they both glared at each other like two nations at war.

"You'll find this a quiet little spot," the General was saying to me, "a bit too quiet—eh—after London." It sounded to me like comparing Chicago to an oasis in the desert. "I find myself," he went on, "that it's too quiet sometimes—just a bit too quiet. I like the hum of the traffic—the hum—eh—that's what it was like when I was in London thirty years ago—sounded just like a hum."

"It has been called that," said I.

"It has? Well—I'm not surprised. I go to Dublin myself occasionally—just to see how the world's wagging. It's a change after this. I always say to my sister, Mrs. Quigley—you must come down and see us—I always say to her that the danger

of a place like this is that you get in a groove. Fatal thing, you know—fatal thing—a groove.”

“I don’t think you need fear that,” said I, “if you go to Dublin every year.”

“Well, I don’t go every year, not regularly; it’s an expensive place you know—Dublin—there are such a crowd of things to be seen, such a number of things to be done, and they all cost money. I was up there the time the old Queen came over—fine reception we gave her too—fine reception. I remember it as if it were yesterday.”

At this point he suddenly assumed that terrible attitude of the raconteur. I felt Bellwattle’s hand tugging gently at my coat.

“I beg your pardon, General Ffrench,” said I, and then I turned to her. “Are we keeping you?” I asked.

“I think I’d better be getting on,” said she.

“Tell me that another time then, will you?” I suggested. “I’ve often wanted to know what sort of a reception she really did get.”

“Thank you,” said Bellwattle, when we had passed out of hearing.

“Thank *you*,” said I. “Now tell me, has he ever been to Dublin since he gave the old Queen that magnificent reception?”

“Never.”

I looked back at his retreating figure. He was striding it nobly. Every action, every movement had in them the rigid discipline of the Service. Each simple thing he did was in time to the upward wave of the drum-stick. He then was one of the three I met that morning.

The other two were the Miss Fennells, the two maiden aunts whose existence I had first heard of in that far-away restaurant which seems to me now at the furthest end of the earth.

When Bellwattle touched my arm and said—“The Miss Fennells”—I felt the pulses quicken which evenly had been beating in me. The whole of that story then came back as though I had just heard it. The sound of the violins crept into my ears. I could hear the clatter of plates, see the faces of those two, that man and that woman, as they sat together drink-

ing their coffee. His barking laugh shouted suddenly at me out of the past; but last of all, Clarissa, in her gown of canary-colored satin.

And then I knew how, until that moment, it had never truly been real. I had dreamed it all until then; it had only been a story. But now these two prim figures, in costumes too extravagant to describe, the mere sight of them had made the story come true, had turned the dream into reality, and I began a-wondering why I had ever set out about the business at all.

I think Bellwattle must have been watching me, for suddenly she said—

“Would you rather we didn’t stop and talk to them?”

How do women know these things? She had taken it from my mind before my thoughts had found it. In another instant, had she not spoken, it would have been a conscious idea. I should have preferred not to have been introduced to them that morning. Then she put her question and, human nature being as it is, I said, “Oh no—by all means, let us stop. I want to meet them.”

Whereupon, in the next moment, there was made the second stage in my erratic journey. I was introduced in all solemnity to Miss Mary and Miss Teresa Fennell.

It is a distressing fact, when you come to describe a woman, to find that you know nothing whatever of the character of those garments which go to make her what she is. A hat or a bonnet mean but little—but little, unless you can trim them. The bonnet then which was worn by Miss Mary, the hat by Miss Teresa, must remain without description, for to trim them is absolutely beyond me. I can only tell of the little thought that occurred to my mind as I noticed them—the thought that the bonnet of Miss Mary was a gentle concession of years to the hat of Miss Teresa. There is hope left in a hat, even if it only exists in the mind of the head that wears it. God alone can tell what hopes lie buried beneath a bonnet; no man, I swear, could ever know.

The Miss Fennells, therefore, must describe themselves. Miss Teresa with her wealth of ruddy brown hair, her discreet allusions to the age at which a woman is at her best, her

pathetic little memories of the past, all of which go to prove that she cannot be more than thirty-seven, notwithstanding these obvious characteristics, Miss Teresa eludes me. Neither can I any the more describe Miss Mary.

It is personal bias that stands in my way. I think of their cruelty to Clarissa, and I can judge them from no other standpoint. It is as well then to leave it alone. Only the far-reaching and all-comprehensive eye can judge. I was prejudiced before I met them.

It was as I listened to Miss Mary, whose words hurry from her lips and remind me, in their simple anxiety to get out of her mouth, of children tumbling out of school, it was as I listened to her that I heard Bellwattle say to Miss Teresa——

“How is your invalid to-day?”

In a moment my hearing was alert, but the languid reply of Miss Teresa did not satisfy me.

“Much about the same,” she answered.

I was not content to let it go at that. With proper sympathy, I inquired of Miss Mary.

“You have an invalid in your house?” said I.

“Poor child—we have indeed,” replied she. “’Tis her eyes are very weak.”

“Is the doctor attending her?”

“Well—the doctor here is not. She’s after seeing a doctor in London and ’tis his instructions now that she’s following.”

“In what way are her eyes weak?” I asked, and I looked directly in her face.

With no intention to depreciate human nature, I say all men and women are liars, and with one striking difference between. Women are successful. With the utmost ease in the world, Miss Mary told me of this lovely child to whom her nephew was engaged to be married. With the most dexterous imagination she described how Clarissa’s ailment compelled her to be confined to the house in semi-darkness. How lovingly they cared for her and tended her—well, “it is not difficult for you to suppose,” said she.

“It is not,” said I. “But surely,” I added, “it must be bad for her to have no exercise.”

Oh—there were evenings, of course, when they took her out—just for a little walk along the cliffs. Even then they had to protect her eyes. The doctor in London had said she could not stand the light.

“What, light at night?” said I.

Miss Teresa touched Miss Mary’s arm.

“Have you got the letters?” she asked. There was no hurry about it. It was said quite gently; but it served its purpose. My question was never answered. The next moment they were continuing their way to the post-office. Bellwattle and I were left alone to the pursuit of our destination.

“Do you want to see where they live, now you’ve met them?” she asked.

“We might as well go that way,” I replied. “It leads to the walk round the cliffs, doesn’t it?”

She nodded and we walked on.

I knew the house, long before she stopped and pointed it out to me. It was just the prison, just the cage I had imagined it to be. In a little plot of land on the cliff’s edge it stood, looking out across the wide and lonely bay of Ballysheen. The sun was shining then, but I knew what it must be like on a lightless day. There was no garden, and the shrubs that partly surrounded the house were bent with the south-west wind. They looked like old witches stooping in the grass to gather simples. No creeper grew upon the walls. It was all a cold gray stone, and the windows stared and stared as though they ached with endless looking out to sea. Even with that sun burning in the sky, the water was not blue. I thought of the colors which must still be living, burning in the eyes of that little prisoner behind those walls, and with an effort I kept my exclamation to myself.

“Shall we go on?” said Bellwattle.

I acquiesced, but just as we were about to turn away, I saw the curtains in an upper window move. For one instant they were pulled aside and a face that surprised me with its paleness peeped out.

I stopped, waiting to see more, hoping that I should really behold Clarissa for the first time and then, as the curtains fell together again, I turned to look at Bellwattle and found her watching me.

CHAPTER VIII

AT the bottom of the garden, I sat out under the hedge of nut trees this afternoon and did my best to formulate a plan of action. Dandy sat on the ground before me, staring up into my face. He knew I was thinking deeply and, though he would not have disturbed me for the world, I saw that he was offering me his assistance. It consists of a rapt and undivided attention while I speak aloud whatever comes first into my head. There are but few occasions when I refuse his offer. I accepted it then.

"This requires strenuous concentration," said I, whereupon I began to let my eyes wander up the garden to where Cruikshank was seeing to his raspberry canes.

He really should have been called Adam. Cruikshank is no proper name for him. For that matter, she might with better reason have been called Eve. They are just a man and woman in a garden and, so far as I know, there is no tree within its high stone walls, the fruit of which they may not touch. It would have saved a deal of trouble had the garden of Eden been like this.

As I looked back, I caught Dandy's eye. It was reminding me that I was letting concentration go with the wind. That wind always springs up when I attempt anything in the nature of concentration. I know so well the tune of it. So sure as I set my mind to some definite contemplation, it plays the prettiest of fancies in my ears.

"Well, then," said I, with an effort, "what's to be done? There are a thousand difficulties. First of all, she is never alone, except in that little cage of hers with its drab white muslin curtains. If we meet her on the cliffs at night, there are the Miss Fennells guarding her with their escort. There is no possibility of seeing her in the house. But last of all——" and here I bent down, looking Dandy squarely in the eyes—"what right have we to interfere when the God of a Thousand Circumstances makes up His mind to break a woman's heart?"

Now Dandy knows nothing of the God of a Thousand Circumstances. The only God he honors is that of Chance, where-

fore and on that score he answered my question as best he could. There was a sudden rustling in the long grass under the nut trees, whereat he pricked his ears and all his body stiffened to the sound. The next instant a large rat crept out of the bushes, and Dandy was after him. I made no objection. He never catches them. For a few minutes he rushes wildly in many directions, digs up innumerable things that have nothing whatever to do with it, and behaves generally as though life were a whirlwind, of which he is the centre and all-important force. After that, he comes back quietly once more to me, and sitting down says—

“I might have caught him. I got very near. I don’t often miss them like that. I was really too clever for him; that’s how he got away.”

Then a scarlet tongue comes out and he licks his lips. It proves conclusively to me how near he did get. He always does; that is why I raise no objections. It puts him in excellent mood, and, I imagine, has a way of teaching the rat that fitness is a quality never to be despised in this world.

I waited on this occasion till it was quite over. Then Dandy came back and told me all about it, right through, without any variation, even to the licking of the lips.

“So that’s your answer,” said I. “Have no truck with the God of Circumstance. Follow the God of Chance.”

It was the best advice he could have given me. Adventure makes a man of one. I had set forth upon mine and there was no sense in turning back because I had come to a passage at arms with difficulty in the very first stage of the journey. Here was this child, friendless, at the mercy of two gaolers in whose possession were all the bolts of prejudice wherewith to keep her locked away. There was no appealing to the kindlier nature of the two Miss Fennells. There was no telling them the truth of that nephew on whom all their hopes were centred. Then how to prove to this little prisoner that she had a friend waiting outside the walls of her fortress, ready to help her, if she would but accept help, ready to save her from herself and all the relentless consequences of the step she was about to take? How to prove to her that she had need of a friend at all? Would she

believe it? Would she ever take the word of an utter stranger against the promises of the man she loved? Not if I had any knowledge of women at all.

"But plain knowledge never won or lost an adventure yet," said I, and Dandy looked up with a vast amount of appreciation into my face. He entirely agreed with me there. "We must write to her," I went on. "Contrive to meet her one of these nights on the cliffs—give her the letter, make some effort to see her alone and tell her—tell her everything—tell her to go back to her blue skies and her sunshine where she can bury those black grave cloths, the garments of a civilized community, and take out her gown of canary-colored satin once more."

Having made up our minds to this, we went into the house and began the inditing of a letter to Clarissa. It was at this point that Dandy lost interest. He will give me the full of his attention so long as I talk to him; but it is more than he can stand when I take up a pen and, except for the scratching of it on the paper, sit in silence at my table. The sound of scratching, to begin with, annoys him; then, again, although he has tried, he cannot understand one word of what I write. On these occasions, he wanders aimlessly round the room, coming back at intervals to my chair to try and catch my eye. Failing many times in this, he at last throws himself in despair upon the hearth-rug where, lying with his nose between his two fore-paws, he day-dreams—dreams of past adventures in which he figures as the hero, and I, if indeed I appear in them at all, am just a super on an over-crowded stage. He behaved no differently this morning, except that as I sat down and dipped my pen in the ink, he yawned. He had never done that before. I took no notice. I wrote my letter. Here is what I said:

"CLARISSA,—I know your eyes are not bad. I know all about it. I have seen him in London and I want to tell you something. Can you manage to meet me one evening round the cliffs? Try and think how you can arrange it. I must see you alone."

I did not sign it because I had determined that if it were to be delivered at all, it must be with my own hands. But how? It had all the difficulties attached to it as I remember having

experienced when I was a boy at school. At church where we went every Sunday, there attended also a neighboring school of girls. It was my fortune that one of them should catch my eye. From Sunday to Sunday those glances continued, till at last they held a smile. She smiled at me. I could hardly believe it to be true. Again I looked and again she smiled. Then I remember how I tore from my hymn-book that page containing the hymn:

“ Can a woman’s tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.”

And in the fulness of my heart, believing it to convey all my sentiments far better than I could ever have expressed them myself, I marked the last line deeply with pencil, meaning to give it her at the very first opportunity. But how? I have never found out to this day. Shall I ever find out the way to give this letter to Clarissa?

CHAPTER IX

A LITTLE comedy was played here yesterday, here in the garden—in our garden. I call it ours for, as the days go by in the company of Cruikshank and his Bellwattle, there grows more and more into my mind the belief that theirs is the only way of living. Wherefore, in my vainest imaginings, I share the garden with them, calling it ours to give a flavor of reality to the conceit.

I was not present when this little play was enacted, nor indeed should I have perceived the full comedy of it had I been there. Bellwattle, Dandy and I were away round the first head of the cliffs where the gulls were wheeling, forever wheeling, up against the wind.

Cruikshank told us about it afterwards. He was working, it appears, in the garden—when, indeed, is he not? There is so much for a gardener to be doing at this time of the year;

indeed, there is so much for him to be doing that I come to think he is one of the busiest men I know.

"The earth is a bed," Cruikshank said to me once, "that always needs making."

I suppose he is right. The princesses who sleep there till the morning of summer calls them to get up, show all the tenderness of flesh that betokens a real princess. Their beds must be made every day. One pea beneath innumerable mattresses would bruise their delicate skins. What wonderful employment, then, to be master of the bed-chamber, mistress of the robes, comptroller of the household—all rolled into one—and this to princesses whom you believe to be the most beautiful in the world.

Cruikshank, therefore, was making the beds, shaking the coverlet of earth so lightly as never to disturb the sleepers beneath. It was while he was working, he said, that he became aware of the approach of General Ffrench. The old gentleman came up the little drive from the gate that opens on to the road. He was walking timidly, as though he knew that at such a time in the morning it were an intrusion to visit one's friends. Much of that military bearing of his was gone. His shoulders were bent and his head thrust forward as he glanced suspiciously about him.

For a while Cruikshank watched him unperceived; then, when at length the old gentleman saw he was observed, he tried to straighten himself, to bring into his appearance that heartiness of manner characteristic of his whole bearing as a soldier.

"Good morning, good morning!" said he.

"Good morning," replied Cruikshank, adding an oath of annoyance below his breath as he went on working. These morning visits were very frequent affairs, and I suppose even gardeners object to interruption in their work.

"I just came up," said the old gentleman, "to have a talk with your friend—let me see, did I catch his name rightly the other day?"

"Bellairs," said Cruikshank, shortly. I can guess how he said it. There is that suggestion about his manner when he is making his beds that you might expect to find in any master of a

bed-chamber. He moves, as it were, with a finger to his lips, as though he feared the faintest disturbance to the sleep of his princesses. When he consents to speech it is abrupt, and uncomfortably discouraging. The General, I can imagine, however, is not built of that fine fibre which can appreciate it.

"Oh, yes! Bellairs!" said he, overjoyed to find that his memory still served him well. "I just came up to have a talk with him. He was interested the other day in hearing that I was up in Dublin when we received the old Queen."

"He's out," said Cruikshank. "You'll find him round the cliffs with my wife."

Doubtless Cruikshank hoped that that would make an end of the matter. But he knows nothing of human beings, young or old. I could have told him differently. I know the type so well. My own father is one of them. His resources for wasting time are infinite. No doubt the same could be said of me. I am a lazy devil. But at least it is my own time I waste. With such men as my father and General Ffrench their sin is that they waste the precious time of others.

To be told, then, that I was out, to be given careful instructions as to where I was, had no power to move the old gentleman one step upon the journey to find me. He was out upon that war-path which all garrulous old men pursue. It mattered but little to him who was his victim. And besides all that, it was Cruikshank really whom he wanted to see; wherefore, altering his position from one foot to the other, he began again on another score.

For how long he dragged the weight of the conversation from one point to another I do not know. It must have been entirely by his own exertions. I can conceive the sort of help that Cruikshank would give him. He brought it at last, however, to the subject he desired. He spoke of the forcing of plants and then the forcing of fruits. He spoke quite eloquently, Cruikshank told us, but there was a strain of nervousness in all that he said which even my gardener, my comptroller of the household, was constrained to notice.

"I felt," said Cruikshank to us afterwards, "as if something were coming."

He was quite right. Something did come. Out of the depths of his side pockets the old gentleman produced four partially ripe tomatoes.

"Well, you don't believe in forcing," said he; "but what do you think of these? We forced these in our little green-house. Quite a number of them." And he handed the whole lot into Cruikshank's hands.

"But why did you pick them before they were ripe?"

"Oh, they'll ripen," said he, easily; "you put them in a warm room in the window where they'll catch the sun. You'll be able to eat them in less than a week."

Now, there was a delicacy of insinuation about all this, far more delicate and subtle than the little girl with the basket of vegetables in one hand and a gift of flowers in the other. Those tomatoes were the property of Mrs. Quigley. Was this a present from her? Was he meant to keep them and ripen and eat them? Was he to buy them, giving the money for their purchase then and there? What, in the name of Heaven, was he to do?

Cruikshank is no hand at these delicate situations. He just stood, so he told us, with his hands full of tomatoes, as much at a loss for action as he was for words.

"They seem very good," said he, at last, "but isn't it a pity to have picked them before they were quite ripe?" And then he was for handing them back, for getting rid of them as quickly as he could.

But the old gentleman was far too wary for that. He took a step backwards. He even went so far as to thrust his hands deep into his pockets.

"No, no, you keep them," said he, "put 'em in a window, they'll ripen. But don't say anything to my sister about them. She agrees with you. She doesn't like 'em picked before they're ripe. Don't say anything to her. I only saw them this morning, and knowing you'd got a visitor I thought they might be just a little—you know—dainty. You don't get tomatoes, not fresh like those, at this time of the year."

And then, standing back yet another step, his head on one side regarding the magnificence of his gift, he paused.

"How much did you give him for them?" we asked, when he had told us so far.

"My God!" said Cruikshank. "I didn't give him anything. He'd brought them as a gift. I suppose he'd stolen them out of his sister's hot-house, but I couldn't refuse them on that score. It would have offended him still more if I'd offered him payment."

I picked up one of the tomatoes that was lying on the table. It was as hard as a bullet.

"What a pity it is," said I, "that you don't study human nature. He was badly in need of some money."

"He's run out of cartridges," said Bellwattle. "I'm very glad you didn't give him anything. Now he can't shoot the rabbits down in Power's field."

"Is he as poor as that?" I asked.

"Lord, yes," said Cruikshank. "I've known him save up his last cartridge for days."

"I expect that's it, then," said I. "He's run out of cartridges."

Bellwattle put her arm round Cruikshank's neck.

"You've saved twelve little bunny rabbits," said she.

"But I haven't," he replied. "I can see it now. When he was going, he stopped just before he got to the gate and called out that he was going to the post."

"'Can you lend me a shilling?' he said; 'I've forgotten my purse.'"

"And you lent it to him!" cried Bellwattle.

Cruikshank nodded his head.

"You'd better count that given," said I. "It was the price of the tomatoes."

CHAPTER X

CLARISSA has got my letter! But that is not all. I delivered it myself. I have met Clarissa, have talked with her, have passed that third stage in my journey which an odd week or so ago I would not have credited as possible.

Oh, but you will laugh when you hear the little that I said

to her—the little indeed that she said to me. Yet it is the beginning. She still has my letter to read. I find myself gazing into distances which I never knew of, seeking for the answer she will give.

It came about much as I had expected; more easily, too, for the matter of that. And the longer I keep my secret to myself, the more confident am I that Bellwattle knows all about it. Does she speak to her husband, I wonder? Somehow I think not. The days go by. The hope of fish in the river becomes more and more remote. Cruikshank works on solemnly in his garden and never says a word to me questioning why I remain. Perhaps that is because she has told him. Yet is he ever actor enough to keep it so stubbornly to himself? He may be. Possibly I do not know the nature of these gardeners. There may be depths in Cruikshank's mind which I have never fathomed.

Whether that be the case or no, Bellwattle guesses. I am quite sure of that. A thousand times I have been so eager to know the nature of her guessing that I have well-nigh told her all. It has been on the end of my tongue when a sudden timidity has caught it back. And now that I have met Clarissa, the timidity is no less. It is more.

Three nights in succession, Bellwattle and I have been out in a fruitless search upon the cliffs. Not a soul have we seen. I have even begun to wonder whether the Miss Fennells were made suspicious by the questions I had asked, for on each occasion a light was shining in Clarissa's room and not a sign of movement came from within the house.

"I thought," said Bellwattle, on the third evening, "I thought the Miss Fennells said they took their invalid out for a walk when it was dark."

I did not look at her. I knew she was looking at me.

"So they said," I replied.

"I'm rather curious to see that invalid," she went on; "they say in the village here that she's not an invalid at all."

"What then?" I asked.

"Oh—all sorts of stories. Tierney told me the other day—Tierney is our town-councillor and plumber. As a human being he lets the drains get into disorder—as a town-councillor he

gives himself the contract to see to them, and as a plumber he partly puts them right. You ought to meet him. But he told me that she was a black from the West Indies."

"How did he know that?" I asked, quickly, and the next moment I saw how my words must imply knowledge to her.

"He doesn't know it," said she. "Why should he? Isn't it when people don't know things that they talk about them?"

I laughed. If she applies that little piece of wisdom to me who say nothing, can there be any doubt but that she guesses at the truth?

"But what makes your friend Tierney suppose anything so extravagant as a black from the West Indies?" I asked.

She raised her eyebrows, which, in its way, is just as expressive as shrugging one's shoulders.

"I think the Miss Fennells have given it out that she comes from America, and if you think of the veil she wears always and the fact that no one in Ballysheen has ever seen her face, you've got enough to make people in a small Irish village say far more extravagant things than that. Mind you, I don't believe what Tierney says. I shouldn't be a bit surprised to find that she is beautiful."

That very nearly drew me; but not quite. I know she is beautiful. Not because I have that young man's word for it. I see her beautiful, as that type nearly always is. Every time the name Clarissa finds its way into my thoughts, there creeps in with it a picture which eludes all description of outline. I see a dim vision of deep dark eyes set in that faint blue-white—the white of old china he called it. God knows I thank him for nothing, unless it be for that. She has an olive skin, so tenderly touched with those southern suns that ivory might match it. Her mouth is sad, for when the God of a Thousand Circumstances takes a woman in His grasp, He lets fall two drops of sorrow in her eyes and moulds her lips to His own making. Then her hair I know is black; but in the blackness of it I can see a light of brown as though it once had caught a sun ray in its net and caged it there forever.

More clear a vision than this, the picture of Clarissa denies me. I shall know her no better when I see her face than I

know her already now; yet something dreads me to think of that first moment when she removes her veil. The dread is not that I shall see her. The look in that little nursery maid's eyes, in many another woman's face as well, comes quickly into my mind and I know it is the dread that she will see me.

Is it from such men as I that women take advice? Sometimes I am afraid she will not listen to me, that she will never go back to her sunny islands; that she will let herself be taken into the heart of that underworld where her lover has the substance of his being, and there will be a still deeper sorrow, a greater trouble than before, which she will never bring to me.

It was a sore temptation then to tell Bellwattle how beautiful I knew Clarissa to be. But I resisted it, and we returned that third evening without reward. It was the very next night, however, that our patience bore fruit.

"Are you two always going to go out in the evening?" asked Cruikshank, when we looked into the room to give him a friendly nod of the head.

"Come with us," said Bellwattle.

He shook us a negative, and I thought for the moment, I could not tell you why, that he was not happy; that somewhere in his philosophy, a link was loosened that made the whole chain weak.

"Do come," I said.

But he shook his head again.

"I've got this book to read," said he. "A man's more than a dog in the manger. He's not contented with the sole occupation of his stall; he wants other dogs to sit by and envy him. Out you go."

And out we went, but it was cold that night and, coming back to get a shawl for Bellwattle, I saw Cruikshank through a break in the curtains. His book was laid down upon the table and his face was hidden in his hands.

"There is no sense in disturbing a man when he's like that," I said to myself, but it fell heavily on my mind and I wondered whether any man's philosophy were complete.

When I came back to Bellwattle I said nothing. A man's wife knows more of him than does any outsider, and to ask her

questions is only to put oneself further from the truth. Until we came to the Miss Fennells' house, we walked in silence. It was then, when I saw no light in Clarissa's window, that I felt the first intimation of what might soon be accomplished in the progress of my journey, and my hand went to my pocket to see that the letter was there.

"They've gone to bed early this evening," said Bellwattle, whereby I knew that the same thought had crossed her mind as well.

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"The light in that upper window. It's usually lit at this time. P'raps they've gone out for their walk."

I agreed that it was possible, but I said no more. She saw from my manner then, no doubt, that it was useless to try and draw me further, wherefore, as a woman will, she shot away at a tangent and talked of London, that I might think the matter no longer interested her. She asked me what I did with my days.

I could not help but laugh at her question.

"Ask me what the days do with me," said I; "they are my masters, not I theirs."

"You do nothing?"

"Nothing that can be called anything. When a man is situated in life as I am, having been brought up to no profession, supported by a father whose support would be generous were it not that he gives as little as he can, when a man is situated like that, to do nothing is an art which needs the most exhausting study, in which so many are failures that you may count the successes on the fingers of your one hand."

"And you've succeeded?" said she.

"It's the only pride I have," said I. "There are not many men in London who can do nothing so well as I can on fifteen hundred a year."

"And you've no ambition to do anything else?"

"There's only one ambition," I replied, "only one worth the having."

"What's that?"

"To do something for someone else."

"Well?" said she, expectantly.

"Well!" I answered.

"What's to prevent you being ambitious?" she asked.

"The fact," said I, "that there is no one else."

She stopped for a moment, and looked down the cliff-side where Dandy was worrying himself with a rabbit hole. Hearing the cessation of our voices he looked up, and his nose was comical with red earth.

She laughed at him and then she said: "Isn't Dandy someone?"

"I'm constrained to find him everybody," said I.

She looked at me queerly for a moment—no, not queerly, for in her eyes, as it were, I felt the touch of her hand and why, I cannot tell you, for she is twenty-seven and I am forty-three, but a thought of my mother in no special sense just passed across my mind. Possibly it was because no woman has looked at me like that since she was alive; or maybe it was a sentimental imagination. The best thoughts we have, the best emotions, so I am told, are only sentimentality.

I could not tell you how long that glance of hers had lasted when out of the silence, which, like a tireless sentinel, stands guard upon those cliffs, there came the sound of nearing voices. They drew closer out of the immense stillness as figures come toward you out of a mist. We turned for an instant in their direction, and then as Dandy, hearing them too, rushed up the cliff and off into the darkness, barking wildly, Bellwattle looked at me and whispered——

"These are the Miss Fennells," and she laid her fingers tight about my wrist.

I knew then that what I had felt in her eyes was true. It had been the touch of her hand.

(To be continued)

EDITORIAL NOTES

WE Americans, conscious of our achievements, proud of the principles for which we stand, and inalienably attached to republican institutions and customs, have rather a habit of assuming that all is for the best in the best of all possible countries, and that the customs and institutions of other nations are more or less regrettable, or even ludicrous, where they differ from our own. Yet a little quiet reflection and comparison might show that there are lessons which we have not yet learnt, but which we shall have to learn; amongst them, that we should be as frank with ourselves as we are habitually with other people. And frankness is not incompatible with courtesy. For instance, it is right to point out the increasing tendency here, with the phenomenal increase in wealth, toward ostentation and extravagant luxury; but it is merely silly to assume, as several of our so-called leading journalists assumed recently, that the majority of wealthy Americans are "snobs"; and that the large number who chose to be present during the Coronation in London were drawn there by sycophancy and the desire to fawn on royalty and its retinue. There is no valid reason why an American should not be present at any great historical pageant, whether it be a Coronation in London, or a Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York.

* * *

ONE of these journalists, a man of great ability, but unfortunately limited and provincial in his outlook, took advantage of the opportunity to sneer patronizingly, and without provocation, at the Head of a friendly State. The moment, at the best, was unpropitious; but the incident was not without value, if only as an example of bad manners. Americans do not need to be told that they are supposed to believe in democratic institutions, and that they regard kings and emperors as survivals from mediæval conditions, destined to pass peacefully away in the near future. But a European would naturally smile at the implied criticism; for it ill becomes an American to thrust republican doctrines upon other countries before he has established

them at home. And though Americans are republicans, America is not a Republic. It has the forms of one, the possibilities, the outward appearance: everything except the fact. But the country is not governed by the people: it is misgoverned by the parasites. And until we set our own house in order, it would seem more appropriate to refrain from dictating to other nations, where, at least, the Government is directly responsible to the people; where laws are made to be obeyed, not ignored or evaded; and where such a legislative scandal as has lately been exhibited, for example, at Albany, would provoke a revolution, and not a shrug of the shoulders.

* * *

THE time for affectation is over. There are too many citizens now who believe in truth and integrity in public affairs, to permit the continuance of such a travesty as the United States has presented to all who see clearly and think logically. Ignorant and self-seeking "bosses" have been placed in power, partly through the influence of the large alien vote not yet identified with the true interests of the country. The standard of dishonesty that they have set up has vitiated public sentiment and caused politics and "graft" to be regarded as almost inseparable terms. It is inconceivable that the people, who have the absolute remedy in their own hands, will remain so stupid or so degraded that they will permit this disgrace to continue. If they do, it will be necessary to point out to them that power persistently abused should be forfeited. The principle of the "recall" can be applied to the incompetent or dishonest official. But what principle can be applied to the incompetent or dishonest voter, who makes and unmakes all the officials; who is responsible for all the misgovernment and shameless exploiting that no exposure seems able to affect?

* * *

THE nation is to be congratulated on the further extension of the "safe and sane" movement for the Fourth of July, with the significant reduction in the lists of deaths and injuries. The reform was one of those obvious and simple ones which at first appear so difficult, until public opinion is guided and focussed

by some clear thinker, unafraid of temporary obstacles. Yet there is still one type of dangerous stupidity which is always with us—the stupidity which finds delight in firing “unloaded” guns with fatal effects. It is a pity that those who are afflicted with this mania cannot be taught to verify the fact of the gun being “unloaded” by taking the simple and satisfactory precaution of experimenting on themselves—and so perform a double service to the State.

* * *

PERSONALITY seems more important here than achievement. It is not possible to point to many of our public men who have a valuable record of service to the country. At the best, the majority of them have merely “kept things going”; they have carried out their bargains with the “bosses” and party leaders, and so fulfilled the main purpose of their election. But few of them have made any attempt to do things worth while; to see a little beyond the moment; to conduct an administration for the real and permanent benefit of the people. Yet several of these men have built up considerable reputations by merely asserting from time to time that they were successful and practical. Analyze these statements, and they resolve themselves into insignificance. But self-complacency continues in the ascendant. To temporize is ever the plan of the weak man who imagines that he is strong, that he comprehends human nature and must make reasonable concessions. And so the policy of *laissez-faire* continues, with the crime and shame and destitution that are its inevitable corollaries.

* * *

To take one definite question that has been raised before in these columns—not an easy question, but one pressing everywhere for strong and unhypocritical handling: In all the cities of the United States, from North to South, East to West, what is called the social evil continues flagrantly and unchecked. There are special places devoted to its service—low-class cafés and dance halls, disorderly houses and hotels openly conducted for immoral purposes, and requiring but the slightest investigation on the part of the police to secure incontrovertible evidence. These resorts are not hidden shamefacedly in gloomy and se-

cluded districts; they do not hide their light beneath a bushel; but they flaunt it, red and unmistakable, in frequented highways. It is nonsense to assert that the police do not know these places, and know thoroughly well their meaning and illegality. But instructions have evidently been issued by those in authority. Why? Who is getting the money which is paid for protection by the scoundrels engaged in this pitiable traffic? The various mayors and authorities may assert that there always has been, and always will be, a social evil. Undoubtedly there will be, if those responsible for suppressing it are willing to take bribes for a tacit "permit." And those who are more honest among them might at least have the courage of their convictions, and state clearly what they think and desire, instead of glozing over their sentiments with euphemisms. Let all who believe in the inevitability of the traffic say so; let them assume responsibility for it, and regulate it. At any rate, they will save tens of thousands of the unguilty from contamination and destruction, until a finer generation shall see that the whole ghastly thing is intolerable and inexcusable. In the meantime, there remains the definite fact that these people are illegally protected in every city, because they pay for protection. Is there no public opinion capable of demanding, and enforcing the demand, that the hypocrites who grow wealthy on these bribes shall be exposed and punished? It would save trouble if the chief executive of each city were held responsible. He either knows, or ought to know, what is being done by his subordinates.

* * *

THE British Constitution is being remodelled to suit modern ideas, and one cannot cavil at progress, though the revolutionary methods adopted by Mr. Asquith may lead to reprisals and disorganization in the future. It does not say much for the patriotism and intelligence of the leaders, either of the Government or of the Opposition, that they should have been unable to come to a reasonable agreement on a matter of such grave and far-reaching importance. They have degraded an Imperial question into an affair of partisanship and prejudice. The general sense of the public has been unquestionably in favor of

reform, and it should have been obvious to the Unionists that it was wiser to take occasion by the hand, and enlarge the bounds of freedom. It should have been equally obvious to the Liberals that, though they were entirely justified in opposing the conditions which had handicapped their programmes and restricted their legislation, they were scarcely justified in establishing a precedent of mere coercion. It would be difficult to maintain that the creation of five hundred Peers comes within the spirit of the Constitution. To obtain a majority by almost doubling the membership of the Upper House is not a permissible party manœuvre. It is a revolution, and should be frankly recognized and treated as a revolution. The end, of course, is not merely desirable; it is necessary. The House of Lords must be brought into closer touch with the will of the people. But the means are ill-advised. Government by *coups d'état* is a dangerous procedure and rarely leads to stable and beneficial results.

* * *

IN this connection it is difficult not to notice the trend toward complexity of British administrative measures. The simplicity which is a sign of genius is rarely discoverable. For generations different Governments have vied with each other in creating new areas, new units for local affairs, new and over-lapping authorities. County councils, borough and town councils, rural sanitary districts, Poor Law Boards, Boards of Education, parliamentary electoral divisions, police and judicial districts, and so on, have presented a jumble of patchwork arrangements, the needs of each moment and each new measure being considered—until lately—with little reference to existing conditions. This tendency to bungle, to compromise, to avoid clearness, directness and symmetry, is seen in the belated attempt of the House of Lords to reform itself. Still more areas were to be defined, and the members of Parliament from each district were to elect a certain number of Peers. Other representatives, with special qualifications, were to be elected by the whole peerage; still others were to be nominated by the Government, in proportions representing the numerical state of parties in the House of Commons. And in the whole feeble scheme there

was no sign of a permanent principle, no note of simplicity and effectiveness. One would have thought that in an assembly containing such men as Lord Rosebery there would have been sufficient foresight to seize the one vital opportunity which would have enabled the discredited House to recover some of its lost prestige and emerge with dignity from a critical situation; if the Constitution were being remoulded, the operation might have been made more Imperial, and some degree of representation allotted to the Over-Seas Dominions. But the opportunity has been lost. Indeed, the incompetence of the House of Lords was never more clearly demonstrated than in its final floundering attempts to avert the results of its previous misuse of its powers and great opportunities.

* * *

THE recent shipping strike, scarcely perceptible here, caused grave disturbances in England and some of the Continental ports. It is not necessary to discuss now the merits of a dispute that is ended; but, though there are many changes in a generation, the following passage, written nearly twenty-eight years ago by Francis Adams, is still interesting as showing the conditions from which men have tried to emerge:

“The spectacle of the life of the London dock laborers is one of the most terrible examples of the logical outcome of the present social system. In the six great metropolitan docks over 100,000 men are employed, the great bulk of whom are married and have families. By the elaborate system of sub-contracts their wages have been driven down to 4d., 3d., and even 2d., for the few hours they are employed, making the average weekly earnings of a man amount to seven, six, and even five shillings a week. Hundreds and thousands of lives are lost or ruined every year by the perilous nature of the work, and absolutely without compensation. Yet so fierce is the competition that men are not unfrequently maimed or even killed in the desperate struggles at the gates for the tickets of employment, guaranteeing a “pay” which often does not amount to more than a few pence! The streets and houses inhabited by this unfortunate class are of the lowest kind—haunts of vice, disease and death—and the monop-

olistic companies are thus directly able to make profit of their wholesale demoralization by ruthlessly crushing out, through the contractors, all efforts at organization on the part of the men. To see these immense docks, the home of that more immense machine, British commerce, crowded with huge and stately ships and steamers, and to watch with intelligent eyes by what means the colossal work of loading and unloading them is carried out; this is to face a sacrificial orgy of human life—childhood, youth, manhood, womanhood, and age, with everything that makes them beautiful and ennobling, and not merely a misery and a curse—far more appalling than any Juggernaut process of the human holocausts that were offered up to Phœnician Moloch.”

* * *

THERE is a growing tendency amongst the magistrates of the different large cities to discourage the rowdiness so often associated with the street cars and trains on Sundays and holidays. It is a little difficult to understand why the enforcement of order in this connection should have been so ineffective, until the morbid desire to annoy others wantonly has become a habit with certain classes of undeveloped Americans. It is an especially dangerous habit, because the too general custom of carrying concealed weapons has led the average citizen to refrain as far as possible from interfering in disputes that may suddenly result in a serious tragedy; and the boisterous or vicious element is therefore not kept in check by the normal, sensible majority. The elimination of the revolver as an aid to social intercourse, and the continuance of the common sense methods now being adopted by the magistrates, will soon make it possible for a citizen to go peacefully about his business or his pleasure, and for women and children to be freed from a constant menace. Incidentally, one may wonder why the magistrates have taken so long to discover that they were in a position to enforce the law. To the non-legal mind, it would have seemed rather obvious that it was the mere duty of a magistrate to do what he was appointed to do, and that he is entitled to little credit for discovering suddenly that the reasonable citizen should be protected from the vicious or stupid rowdy.

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THE GERMAN ELEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES

RUDOLF CRONAU

AMONG many truth-seeking historians as well as among large classes of our population exists the ever-increasing impression that the histories of our country should be rewritten. It is complained that the numerous works devoted to this subject contain the history of only a part of the American population,—the Anglo-Americans,—while almost everything that the descendants of other nationalities have done for our country is neglected. They point out that the population of our America is not exclusively an English one, but a complexity of elements of many different nationalities, some of which have contributed in almost equal numbers with the English. Though this fact is universally known, the so-called "Histories of the American Nation" remain silent about the valuable contributions of such non-English elements to American culture. The names of their great men who played important parts in public and political life are very rarely mentioned. And so the readers of these histories become imbued with the erroneous impression that everything that is good and great in America is due to the English only, and that the influx of the enormous numbers of non-English elements into our continent was, in regard to the development of our culture, a matter of very little importance.

This article is not intended to belittle the countless heroic deeds and the invaluable achievements of our Anglo-American fellow-citizens in any way. But the grave injustice done to the representatives of other extraction by the incompleteness and omissions of our histories will become clear when we take up, for instance, the history of the German element in America.

A statistical estimate of the amount of foreign blood in the

American people in 1900 yielded the following result: English, 20,400,000; German, 18,400,000; Irish and Scotch, 13,900,000; all other nationalities, 14,290,000. These figures demonstrate that of a total white population of 66,990,000 the Germans **ranked** second, and that they constituted about 27.5 per cent of the total white population of the United States. The figures of the latest census are not yet available, but in view of the immigration statistics, and allowing for the natural increase of the home population, the percentage just given probably represents the present proportions correctly.

As the Germans are known over the entire world for their enterprise and intelligence, we are justified in expecting that such large numbers of German individuals would have made a strong impression upon American culture, and that they would also have produced some men worthy of being mentioned in our histories. But we search the pages of these books in vain. And so we have an explanation of the fact that the majority of Americans know little more of their German-American fellow-citizens than that they brought the lagerbeer, sauerkraut, frankfurters and delicatessen stores into this country with them. Ignorant of the fact that the Germans were among the very first immigrants in America and that they have taken an active part in our political and public life, great masses of Americans are inclined to treat them as newcomers with doubtful rights on American soil.

Limited as this article is, it will nevertheless be a surprise for many to learn that long before the Pilgrim Fathers landed upon the rocky shores of Massachusetts, Germans had already appeared in other parts of the New World. Many hundreds of German soldiers were among the armies that went to South and Central America with Mendoza, Cortes and Pizarro. From 1528 to 1546 Venezuela was a German colony in the possession of the rich merchant family Welser of Augsburg. In 1538 a German printer, Johann Cromberger, established a printing office in the city of Mexico. Soon after Henry Hudson had discovered the Hudson River, a German, Hendrick Christiansen of Kleve, became the true explorer of that noble river. Attracted by its beauty and grandeur, Christiansen made eleven

expeditions to its shores and laid the foundations of the stations New Amsterdam and Fort Nassau. In what light Christiansen was regarded by his contemporaries may best be learned from a passage in the *Historish Verhael* of the Dutch chronicler Nicolas Jean de Wassenauer, who wrote: "New Netherland was first explored by the honorable Hendrick Christiansen of Kleve . . . Hudson, the famous navigator, was also there——"

A few years after Christiansen had been killed by an Indian, another German, Peter Minnewit, or Minuit, a native of Wesel, became director-general of the New Netherlands. It was he who closed that memorable bargain with the Manhattee Indians, in 1621, by which, in exchange for some trinkets amounting to 60 guilders or \$24, Manhattan Island became the property of the Dutch. Minnewit also erected a fortification upon the most southern point of the island and made the colony a success. Later on he became one of the chief promoters as well as the first director of New Sweden, a Swedish colony at the mouth of the Delaware. When Minnewit perished in a West Indian hurricane, Johann Printz von Buchau, a German nobleman, became his successor. With strong hands he defended New Sweden against the aggressive Dutch from 1643 to 1654.

After the annexation of New Sweden and New Netherlands by the English, Jacob Leisler, a native of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, became most prominent during that stormy period in which the crown of England passed from the Catholic King James II to the Protestant William III. In the turmoil caused in the colonies by this change, Leisler was elected as a temporary governor by the people of New York, to hold the colony for the new king. In this capacity he called together the first congress of American colonies to resist the assaults of the French. With this act he awoke among the colonists that sense of common interests, which increased with time and culminated in the Continental Congress of 1776. A fearless defender of the people's rights against the impudence of the aristocrats and the oppressions of the Government, he was brought to trial as a demagogue and hanged by his enemies in 1691, the first martyr in the long struggle of the American people for liberty.

Nine years after Leisler's death, a young German Palatine, Peter Zenger, arrived in New York. After having served as an apprentice and assistant to Bradford, the famous printer, for several years, Zenger established a printing office of his own, and began in 1733 to publish *The New York Weekly Journal*, which very soon made itself offensive to the authorities, as all questionable acts of the Government were severely criticised. For a warning several numbers of the journal were confiscated and publicly burned by the hangman. But Zenger fearlessly continued his criticisms. When thrown into prison, he became the hero of a trial by which one of the highest privileges of our nation,—the freedom of the press,—was established in America.

That the Germans were opposed to oppression in any form, they also proved in 1688, when a small band of Mennonites, the founders of Germantown, established an everlasting monument to themselves by issuing the first written protest against slavery. Although the language of this document was most convincing and in the strongest terms, the Quakers of Pennsylvania, to whom it was addressed, did not dare to take any action in this matter until slavery became abolished in Pennsylvania many years afterwards.

The Germans were also among the first to protest against the selfish acts of the British Government toward the colonies; and when the war for independence broke forth, they accomplished many acts of the highest patriotism and noble bravery. In front of the City Hall in Philadelphia, as well as in the Hall of Fame of the Capitol in Washington, we find statues of Peter Muhlenberg, a Lutheran minister, who, when the war-clouds began to form, preached to his community on the duties of a good citizen toward his country. Explaining that there was a time for praying and preaching as well as for fighting, he raised his voice and exclaimed: "The time for fighting has come." And therewith he threw off his priestly garment and stood in the pulpit in the uniform of an American army officer. Inspired by his example, 300 men of his community registered as soldiers. By gallant service Muhlenberg became general and one of the confidential friends of Washington.

In the Mohawk Valley two imposing stone obelisks mark the graves of Nicolas Hercheimer (Herkimer) and his Palatines, who fought the battle of Oriskany in 1777, the most murderous skirmish of the whole war for independence. Of the 700 Palatines more than 200 were killed. But this battle shattered the campaign plans of the British completely and in time brought about Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga. Washington himself stated that Oriskany was the first glimpse of daylight in the times of darkness.

And when the distress was deepest, when Washington, with only a few thousand naked and starving men, had taken refuge in the dreadful winter quarters at Valley Forge, there appeared a man who proved to be the most valuable help the colonies received in their struggle for freedom. This man was Baron Friedrich Wilhelm von Steuben, a distinguished Prussian officer, the former personal adjutant of Frederick the Great. The letter in which Steuben offers his services to Congress without asking for any pay, is one of the noblest documents of these great times. Appointed as the inspector-general of the army, he transformed the undisciplined American soldiers into an efficient fighting machine. In fact, Steuben became the true originator of the American army, and if history honors Washington as the leading spirit of the war for independence, then Steuben was the strong arm that enabled him to strike, and thus led him to victory.

If we study the part the German-Americans played in the war for independence closely and in all its details, it seems very doubtful whether this war would have become such a glorious success without the patriotic support of the German element. And there is good reason for doubting that, without the help of the 200,000 Germans who fought under the colors of the North from 1861 to 1865, the preservation of the Union might have been possible. Large numbers of these Germans, especially the officers, had received practical training in the war academies and in the armies of their fatherland. The participation of so many efficient officers and soldiers was of the greatest importance to the North, for, at the outbreak of the war, the Confederates had far the greater number of officers trained at West Point.

Many of the German officers reached the highest military positions. There were more than 33 generals and 9 major-generals, among them Peter Osterhaus, Franz Sigel and Karl Schurz. One of the heroes of the Spanish war, Admiral Schley, the hero of Santiago de Cuba, is also of German stock, as the ancestor of the Schleys was a German schoolmaster, who had made his home in this country in 1735.

Many Germans distinguished themselves in politics. Friedrich August Muhlenberg, a son of the above-mentioned minister, was, in 1798, Speaker of the House of Representatives through the first session of Congress. He held this office until 1791, and again from 1793 to 1795. There were also many able senators, representatives, governors and cabinet officers of German birth, among them Karl Schurz, who served as Secretary of the Interior under Hayes. It was he who was one of the strongest advocates for the abolition of slavery, for the institution of civil service, of sound finance and the preservation of our forests and other natural resources.

In several presidential elections the German-Americans were the deciding factor. In 1860 they stood almost as a man for Lincoln as the opponent of slavery. In 1892 they supported Cleveland, as they believed with him that a prohibitive high tariff would not be to the interests of the people. And in 1896 they declared for a gold standard and honorable finance.

But the great services the German-Americans have rendered this country in war and in politics appear as very little in comparison with the enormous good they have accomplished in the development of American culture. Shoulder to shoulder with their Anglo-American fellow-citizens, they marched in hundreds of thousands into the virgin wildernesses of the New World, everywhere transforming the former abodes of beasts and Indians into fruitful lands and pleasant homesteads. Numerous States, especially Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, New Jersey, the Virginias, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, California, Oregon, and Washington owe their prosperity substantially to the Germans. As agriculturists they won the admiration of all their neighbors. The comparative meagreness of the soil of their fatherland taught them to take

care of their farms in a wise and economical way. They never fell into the habit of abusing the soil, which, as is seen in the New England States and in other parts of the country, results, in time, in soil-exhaustion and the abandonment of farms. Whoever visits the beautiful counties of Pennsylvania and New York must agree never to have seen farms in better condition than those which exist there. And these farms are still inhabited by the descendants of the early German settlers, who became prosperous through their diligence and rational management.

German skill, genius and enterprise made themselves apparent also in the many handicrafts, in commerce and industry. Germans established the first type-foundries, glass and iron works, powder mills, gun factories, leather and chemical industries. Andreas and Anton Kломann are the true originators of the Carnegie works and the present United States Steel Corporation, with which Henry C. Frick and Charles Schwab also became connected. The name of F. Augustus Heinze is inseparably connected with the history of the American copper industry. Heinrich Wehrum created the great Lackawanna Iron and Steel Works at Buffalo and Seneca, New York. Johann August Roebling is the father of the cable wire spinneries at Trenton, New Jersey. Martin Brill in Philadelphia and J. H. Kobusch in St. Louis established the two largest car-factories in America. Peter Pauly organized the Pauly Jail Building Company in St. Louis; F. Niedringhaus the National Enameling and Stamping Company at the same place. Johann Jacob Astor organized the famous American Fur Company. The Havemeyers and Spreckels made themselves the chief factors in the American sugar industry. Friedrich Weyerhaeuser is universally known as the "lumber king of the United States." John Wanamaker, the inventor of the department store, and John D. Rockefeller, the master of the Standard Oil Company, also claim derivation from German ancestors.

In the production of beverages the German-Americans take the lead,—especially in the brewing industry, which grew to astonishing proportions through their energy. Beer had been brewed in America by the Dutch and English during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In 1810 the whole output

amounted to 182,000 barrels. This quantity increased to 740,000 barrels in 1850. Up to that time the brewers, exclusively Anglo-Americans, produced a heavy, very intoxicating beer similar to the English ale. Instead of this the Germans introduced the lagerbeer, which contains much less alcohol and for this reason is more suited to the American climate. In time it displaced the ale almost entirely. Besides this, it helped greatly to lessen the consumption of whiskey and other liquors, in which America indulged very heavily in former times. And so the claim of our German-American brewers, that the introduction of the lagerbeer had a benevolent temperate effect upon the population of America, is, to some extent, justified.

To what enormous proportions the brewing industry has been developed by the Germans is seen from the fact that at present the output of beer amounts to 60 million barrels per year. This industry employs hundreds of thousands of men, provides very large revenues to the Government, and yields millions in annual incomes to the farmers for their malt, hops and barley. Many of the large breweries, as, for instance, the Anheuser-Busch in St. Louis, the Pabst and Schlitz breweries in Milwaukee, rank among the industrial wonders of America.

In the production of other food-stuffs the German-Americans are in the field also. The H. J. Heinz Company in Pittsburgh is known throughout America for preserved fruits and vegetables. We find others in the meat-packing business and in the production of oatmeal and other cereals.

In engineering Johann August Roebling made himself famous by his daring suspension bridges across the Niagara, the Ohio, and the East River between New York and Brooklyn. Gindele constructed the enormous tunnel that provides Chicago with fresh water from Lake Michigan. He also made the canal which connects the lake with the Mississippi. Sutro planned the famous tunnels in the Comstock mines of Nevada; Karl Konrad Schneider the cantilever bridges across the Niagara, and the Fraser River in British Columbia; Hermann Schussler the great water-works of San Francisco.

Among our electricians the Silesian Karl Steinmetz, consulting electrician of the General Electric Works in Schenectady,

New York, holds the first place. When Professor Eliot, then president of Harvard University, conferred the degree of master of arts upon Steinmetz some years ago, he did it with the words: "I confer this degree upon you as the foremost electrical engineer of the United States, and, therefore, of the world."

To give an idea of the great influence the Germans exerted upon the scientific and ethical life of America is almost impossible. Scarcely a university exists that does not reflect German ideas in its methods and institutions. At many of these seats of learning we find German scholars of the highest standard teaching. Many of these, as, for instance, Franz Lieber, Eduard von Holst, Rudolf Agassiz, Albert Gatschet, Franz Boas, and many others, have won international fame by their excellent works.

To write a history of American art would be impossible without giving credit to the painters Emanuel Leutze, Albert Bierstadt, Carl Wimar, Henry Mosler, F. Dielman, Robert Blum, Gari Melchers, Karl Marr and Charles Schreyvogel, and to the sculptors Charles Niehaus, Karl Bitter, Joseph Sibbel, Albert Weinmann, Albert Jaegers and F. W. Ruckstuhl. Among the distinguished architects of America Johannes Smithmeyer of Vienna and Paul J. Pelz of Silesia are famous as the designers of the Congressional Library.

A wonderful influence was exerted by the Germans through their song and music. When the pious German sectarians immigrated into the colonies they brought with them the hymns of the Reformation, and the great symphonies of Haydn, Haendel, Bach and Mozart. When these works were first heard in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and in New England, they made a deep impression upon the Americans. Musical societies, of which the Philharmonic Society of New York and the Boston Symphonic Orchestra became the most famous, sprang into existence everywhere. Through Theodore Thomas, Karl Zerrahn, Wilhelm Gericke, the Damroschs, Anton Seidel, Franz van der Stucken, Emil Paur and other brilliant leaders, the Americans also became acquainted with the wonderful compositions of Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms and Wagner. They were greeted with

enthusiasm. Following the example of the German singing societies, countless Anglo-American societies exist in our country now, which rival each other in trying to reproduce the compositions of the great masters in their highest perfection.

In our appreciation of the German element we must not forget to mention its many benevolent institutions. There are numerous societies for the protection and welfare of immigrants. The most noteworthy of these is the Legal Aid Society of New York, which has, during the 35 years of its existence, helped 350,080 persons to their rights, without considering their nationalities. It collected for them, free of cost, the sum of \$1,633,236. On account of the great amount of good accomplished by this society it became the model for numerous similar institutions in America as well as abroad.

The facts outlined above indicate only a very small fraction of the enormous mass of work that has been done by the Germans in the United States. Its magnitude is the more astonishing, as the German-Americans, up to the end of the nineteenth century, never formed a unit having in view mutual aims. They were an army of splendid soldiers, but without officers. The beginning of this century, however, brought great changes. The great advantage of centralization had become too apparent everywhere to escape the attention of our German-Americans, and so a small number of representative Germans of several States assembled in Philadelphia and organized the German-American League on October 6, 1901, not to form a State within the States, but to consolidate the enormous forces of the German-American population for the purpose of promoting everything that is good in German character and culture and that might be to the benefit and welfare of the whole American nation. That this was a step in the right direction and that it found the hearty endorsement of the whole German-American population, may be seen from the rapid increase of the league. Within the nine years of its existence it has spread, under the able leadership of its president, Dr. Charles J. Hexamer of Philadelphia, over almost all States, and has now more than two million members.

The powerful impulse caused by the founding and growth of this league gave birth to many movements of similar char-

acter. In accordance with the suggestions of renowned American professors who had studied in Germany and there gained a knowledge of the magnitude and beauty of German culture, several American universities founded Germanistic Societies for the purpose of promoting German literature and science. Harvard University established a Germanic museum, that will show in casts, paintings, photographs and facsimile reproductions everything that Germany has produced in great works of art, poetry, and science during the past. But the greatest of all propositions was made by Professor Kuno Francke of Harvard. He suggested a regular exchange of professors between American and German universities in order to establish a stronger contact of thoughts and ideas between these two great countries. This innovation later on was extended to include professors of other nationalities also, and will do much to bring about a better understanding among the different nations of the world.

Our brief sketch of the history of the German element in America shows that our historians would do well to consider not only the achievements of our Anglo-American citizens, but also those of the Germans, Irish, Scotch, French, Scandinavians, the Romanic and Slavic races, Jews, Africans and Mongolians.

As a description of the Mississippi river, which omitted to describe its principal branches, the Missouri and Ohio, and their importance to the vastness and character of the whole system, would not be complete, so a history that considers only a part of our nation cannot justly claim to be a "History of the American Nation." Such a history must still be written; and if it gives the above-mentioned nationalities their due credit, then the history of the American nation will gain greatly in interest and color. Just as all nations contributed to the great monument that was erected to the memory of the father of our country, so they may also contribute in common to the Hall of Fame of American history.

HENRI BERGSON: THE PHILOSOPHER OF ACTUALITY

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

TO the practical man, it seems a far cry from philosophy to life, or *vice versâ*. Nor is he without grounds for his indifferent attitude toward abstract speculation. For like art, philosophy has claimed a right to exist "for its own sake," and this right it has exercised so freely that too often, in the past, it has been what William James once called it: "a mere reiteration of what dusty-minded professors have written about what other previous professors have thought."

But here as elsewhere there has been a change. The dust is clearing from the minds of the professors. Philosophy is once more seen as a handmaid of life. And this restoration of an all but severed connection between the world of facts and the world of thought has, in turn, brought our practical man to see that he himself has, and needs, a sort of philosophy of his own: some kind of plan or scheme in the back of his head, according to which he imagines the world to be run, and on which, consciously or unconsciously, he bases his daily conduct.

Foremost of those who have helped to produce this new understanding of philosophy as, essentially, *a basis for action*, must be mentioned the late William James. But speaking at Manchester College, Oxford, not long before his death, this "unchallenged veteran leader of American psychology and philosophy" said: "Without the confidence which being able to lean on Bergson's authority gives me, I should never have ventured to urge these particular views of mine upon this ultra-critical audience."

The word of any one man, even though he be a James, does not make or maintain a world-reputation. But the same enthusiasm for the greatest living French thinker has been evinced by other men, hardly less capable of giving judgment. To-day the sworn adherents of what is already beginning to call itself Bergsonism are legion, spread all over the civilized world, attracting new recruits daily, and taking their strength from the

very flower of intelligent, progressive manhood. The youth of his own country have arrayed themselves under the leadership of Bergson with such fervency that those in power have come to fear a general desertion from all the accepted ideals and idols of orthodox, materialistic science. At Jena and Oxford, at Rome and Stockholm, the professors no less than the students are touched by the same sense of a new dispensation. Such diverging, if not actually opposed, movements as Anarchistic Syndicalism and Catholic Modernism proclaim in this quiet, keen-eyed Parisian professor their chosen and inspired prophet. Here in America, three of his principal works have been brought out at once by two different publishers. Such a figure, with all the marks of leadership upon him, must surely fall within the class indicated by Bernard Shaw when he wrote that, "the most pitiful sort of ignorance is ignorance of the few great men who are men of our own time."

Henri Bergson is still a young man, born in 1859 at Paris. In him the cosmopolitan character of modern thought finds a striking symbol, for while we know him to be of Jewish origin, sprung from a family that probably lived in Poland once, his parents came to France from Ireland. And though it is dangerous to ascribe an exaggerated importance to the influence of "time and race and place," one cannot help detecting in him traces both of Celtic mysticism and of Jewish love for clear-cut dialectic distinctions. He himself has risen above race and creed and nationality toward that universalism of spirit which seems to be the common goal of all civilized mankind nowadays.

He was educated in the public schools of France, obtaining his naturalization as a French citizen only after he had entered them. At first mathematics cast a spell on him, and while still a boy of eighteen, he won a prize by an essay deemed good enough for publication in a prominent mathematical journal. Through the reading of Herbert Spencer he was drawn from that first love and moved to enter the *École Normale*, but even after he had become a student of philosophy he had no thought of giving his life to it. Only when he tried to lay down the essential principles of mechanics and found that time was not allowed to play any part at all in this science, did his common

sense revolt, causing him to turn his attention to the problem of consciousness itself. And to-day his entire philosophical system stands based on time, or duration, as the chief reality known and knowable to man.

Graduating in 1881, he taught in various high schools and colleges until, in 1900, he was given the chair of modern philosophy in the ancient Collège de France, a Parisian university dating back to the sixteenth century. In 1889 he won his doctor's degree by a thesis that did much toward the founding of his reputation as a highly original and daring thinker. And in 1901 he was elected to the Institute as a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. Such are the few landmarks of a career which James described as "commonplace to the utmost, so far as outward facts go." Professor Bergson's adventures have all taken place in the realm of thought, but there his vivid imagination and his utter fearlessness of consequences have led him on to one startling encounter after another.

He is not a prolific writer, being mainly eager to make each work an adequate expression of the conclusions prompting it. Thus, for instance, one of his briefest works had been twenty years in preparation before at last it appeared in print. So far he has published only four volumes outside of his doctor's thesis, together with a score of articles and essays. The books of his that have just been brought out here in English translation are: *Time and Free Will* (Macmillan); *Matter and Memory* (Macmillan); *Creative Evolution* (Holt & Company). The last mentioned is his main work, embodying all the ideas that tend to set his philosophy apart from the systems it threatens to supersede. In their original versions, all his books, including the one not yet translated, *Laughter*, have reached six or more editions. And one or the other of them has already been translated into almost every civilized language. But to get a full understanding of his influence, within his own country and beyond it, we must always bear in mind that, as one of his German admirers has expressed it, "he is a personality, not merely the head of a school."

The magnetic quality that emanates both from his person and from his writings, making "old-fashioned professors, whom

his ideas quite fail to satisfy, nevertheless speak of his talent almost with bated breath," stands in intimate relation to the fundamental conceptions of his philosophy. And it seems quite natural that a man who has turned from the intellect to intuition for a solution of life's riddles should have a style as flexible and as picturesque as that of any poet. In fact, Bergson is a poet, no less than a thinker, and to find proof of it one might turn at random to any one of his pages.

Thus only a poet could describe the past as "pressing against the portals of consciousness that would fain leave it outside." And a poet it is that tells us of our memories that "these messengers from the unconscious remind us of what we are dragging behind us unawares"—namely, the past. And finally I want to quote, in this connection, the splendid passage by which he explains the basis and purpose of our reason: "Harnessed, like yoked oxen, to a heavy task, we feel the play of our muscles and joints, the weight of the plow and the resistance of the soil. To act and to know that we are acting, to come into touch with reality and even to live it, but only in the measure in which it concerns the work that is being accomplished and the furrow that is being plowed, such is the function of human intelligence."

Form, however, is merely a means to Bergson—it holds the same relation to his thought as matter to life, rendering it visible and tangible. His chief power lies not in the charm exerted by his words, but in the fact that, while reading him, he makes us *feel* how life and its various processes are growing more and more intelligible. It is as a philosopher in the highest sense of that term, as an interpreter of life who enables us to live more effectively, that he wins a lasting hold on our attention. Like all innovators, he stands to a large extent alone. His world-conception is not to be easily disposed of "by reference to some familiar *ism*." Of course, he continues the best thought of the past, but to us as well as to the future his departures from it are of more significance than his debt to it.

The older philosophers made reason king. To them it was synonymous with consciousness. It offered the only acknowledged road to knowledge, and knowledge gained by any other

route was not worth having. This master instrument, which they identified with the soul itself, they used principally to prove the unreality of whatever seemed palpably real to ordinary men. Out of the vast surrounding world they made an illusory shadow play, and out of ourselves mere dupes at the mercy of our senses and that very reason which they had enthroned so high above the spectral flow of time and space. To those thinkers of a bygone day only the type was real, not its unique individual embodiment, and the most real thing of all was a pale absolute created out of the stagnant air of their own studies.

The revolt against this rationalistic, idealistic philosophy, with its equal contempt for facts and feelings, had begun before Bergson was born, but it was left for him to carry it on to a triumphant climax. Continuing the work so gloriously started by Schopenhauer, Comte, Mill and Spencer, he has taken liberally from, and as liberally given to, men like James and Dewey, Boutroux and Tarde, Wundt and Ostwald. But as he has outstripped the Utilitarianism and the Positivism of the past, so he has also gone beyond parallel forms of modern practicalism. While placing himself firmly on the new ground won from the enclosing unknown by present-day science, he has dared to give ear to those vague but insistent voices within that so often have lured man's soul from sober, uninspired thinking into utopian or apocalyptic dreaming. But unlike so many other listeners to the siren song of intuition, he has kept his mind from losing itself in the fogs of purely emotional mysticism. And thus he has reached both the courage and the insight needed to create a new metaphysics, capable of satisfying our own century's demand for actuality even in its dreams of the unknowable.

The very corner-stone of Bergson's system must be sought in his definition of intellect as "an appendage to the faculty of acting." We think in terms of action and for the sake of acting. Pure speculation, like "art for art's sake," is a mere luxury, while action is a necessity. And we see and conceive the surrounding world as an object for our action. But in its constant outgoing toward the matter that fills this world, our intellect has been lured on to an inquiry into what life itself is—a problem that it could never hope to solve unaided.

Here we should be left helpless but for the continued presence within us of that lower, but complementary, form of consciousness—instinct—which guides the animal world below man. Instinct deals with properties, and not with things; with life in its protean fluidity, and not with the congealed forms of matter. This kind of consciousness is almost silenced within us, but it glimmers through our feelings, in our sudden sympathies and antipathies, wherever a vital interest of ours becomes involved. Our whole subconscious existence leaps unexpectedly into clear light when Bergson thus contrasts it with our self-conscious reasoning: "We think with only a small part of the past, but it is with our entire past, including the original bent of our soul, that we desire, will and act."

Instinct, as Bergson views it, has access to the inner truths of life, but would never seek them and could never formulate them if left to itself. Pushed by the intellect, however, instinct turns upon itself, so to speak; it becomes disinterested and self-conscious; it rises to intuition, which transcends intellect, while having to thank intellect for its rise. By trusting ourselves to intuition, we are rendered capable of plunging into that ever-moving, ever-changing stream of duration which is life itself. Therefore, a world-conception built up by the intellect alone must necessarily be mechanical, impressing us as a mosaic painfully pieced together; while a philosophy sprung from intuitive knowledge, out of instinct pushed and controlled by intellect—a philosophy like Bergson's own—will affect us like a living, growing plant.

Looking at the world in this way, and in this new light, Bergson finds not unity but duality: ever opposed and ever combined, life and matter are locked in never-ending struggle. Within all matter the energy that carries it tends to decline toward its lowest level—toward heat and the absolute zero. Life, on the other hand, strives everlastingly to raise energy to higher and higher levels—or, perhaps, merely to retard and suspend its descent. From the antagonism of these two tendencies or movements springs the existence known to us through the testimony of our senses.

The main characteristic of matter is extension. It is placed

in space, and as seen by our intellect, it seems essentially discontinuous. But this is merely an appearance, growing out of the inability of our intellect to grasp the flow of life except in the form of a series of snapshots, each of which gives us an impression of immobile discontinuity. The essential quality of life, on the other hand, is duration, and duration means flow, change, but also continuity, the underlying unity of all existence. For "duration," says Bergson, "is the continuous progress of the past, which gnaws into the future and which swells as it advances."

This is the one reality on which we may build our world-conception; and time must be held real, both because it is irreversible, and because the pulsing changes that mark its passing in living beings can never be lost again. Memory is the presence within us of the whole past, ever pressing forward for admission, but it is revealed to us in fragmentary form only because the intellect refuses to pick out from the host of memories anything that is not needed for impending action.

Each new moment of our lives is seen by Bergson as a complex *state*, logically derived but unforeseeable. The element of uniqueness contained in each such state springs from the choice which our intellect makes between reactions that are equally possible. "Each human work in which there is invention," he says, "every voluntary act in which there is freedom, every movement of an organism that manifests spontaneity, brings something new into the world." Thus, like James, he resists and resents the categorical alternative of the old philosophies, which declared that man must be either the complete master of his fate or its predestined slave. To him life is free within limits—or, as Schopenhauer expressed it and Ibsen, among others, accepted it: "free under necessity."

At the bottom of life itself, this movement that opposes and upholds matter, Bergson sees a vast, universal, groping force, an all-embracing impetus, that he names the *élan vital*—the Life-Urge. Under the pressure of this impetus, existence is constantly diverging, sheaf-like, from the common root. Each added divergence implies a search in new directions for some faculty essential to further progress. Thus appear the cleav-

ages, first between vegetables, designed to store energy, and animals, designed to expend it, and later between animals, moved by instinct, and men, guided by intellect. Existence, viewed in this manner, is neither accidental, as modern science would have us believe, nor shaped according to some preconceived plan, as the older philosophies believed. It is, instead, experimental. The Life-Urge seems to know what it needs only when it has obtained it, and thus life is led into many side-paths and blind alleys, though along its main path there is unbroken progress. The action of this vital force and our own relationship to it, as well as to the rest of the universe, are summed up by Bergson in this more than usually lucid and striking passage:

“As the smallest grain of dust is bound up with our entire solar system, drawn along with it in that undivided movement of descent which is materiality itself, so all organized beings, from the humblest to the highest, from the first origins of life to the time in which we are, and in all places as in all times, do but evidence a single impulsion, the inverse of the movement of matter, and in itself indivisible. All the living hold together, and all yield to the same tremendous push. The animal takes its stand on the plant, man bestrides animality, and the whole of humanity, in space and in time, is one immense army galloping beside and before and behind each of us in an overwhelming charge able to beat down every resistance and clear the most formidable obstacles, perhaps even death.”

I have here tried to give only a few salient points of Bergson's comprehensive world-view, and even these I have barely indicated. Concerning the revolutionary bearing of his ideas on future thought—that is, of their most important aspect—I shall have no chance to speak here. He himself refers time and again, not to his own philosophy in this connection, but to one that he expects the future to bring us. Of this coming and more deep-reaching elucidation of life he says: “Unlike the philosophical systems properly so called, each of which was the individual work of a man of genius and sprung up as a whole, to be taken or left, it will only be built up by the collective and progressive effort of many thinkers, of many observers also, completing, correcting and improving one another.”

In other words, the new world-conception will be evolved by the race-mind itself, not by any individual mind, however great and comprehensive. This means that it will be "revealed" in the only sense that revelation can be accepted by modern man. It was thus that the bibles of mankind were produced—and as we look ahead from our present position, it seems destined that the future shall have its bibles no less than the past; that life shall continue to pour its revelations into the hearts and heads of men; and that each new *sacred book* conceived by humanity shall leave less of life's secrets undiscovered. It is on the making of these future bibles that men like James and Bergson are ever at work in a spirit of complete, reverential consecration. And it is for the sake of this work that we, in turn, owe them not only reverence but, above all else, attention.

A LOST POET

MICHAEL MONAHAN

TO almost every man blessed or cursed with the instinct of self-expression—blessed in so far as the instinct is gratified, cursed in so far as it is balked and frustrated—there comes a time, the heyday of youth being past, when the vanity of his hope presses upon him with a cruel insistence. Even the successful artist is not exempt from this trial—we know how it embittered the last days of Robert Louis Stevenson, in spite of every testimony of esteem, every suffrage of recognition that an applauding world could shower upon him. How grievous, then, must it be in the case of a man who has but merely demonstrated the artistic temperament by such slight works as are commonly accepted only as an earnest of riper and better performance! It is then that such a man, having neither secured nor deserved from the world that sustaining grace of public approval which is called success, begins to see with fatal clearness the *via dolorosa* of the artistic spirit stretching away before his lamentable vision, and ever dropping lower unto the sad twilight of age. Oh, the bitterness of that first foretaste of inevitable defeat! No sentence of the world, however severe, could affect his courage like this, for, alas! this comes from within—the man is judged by that inner self from whose decrees there is no appeal. Not so had he promised himself in his first sanguine elation at hearing the poet's voice within his breast; nor can he endure to look forward to an old age lacking what must be for him its chief honor and garland:

Latoe dones et—precor—integra
Cum mente nec turpem senectam
Degere nec cithara carentem!

Alas! what hope is there for him of an old age rejoiced with the lyre, since now, ere youth be yet entirely past, he is tasting that death of the spirit which foretokens decay and eternal silence? This, in truth, is the supreme agony of such a mind—worse, far worse, than a hundred deaths of the body: yea, worse

than the "second death" of Christian reprobation. To pass away in the course of nature were nothing; a thousand generations preach the trite moral of flesh that is reaped like grass—any fool's grinning skull will make a jest of this brief-lived humanity. But to feel now, when it is too late, that he had a voice and did not speak; that he forfeited the most precious of all birthrights; that he *was* a poet—yes, by God!—and yet failed to make good his divine title, and must now remain forever silent, losing his place in the immortal company of those who cannot die from out the grateful memory of men—oh, what a thought is this for a man to bear with him to his grave!

But the world, incredulous of such a soul, is ready to cry out upon the recreant: Why, if he had a true voice, did he not speak—nay, how could he help speaking? Who was there to bid him be silent? Of marvellous worth, truly, was this poem of his, always seeking form and melody in his brain, which could never get itself written—this message always rising to his lips, which could never get itself spoken!

Let all the accidents of time and fate plead for him. Think you that none was deemed worthy in the Olympic strife save him who barely snatched the victor's wreath?

What of the many agonists, nameless now forever, who lost the prize, yet made the victor earn his triumph dear? Only less than his was their skill, their strength, their endurance—nay, it may well be that in all things they stood equal to him, but the strumpet Fortune turned the scale. Even as he, had they prepared for the stern trial, with labor and sweat and vigil; and victors they stood in their own high hope until the last decisive moment. Hail to the vanquished!

Deeper, less remediable grief than was theirs who lost the olive crown, is the portion of the disfranchised poet. And though most ills of body and soul now freely render themselves to the scalpel of the surgeon or the probe of the psychologist, not easily shall you approach this wounded spirit, stricken of the gods themselves for the sin of recreancy to their high gift.

Yet have I known such a poet, by a strange privilege; and without the least treason, I am permitted to write his fateful story here. In doing so I betray no living confidence, for the man, though he still breathes the vital air, is as no longer of

this earth, having lost that which was the true essence and motive of his being. Reluctantly enough I venture to look into the soul of this unfortunate.

The god in his bosom is dead. The burning hopes of his ardent youth, when the night was all too short for its dreams of glory, have fallen back upon his heart in cold and bitter ashes. Alas, how have the years cheated him! Always he was putting off the clamant voice within his breast until he should have gathered more knowledge of his art—should have become wiser, stronger, purer. Life detained him from his appointed task with its manifold surprises. "Wait!" it said: "thou dost not yet know me well enough to write of me. Abide still a little longer, and no poet will have learned so much." Then was he taken in the sweet coil of young passion, and his nights were turned to ecstasy, his days to waking dreams; so that the beauty of a woman's white body seemed to him the only poem betwixt the heaven and the earth. And this happened in the first City of Desire.

Long was he held by this strong coil, but at last, shamed by the accusation of his pure early dream, he broke the guilty fetter and was again free. But not yet to write; not yet. For he said, "Alas! I have done hurt to my soul and until her peace shall be restored I am unworthy the sacred name of poet."

Then, after a long season of self-torment, resisting bravely the phantoms of his late evil experience in the first City of Desire, yet knowing himself the weaker for every victory, he at length set himself to write. But not yet was it to be, for a better Love came and took the pen from his hand, saying: "Thou hast learned all too dearly what is evil in love. Now shalt thou learn what is good; and then indeed mayst thou prove thyself a poet."

So he married this better Love, even in the way of men, though not, if he had wiser known, in the way of poets. And much joy, for a season, was his, and the ghosts of bad delights fell away and ceased to reproach or entice him. But ere long, when he sought to take up the pen, he found that this better Love was implacably jealous of the poet in his breast. "Look at me!" she cried. "Am I not more desirable than any fiction of thy brain? Is it for this I am beautiful—nay, is it for this I

gave myself to thee, that thou shouldst leave me for thy thoughts, or that even when present, thou shouldst not see me for the working of thy fancy?"

And then would she weep till the poor, distracted poet would take her to his heart, learning how much easier it is to comfort a loving woman than to write an immortal poem.

Thus, again, the pen was laid aside, and the unhappy poet was, perforce, content to read the poems of other poets to his wife—which she graciously permitted—instead of writing any of his own. And the neighbors called him a model husband, for a literary man; all the time wondering when he would produce his great work.

So the years passed, each in its flight vainly challenging him; and children came, adding to his burden of care, and forcing him to double-lock the door of that secret chamber of his soul where he still kept his white dream of poesy. At long intervals, however, he went in there stealthily, drawing the bolts with fearful precaution, lest the wife of his bosom should hear him; and often he came from thence weeping.

But at length the ardor of his wife's love for him was appeased, or it was divided between him and their children; so that one day she cried to him in shrill reproach: "Did I not marry a poet long ago, and why hast thou made nothing of thy gifts? Cannot a man be a poet and yet love his wife? Cannot he get works of his mind as well as lawful children of his body?"

To which the lost poet, whom she had so well trained, made no answer, only looking at her with lamentable eyes.

Then she bustled about and found the pen so long laid aside, and put it in his hand, saying: "Come, thou art not so young as thou wast when I married and reclaimed thee from evil; but there is yet time. Write!"

The poor poet was stricken with wonder and even doubted if he heard aright, so that a moment he stood gazing at her in pitiful uncertainty. Then he saw that this woman to whom he had yielded up the glory of his youth and the hope of his genius, was in earnest. And he said:

"What now shall I write, an it please thee?—mine own epitaph! . . ."

THE DOUBLE LIFE OF STRALLA BIALSKY

FRANCES AYMAR MATHEWS

WHEN "Teacha" was explaining a lesson to the class in her small schoolroom, way down on the East Side, she felt something like the insistent small pull on her skirt of a young kitten pleased with its clutch on a soft material. Teacha was tired, so the pulling was not paid attention to until the row of childish eyes in front of her was seen riveted on something behind her. Then Teacha turned round and beheld a little girl whose thin fingers still held on to her skirt; a child whose face and figure were the epitome of hunger—not only the physical hunger for bread and meat, but the starvation of the soul, the mind, the intelligence. The little face was lean and olive-hued, the eyes big and dark with fine brows and lashes, the nose aquiline and too large; the mouth small, self-contained, repressed, with a line of fixed determination already hovering on its pink infantile curves; the long hair was plastered at the ears, braided and coiled at the back, woman-fashion. Her frock was faded, patched, shivery; her jacket the size for a grown-up and tattered. Of course she had no hat, and her shoes had once belonged to some no. 6 woman who had thrown them in the ash barrel.

She stood with her pretty head on one side, the deprecation of poverty written in every line of her timid figure. Teacha said: "Well, little new girl, do you want to learn to read and write like these other little ones? Tell me who sent you here?"

"Jehovah," answered the child.

Teacha patted the plastered hair; "And you would like to learn?"

Then the deprecation of poverty fled from her; she stood up straightly and her eyes glowed as she answered: "I can read. I can write a little, much-good Teacha. I want that I learn! learn!" And the transfiguration that is kin to divinity shone in her lineaments.

"That is right," Teacha said. "Now, tell me your name?" —pencil in hand.

There was a pause; finally the child said, "Stralla Bialsky."

"Where do you live?" Another pause.

"Fourteen, East Broadway."

"And you have some little friend here?" Teacha glanced around the room; "no doubt?"

"No, no friends, here," and the subtlety of a half-veiled derision was in the child's smile as she too glanced over the rows of open-mouthed and curious little countenances.

Teacha did not exactly endorse this expression on Stralla's face, so she said in a tone seasoned with admonition: "But you must make them your friends, Stralla. All the children here are each others' friends; and friends are what one needs, you know. Now, it is recess, so Rachel and Carrie," she beckoned to two of the older girls, "will talk with you, and you can eat your luncheon with them, and you will find friends, dear. You fetched your luncheon?" Teacha glanced at the empty hands, and the limp pockets of Stralla's jacket.

"No, Teacha. Make my breakfast just when I come away." She shook her head angrily as Rachel and Carrie offered her some of their luncheon. "No," she cried out. "I am not hungry. We eat good, my people, all of us." Her aquiline nose expressed a haughty disdain as she went and sat down alone by the stove.

Rachel and Carrie were undismayed; indeed they were plunged in admiring awe of any one who was not ready to eat; so were the rest of the children, and presently they all gathered around the new scholar, tentative, eager, sidelong, questioning; but from Stralla Bialsky they obtained no encouragement. She seemed immersed in acquiring acquaintance with the place, and left the people for some later excursion. In fifteen minutes she even quitted them altogether, and went over to Teacha's desk, where, with trembling fingers, she stroked the books carefully, and even kissed the larger ones.

She proved a marvellously clever student and the zeal of her thirst was as a fever in her veins. Gradually she came to know the other children, but always with a peculiar reservation,

a species of "so far and no farther" manner, which defied their efforts and puzzled Teacha very much. When Stralla Bialsky started for home, no companion ventured, with arms interlocked, to accompany her, or even to follow her, nor yet to mock her. How, indeed, could they, when at recess it was she who so amused them? Stralla never fetched luncheon; never partook of any bite that was offered her; always, as from the first, superciliously saying that she and her people ate breakfast late! But while the other children devoured their food, Stralla related to them the splendor of her home; the red velvet chair where her father sat on the Sabbath; the woollen shawl her mother wore on holidays; the silk, yes truly also, silk sacque of her second sister, and the pink stone earrings of her third; her uncle who sailed to Europe in his own ship; her cousins who lived in the country-part, and owned herds; her mother's brother-in-law, who likewise hired an organ with a pony and cart, and drove up and down the magnificent streets of the West Side, making opera music! Also, as Teacha listened, Stralla told them of a poor, much-poor family whom she visited to, and tried to help; and would not the girls and boys give to her for these much-poor people, the rags they might throw to the streets, or the old worthless shoes, or any stockings without feet, or hats? She was sure they were all of a great charity, and would help her poor family, much-poor and needy.

Of course they did: it is the poor who help the poor first, always.

Teacha listened; also she saw: that Stralla covertly picked up every stray bit of string or paper; little stubs of pencils; pieces of orange peel, apple-cores, crusts, scraps of any and every thing that she could lay hands upon unseen, and carried these all off in her jacket pockets. So one day Teacha, who was judicious, arranged to find Stralla filling her pockets, and half remonstratingly asked the meaning of it.

The child was neither non-plussed nor ashamed. She shrugged her little shoulders in a mildly self-disdainful way. "Oh! it is my poor family, Teacha; I try to gather the bits for them, you see? I am humble. I will stoop, even to the gutters, yes, to reach something for them. Ach Gott!" She lifted her

eyes with the superior air of an accustomed benefactress. "What it is to see those persons who can need what I can afford to give them."

"But, Stralla, you tell the children that your people are rich and grand."

Stralla raised her thin shoulders. "No, Teacha, not rich; poor, poor, not *so* poor——" She touched the bulging jacket pockets; "but grand, oh, yes! You should but see my father in his long beard and coat on the Sabbath, sitting to read the Scriptures in his red velvet chair. That is a fine thing."

"Stralla, I am coming to see your father and mother soon. You know I go to see all the families of my children. Will you be glad to have me?"

Stralla Bialsky now looked down, then she spoke quickly: "No, Teacha, do not come. My brother is sick; my people are proud. They might-be, hurt your heart. Do not come to them, I pray you. I will tell them how good you are to me, but do not come."

However, Teacha went, but she did not find the family of Stralla Bialsky, nor did anyone there know of people by that name; in fact, such would be unlikely, as it was a business place. Therefore, Teacha, whose heart and head were both deeply interested in Stralla Bialsky, went all about that neighborhood inquiring; in and out of despicable and unwholesome holes; fearless, persistent. She was just giving up, when her eyes caught sight of flapping garments strung on a piece of rope at the entrance to a shop so tiny that its door was all its width; those flapping garments Teacha had seen before; she had seen her pupils give them to Stralla. Here, then, was a clue to Stralla: doubtless this was Stralla's poor family, and this voluble, bearded man, greasy, filthy, with great defiant gaunt eyes, persuading the passers-by to buy from him, was of course the father of Stralla's family himself.

But no! he knew no one named Bialsky; indeed he never heard the name in his life. Yes: he had children, five; "School!"—for Teacha was always on the look-out for recruits wherever her footsteps trod.

"School" his children? Never. "Learning!" Of what

use? Yes, but he did know. Who better? He himself could speak six tongues and write in them, and understood the work of mines and the work of engines; and what of it? Was he not here, watching rags swinging in the wind, while he starved, body and soul? No one bought. "School" his children? By Jehovah, no! They were beggars—beggars. "Those garments there! You see? My daughter brings them in every day; so many she begs from the richer; if she does not bring I beat her. Yes! That is life. You throw away to your little lap-dogs. I starve. Schools! No! Begone!"

But Teacha would not go. Teacha had caught a glimpse; as the bearded man harangued and walked forth on the pavement, Teacha had gradually entered the tiny shop; she had seen the woman who pressed out with one child in her arms, four at her heels; she had seen another figure that she recognized, hovering in the rear; she had seen on the little oil stove, with its horrible odor, the pan of orange peels stewing; a cupful of apple cores cooking too; crusts soaking in a can; pencil stubs in the children's hands; the strings all sorted on a nail, ready to tie up the bundles with, for customers. Teacha saw all this, and with a pleasant word to the woman, she then went away; not too far, only into the grocery shop to buy matches; she was sure that Stralla would come out to go to her own home, and she was determined to discover why the child was so secretive, since even her poor family did not know her name.

Presently Stralla came along, and Teacha joined her.

"Yes, that is my poor family. Yes, now I go home. I have my lessons to learn, Teacha, and this is the day when the red velvet chair of my father must be beaten and brushed clean for the Sabbath; and the lace frills of my sisters and my mother to be ironed. Teacha has been to my house in the East Broadway?" She turned wide eyes at Teacha, wide but quiet eyes. "They did not know of my name, any? Yes." She hung her head, then raised it proudly, something of the racial defiance of the father of her poor family showing in the fixed purpose of its uplifting. "Stralla Bialsky is not my name, Teacha. I am too proud to tell my real name. My people"—with what an inflection as of some young prophetess!—"would not let to me

do that. We are proud people, not rich. The school is charity. I am not too proud to take school charity, for I must learn. Then, when I am learned, I will be like you, and I can earn pennies, nickels, silver, bills! To earn, that is all, for it carries all. Then I will be great on the earth and honorable, and my people will call me blessed also!" Her gaze was fixed upon the squalid misery of the crowded street under her feet, but her soul saw other matters.

And Teacha being wise, merely said: "Bring those Rosinsky children to school with you, Stralla."

"That, can I not: he is an iron man; who goes against him dies: the wife of him, she is tender, she can dissemble: it is hard for the wife to dissemble the husband, but I have seen sometimes it is the necessary to do so. Once I saw it. Once I saw the finest splendor. I found a dime. I buy a ticket for the theatre. I go! I see! I hear! I learn! Oh, such knowledge. Teacha"—her eyes were divine now in their wonderful aspiration—"that is the meaning of all in the world, that is why one lives, knowledge. You say to us, 'It is love.' No! no! If I love, maybe I am struck in the face for that; if I know things, then I am grand, powerful, splendid woman."

"Stralla," Teacha said gently, "listen, dear; yes, knowledge is magnificent and powerful. So is love. But something else is better, and that is truth. Stralla, why did you tell untruths about your name?"

The child looked up fearlessly. "The truth is great, yes; but to succeed one must dissimulate, just as the clouds pass between us and the sun, or the lamp is shaded by the paper, so it is: one embroiders the cloth, one makes fine stitches; one hides the truth because people are not ready to hear it; they would spurn us, scorn us, tread upon our necks; we must make believe to be what we would like to be, and then we so learn how to become it. Teacha——" But Stralla Bialsky did not finish that sentence: the clatter of five pairs of feet, the wails of five pairs of lungs, the shrieks likewise, of many more, stopped her speech short.

"Lea! Lea! Lea Rosinsky!"

Even then her self-containment did not desert her; she

shrugged her shoulders, pulled Teacha's dress and quickened her steps. "They call their sister who begs by day and sorts the garments by night. Come."

"Lea, Lea, Lea; Sister Lea!" shouted the children, clutching at her as she tried to run.

And, "Lea! Lea Rosinsky!" yelled the neighbors; and "Lea, Lea, my daughter!" wailed the wife of the man with the beard, "your father dies."

Then Stralla Bialsky turned around like a wild creature at bay, and her slender throat swelled, and her big eyes were veiled, as she pushed Teacha aside, and took a child by either hand; then she beheld her mother tottering with the baby's weight, and she dropped the sisters' hands, and took the baby in her own arms and hushed its crying; and said to the mother: "No matter, if he dies. I shall get learning and be rich, and you shall ride in the trolley on the Sabbath, and have other than rags to wear."

And presently the procession reached the narrow shop; and the fallen ladder lay on the sidewalk; and the rotten rope where Solomon Rosinsky had been hanging up the garments that Stralla Bialsky had fetched home that day, swung on the rusty nail above his door; and the ambulance was at the curb: within it, the man of iron, who died before he reached the hospital.

Teacha had come with her pupil. Stralla Bialsky, when they got to the shop, turned around, her thin little arms enfolding the baby. "You see, Teacha, sometimes it is well to hide up the truth; if my father had known I was at the schools, he would have been unhappy for it. He thought I was begging; that was his pleasure. Now he is gone away, he has less to worry for him than truth would have given him. Come," she added to the mother and children, "we will go inside and let down our hair, and sit on the floor, and mourn and wail; but we will arise, after six days, to praise Jehovah that there is one less mouth to feed; and next week I will go back to school, and at the afternoon and evening I will ask the customers to buy. So we will live, until I have learned more." She inclined her head to Teacha, and drew her people in with her, and closed the narrow door upon the neighbors.

A WOMAN

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

SHE in a high walled garden walks,
Drenching each flower;
And bends above her favorite beds
After each shower.
There seems no trouble in that brow,
Those quiet eyes;
The buds her silent children are,
Their roof the skies.
Was ever kiss upon those lips,
Voice at her ear?
Lived she as now for ever cold
Without a tear?
Ah! in the locked room in the night,
May then be seen
Signs upon her, as on some shore,
Where the sea hath been.

THE ETHICAL CONQUEST OF INDIA

LAURISTON WARD

FEW moments in the recent history of India have been more interesting or more important than the present. After five years of surprising agitation and unrest the country finds itself politically at the turning of the ways. Lord Morley and Lord Minto have been temporarily successful in their policy of mingled repression and reform and new men are to-day at the helm—Lord Hardinge as Viceroy, in Calcutta, and the Earl of Crewe in the more important post of Secretary of State for India, in London. Sedition is still rife in some provinces, especially in Bengal, but serious acts of violence are less frequent than they were a while ago. On the other hand, India has for the first time, in its reorganized and partially elective councils, the germ of genuine representative government. Never were the lines more clearly drawn or the moment more critical. The next few months and, in a larger sense, the next few years will determine beyond all doubt which course the main current of national aspiration will follow, sedition or peaceful reform: and on this decision hangs the future of India.

In such a time of hesitation one is able to see more clearly, perhaps, the great changes of thought and attitude which are taking place in this awakened corner of the earth. Things are happening quietly in India to-day which will figure far more prominently in any final history of the country than the most sensational throwing of bombs. Three hundred millions of people, or the minority of them who are most exposed to western influence, are adjusting themselves to new conditions. New forces are at work—undercurrents of intellectual and religious feeling—which we cannot afford to neglect because it is easier to watch the more vivid drama of political and economic reform. Indeed nothing is more significant of Asia's real vitality at this moment than the signs of spiritual unrest in India, Persia, China and Japan.

This is particularly true in the case of India. When Ram

Mohan Roy broke away from orthodox Hinduism in the early part of the last century and founded the famous Brahmo Samaj, religious life in India was at a very low ebb. The tendency of both the Hindu and Mohammedan churches, if it is proper to speak of them as churches, was to lapse into barren formalism, and leaders of the force and power of Kabir, Chaitanya and the earlier reformers were conspicuously lacking. It was thought by many Christians that Ram Mohan Roy and his band of earnest followers would succeed in winning over a large part of the Indian world to accept his broad and simple creed and that after that reconciliation with Christianity would be comparatively easy.

It is interesting to note now how different the outcome has been. The Brahmo Samaj failed completely to become a universal church or a proselytising agent for Christianity. On the other hand, it proved to be the first of a series of most important reforming movements. Since its origin a century ago, the Prarthana Samaj in Bombay, the Arya Samaj in the Punjab and United Provinces and the Ramakrishna Society, to name but three organizations, have secured a large following and, each in its different way, have made a profound impression upon the religious life of India. Stimulated by this wholesome activity from within and contact with western ideas from without, the conservative body of orthodox Hindu thought has begun to suffer a change. The two other great established religions of Southern Asia, Mohammedanism and Buddhism, have shown equal signs of new vitality. Movements of social reform are more conspicuous than ever before. Among the lower classes Christian missionary work has lately made unexpected headway. It is hardly too much to say that the whole Indian world, which in this sense must include Burma and Ceylon, is religiously awake, as it has not been before for a number of centuries.

Like most activities in complex India, the new movement is far from being a unit. The rival sects of recent origin are radically opposed to one another in important points of doctrine. The average Hindu is still at swords' points with the average Mohammedan, and what the unity of the Mohammedan community within its own confines may be the recent Shia-Sunni riots

in Bombay most eloquently testify. Nevertheless certain similarities may be traced in all the movements, certain broad tendencies of progress in a common direction, which mark the present period as unique in the history of Indian thought and of more than passing moment to sympathetic observers in the West.

With this idea in mind let us examine for a minute some of the more important sectarian movements and revivals which are working this change. Of all the Hindu reforming sects the Brahmo Samaj is beyond question the best known. So much has been written about this church and its succession of remarkable leaders—Ram Mohan Roy, Keshub Chunder Sen and Pratab Chunder Mozumder—that little need be said here, perhaps, beyond the fact that it was founded as a broad theistic movement, deriving its inspiration but not authority from both Indian and Christian scriptures, and that it became more and more eclectic and free-thinking. Somewhat artificial, perhaps, and never a popular movement, it yet exerted a strong influence among the more intellectual Brahmans and pointed the way to an escape from some of the rigors of the caste system, without a sacrifice of essential Hindu tradition. It counts among its members some of the leading families of Calcutta, but is no longer a united church, having suffered from schism and disruption over the very question of caste observance and the peculiar spiritual claims of Keshub Chunder Sen. The Prarthana Samaj is a somewhat similar theistic body in the west of India.

The Arya Samaj, on the other hand, is at once more recent and more truly Indian in its character. It is the creation of one man, Dayanand Saraswati, who, in years of religious wandering and meditation, arrived at the conviction that in the purity of the Vedic revelation alone lies the salvation of mankind. The myths and rites and restrictions of later Hinduism he boldly denounced as superstitious invention, and in 1875 he established in Bombay the first branch of a society, the cardinal doctrine of which was a belief in the unity of God, as revealed by the Vedas. The society grew rapidly in numbers and now counts over a quarter of a million members, chiefly in the Punjab and United Provinces. It maintains a college at Lahore and a boys' training school near Hardwar and has been a powerful force for social

reform, setting its face resolutely against idol worship, the seclusion of women, the caste system and the authority of the priesthood. It has divided into two branches, but the differences are hardly essential, and to all intents and purposes the Samaj is a strong and united body. It might well be called the Protestantism of modern India.

The Ramakrishna Society in its doctrines and aims is more universal than the Arya Samaj, while its marked spirit of religious patriotism, if one may call it that, distinguishes it clearly from the Brahmo Samaj. Like the latter, it had its birth in Bengal, and grew up about the person of an inspired teacher, whose name the society now bears. It is better known in this country, however, through the work of one of his disciples, the Swami Vivekananda, who preached and founded branches of the order (commonly called Vedanta Societies), both in Europe and America. From its earliest days, not many decades ago, the ideal of the society has been in a large sense monastic, and its members have devoted themselves to a life of meditation, obedience and service to mankind. They profess a philosophical form of Hinduism and lay great stress on the Sanskrit scriptures, but they admit none of the claims or restrictions of modern Hinduism and are more in sympathy with many phases of western thought than the Arya Samaj. In the practical sphere of charity they have shown great earnestness, often heroism, in their efforts to relieve distress in India, especially in recurring times of plague and famine.

The three movements that we have just examined have all developed outside the strict confines of the orthodox Hindu Church. When we turn to the Mohammedan community, on the other hand, it will be found that the most recent and significant activity has been general rather than sectarian. Within the last few years there has been a marked awakening of feeling among Shias and Sunnis alike and a tendency to bring the Church more closely in touch with modern life and its problems. The founding of Aligarh College in 1875 was a radical step in this direction. Before that time Mohammedan education in India had been seriously neglected, and what training young men received was largely theological. To-day the leaders of the com-

munity are combatting this tendency of the Church to waste its energy in barren theological discussion, as they regard it, and are moving it to pay more attention to the practical and ethical training of its members.

Sir Syed Ahmad Khan, the founder of Aligarh, devoted his life to this cause. One of his most characteristic actions was the use of funds, in a time of financial stress, for the completion of college buildings rather than of the Aligarh mosque, for, he said shrewdly, "Whatever else my countrymen may leave unfinished, they will certainly finish the mosque." Sir Syed Ahmad Khan may be regarded as the embodiment of the new spirit of Islam, militant once more, but in an altered sense. The signs of this spirit are visible in a strengthening of Faith, but no longer at the expense of Works. Intelligent Mohammedans speak less than they were wont of the authority of their religion (however deep their belief) and more of the nobility of its ethics. Even among the orthodox will be found many Maulvies who undertake to deny that the Koran proffers any real sanction of slavery and polygamy or the killing of unbelievers. This is all sufficiently revolutionary. The greatest change, however, is undoubtedly the new conception the community in India takes of the responsibility of the Church for the moral and material welfare of its members.

Even more striking are the signs of renewed vitality displayed by the Buddhist Church in Burma and Ceylon. In Ceylon the religion was almost dead fifty years ago. To-day it is distinctly vigorous and progressive, has won back many converts from Christianity, counts a growing membership and has very materially checked further Christian advance. This revival began in the 80's and was from the first almost wholly a layman's movement. Curiously enough it was the encouragement of an American, Colonel Olcott, which first started the activity, but the growth has been spontaneous and not artificial. As in the case of the Mohammedan community, the Buddhists to-day lay great stress on education. They now have in Ceylon an extensive system of religious schools, supplemented by Sunday schools, and an active Young Men's Buddhist Association, frankly modelled after the Young Men's Christian Association. There is

also a Buddhist Woman's Educational Society, and a missionary organization, the Mahabodhi Society, which has started propaganda in Bengal and elsewhere. In Burma the revival has been less marked, but is noticeably of the same character.

The various creeds and sects which we have just passed so hurriedly in review are opposed to one another in the most fundamental matters of doctrine, authority and organization. The bitter antagonism of the three great religions forms one of the most important chapters of Indian history. There is no evidence that the lines are less sharply drawn to-day. Yet no one who has lived in India recently can fail to realize that they all exhibit in their several ways certain common tendencies of extreme interest.

So striking are they that one is tempted, at the risk of seeming arbitrary, to classify them under five main heads. In the first place there is an obvious tendency among Hindus, Moham-medans and Buddhists alike to do away with much unessential myth and dogma which has developed during the centuries and to turn to the earlier and fundamental spiritual teaching of their respective creeds. In the second place far more attention is being paid to ethics and humanitarianism, and less to theology. In the third place great efforts are being made to put an end to many social abuses, even when, as in the case of the caste system, or the treatment of women, they are rooted in the heart of religious tradition. Fourthly, the evils of ignorance have at last been fully recognized and education of the most advanced type has received religious sanction and support. Finally, the animating spirit of the religions seems to have become more intelligent, more tolerant—in a word, more modern.

It is in a sense, perhaps, the beginning of an Indian Reformation that we are now witnessing, although no Luther has yet arisen or can well arise. Still the real moving force in all this change and readjustment comes from the laity rather than from priests and monks. One finds, too, as in Renaissance Europe, a sudden growth of materialism and free-thinking among the educated. The Eastern religions in their traditional form do not seem adequate to hold modern men. That the trouble is one of form chiefly appears evident from the remarkable way in

which they are beginning to change their front and face the new problems. To the most earnest Indians, of whatever creed, and to their English rulers as well, the easy loss of faith among students seems a fact which calls for earnest attention. There is no moral instruction to-day in the Government schools. Half-learning and a smattering of science are working as a ferment in Indian minds, as they have so often before in other parts of the world, and unstable youths, with no ethical standards, are turned out yearly by the great universities at Calcutta and Bombay. There is a crying need for sound ethics, and India, in turning to meet that need, finds but two courses open to her: a revival of the purest form of her own religions, such as has been attempted in the movements already noticed, or the acceptance of Christianity.

If the Indian were not an Indian, with his different traditions and ways of thought, it would seem almost inevitable that he should find the answer to his present problems in Christianity. But the results of Christian missionary work in India have been, at first glance at least, singularly disappointing. The latest census figures show that barely one per cent. of the population are professed Christians and this includes the foreign residents as well as the natives. If one judges progress by the simple test of conversions, this is a discouraging showing for fully four hundred years of Catholic and Protestant effort, not to speak of the Syrian Church, which was established in the early centuries of this era. Furthermore, practically the only success has been with the lowest castes and the outcasts, and the great body of Hindus and Mohammedans have offered a resistance to conversion that has proved almost impossible to overcome. In certain localities—in Chota Nagpur, among the Telugus of the Madras Presidency and in Assam, for example—missionaries have reported more encouraging results during the last ten years; but in each case the work has been among the lower classes, who have everything to gain by an abandonment of the caste system. The new census figures for 1911 will undoubtedly show large numerical gains, but the relative position of the great religions is likely to be little disturbed.

Nevertheless, in the face of all the apparent facts, the in-

fluence of Christian teaching, and especially of Christian ethics, in India has been incalculable. It has worked as a leaven in the minds of thousands of its bitterest opponents. It has served as a conscious or unconscious standard by which the practices of Hinduism and Buddhism and Mohammedanism have been measured and judged. It has directly inspired some of the most essentially Indian of all the Hindu reformers, from Kabir and Tulsi Das to Keshub Chunder Sen. The purity of Christian ethics in particular has appealed to the broad-minded members of such movements as the Ramakrishna Society and the Brahmo Samaj.

I suppose that this is the greatest answer that can be made to critics of the work in India and to persons who are not in sympathy with missionary work in any foreign country. It is safe to say that in India, certainly, the whole policy and point of view of the important missions has radically changed in the last two generations in recognition of this fact. Conversion, though still desired, is no longer the sole aim, and efforts are made to affect the lives of natives rather by education and example. The growth of educational and medical work as an adjunct to missionary enterprise is too well known to require mention. In India it has reached a high development. Primary schools and colleges, industrial schools, medical service and hospitals are supported by funds from Europe and America which once were devoted solely to the preaching of the gospel. Through all these new channels the Indian of to-day becomes acquainted with Christian thought and belief, above all with Christian practice.

The results of this influence become at once apparent when we watch the struggles of Indian society to adjust itself to modern conditions. Looked at from a scientific standpoint, this readjustment seems to be leading to something like a survival of the fittest in the field of ethics as well as in more material affairs. The problem resolves itself into a question of competition. Just as India's armies proved unable to defeat the better trained and equipped troops of the English, just as her political institutions were found inadequate to meet the demands of modern government, just as, finally, her ancient, complex and rigid social

structure is beginning to break up under the necessities of modern industrialism and to give place to a freer and more elastic organization, so her inherited codes of ethics are being put to the test—the coldly impersonal test of their fitness and ability to help the Indian to solve the problems of modern life. Whatever the virtues or defects of western civilization, it is highly coöperative and demands of its members adherence to a certain minimum standard of commonly accepted morality. If the Indian's code of action differs from this in any essential respect he finds himself debarred from effective share in public undertakings. Take the simple case of business ethics. The Marwari trader who will not conform to western practice in matters of credit and clings to the time-honored principle that a contract may always be broken if one gains thereby, finds that he cannot compete with European merchants in large financial affairs. Again, one of India's greatest needs to-day is the use of Indian capital in the creation of local industries—cotton mills, refineries and the like—but up to now the process has been slow, almost solely because large corporate undertakings involve a higher code of business ethics than yet prevails. Other examples might be drawn from the political field. It is obvious, for instance, that until there are high recognized standards of public responsibility, to which individual interests must be subordinated at whatever cost, the English Government will hardly place the administration of the country to any great extent in Indian hands.

These are practical considerations, which are somewhat overlooked, but which tend irresistibly to raise the moral standard in all the affairs of life through the East. India, and the civilized world, is governed in accordance with Christian principles—not the ideals of the New Testament, perhaps, but a working adaptation of them. If the Indian peoples desire to treat with their rulers and with other nations on an equal footing, they must conform to these few principles, whatever their theology may be. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the question here at issue is not one of theology or authority, but simply of practical ethics. If the Indian can find the necessary ethical inspiration in other religions than Christianity his practical end

will have been served. He must find it somewhere: and he naturally chooses to turn to his own religions. He finds in most cases a considerable body of noble ethical teaching, much neglected and overlaid by contradictory custom and tradition. The spirit of the hour compels him to choose from this mass of inherited precept some approximation to Christian ethical doctrine, be it for better or worse. In cases of direct conflict the eastern religion is obliged to yield, as Mohammedanism has yielded, for example, on the question of slavery, and Hinduism in the matter of thuggee and the immolation of widows.

The effect of such a readjustment cannot but be profound. It amounts to an ethical conquest of India, if you will, which is transforming religion, as we have seen, and which shows itself even more strikingly when we turn to the public and private life of the various Indian communities which are most closely in contact with western affairs. Here we see signs innumerable that the old social fabric is crumbling under the access of new ideas. The cultivated Bengali Brahman looks at life much more nearly from our own point of view than many persons would have us think. In his essential dealings with men and affairs he tends to act much as men of his walk in life act in London or Buenos Ayres or New York. In his own home, it may be, he is still bound to the wheel of precedent and tradition and forced to play his part as a single unit in the vast and ramifying organism of native society, so that he leads a double life, in a sense, modern and ancient, European and Indian—but the new life that the outer world sees is not by reason of that insincere. There is more than hypocrisy in the earnest protest which high-minded Indians are making everywhere against child-marriage, infanticide and other customs which can no longer be sanctioned, or in the splendid example which many of these men are setting, to help their countrymen up the difficult path of moral and material progress. Any unprejudiced witness of conditions in India to-day will testify to the countless signs of vital change, which are hard to put into words or tabulate in dry bluebook form, but which are very real and cannot be explained away as sham.

It is true that this article treats of tendencies rather than accomplished facts. It must not be forgotten that the great

majority of India's millions are yet to be touched by this spirit of awakening. This is largely because England has failed to provide them with public schools. But schools are coming. They are as inevitable as the revolution of thought and feeling which they everywhere produce. Once efficient primary education has been made universal in every province, the long-neglected ryot, with his agricultural methods that date from King Asoka and his cherished conservatism of inertia, will become to some extent an active factor of progress. Once the wives and mothers of India are given the rudiments of modern training, we can begin to speak of an Indian *nation* and call the Aryan Motherland truly awake.

Meanwhile, what seems to be the immediate outlook for the various religious movements which are playing their part in the gradual transformation? The Brahmo Samaj apparently has done its most important work. Broader than any of the rest in its doctrines, it is at the same time weaker, and has shown no marked increase in numbers. The Ramakrishna Society is more truly a monastic order than a church and its influence is necessarily limited. The Arya Samaj alone of the Hindu movements makes a wide appeal and seems to be growing. Though somewhat artificial in its efforts to return to the simplicity of Vedic worship, it is at least truly Indian and it will be interesting to see what gains are credited to it in the next census. Other sects than these will probably arise, but the real future of India, in a spiritual sense, undoubtedly lies with Christianity and the established religions. Buddhism and Mohammedanism seem to grow daily stronger and, whether for better or worse, their aims are now more practical than they once were. Hinduism has shown a power of adaptation and assimilation in the past that is an augury for the future. Buddhist influence is at present confined to Burma and Ceylon, but it may there become a liberating force again, as in its early days, and it is of all the eastern religions the most supremely ethical.

What part Christianity will play, as an organized religion, is problematical. As has been seen, its progress thus far is disappointing and the work of the missions has tended not a little to strengthen the bonds of the other religions by inducing a sort of

patriotic reaction to Indian beliefs and ideas. In the vast storehouse of Hinduism can be found a counterpart to almost any Christian doctrine and many such neglected articles of belief are now being set forth again under the pressure of Christian propaganda, and infused with new meaning. On the whole a greater tolerance is shown to missionary work than ever before and it is impossible to foresee what the outcome will be. The great fact of India's growing ethical development, however, seems based on such broad considerations of modern necessity that it is likely to remain unshaken whatever her future religious history may be.

THE GREEN HELMET

W. B. YEATS

The Persons of the Play

LAEGAIRE

CONALL

CUCHULAIN

RED MAN, a Spirit

EMER

CONALL'S WIFE

LAEGAIRE'S WIFE

LAEG, Cuchulain's chariot-driver

HORSE BOYS AND SCULLIONS

BLACK MEN, etc.

SCENE: *A house made of logs. There are two windows at the back and a door which cuts off one of the corners of the room. Through the door, one can see low rocks which make the ground outside higher than it is within, and beyond the rocks a misty, moon-lit sea. Through the windows one can see nothing but the sea. There is a great chair at the opposite side to the door, and in front of it a table with cups and a flagon of ale. Here and there are stools. At the Abbey Theatre the house is orange red and the chairs and tables and flagons black, with a slight purple tinge which is not clearly distinguishable from the black. The rocks are black with a few green touches. The sea is green and luminous and all the characters except the Red Man and the Black Men are dressed in various shades of green, one or two with touches of purple which looks nearly black. The Black Men all wear dark purple and have eared caps, and at the end their eyes should look green from the reflected light of the sea. The Red Man is altogether in red. He is very tall, and his height is increased by horns on the Green Helmet. The effect is intentionally violent and startling.*

LAEGAIRE

WHAT is that? I had thought that I saw, though but
in the wink of an eye,
A cat-headed man out of Connaught go pacing and
spitting by;
But that could not be.

CONALL

You have dreamed it—there's nothing out there.
I killed them all before daybreak—I hoked them out of their
lair;
I cut off a hundred heads with a single stroke of my sword,
And then I danced on their graves and carried away their hoard.

LAEGAIRE

Does anything stir on the sea?

CONALL

Not even a fish or a gull.
I can see for a mile or two, now that the moon's at the full.
[*A distant shout*]

LAEGAIRE

Ah—there—there is some one who calls us.

CONALL

But from the landward side,
And we have nothing to fear that has not come up from the tide;
The rocks and the bushes cover whoever made that noise,
But the land will do us no harm.

LAEGAIRE

It was like Cuchulain's voice.

CONALL

But that's an impossible thing.

LAEGAIRE

An impossible thing indeed.

CONALL

For he never will come home, he has all that he could need
In that high windy Scotland—good luck in all that he does.

Here neighbor wars on neighbor and why there is no man knows,
And if a man is lucky all wish his luck away,
And take his good name from him between a day and a day.

LAEGAIRE

I would he'd come for all that, and make his young wife know
That though she may be his wife, she has no right to go
Before your wife and my wife, as she would have gone last night
Had they not caught at her dress, and pulled her as was right;
And she makes light of us though our wives do all that they can.
She spreads her tail like a peacock and praises none but her man.

CONALL

A man in a long green cloak that covers him up to the chin
Comes down through the rocks and hazels,

LAEGAIRE

Cry out that he cannot come in.

CONALL

He must look for his dinner elsewhere, for no one alive shall stop
Where a shame must alight on us two before the dawn is up.

LAEGAIRE

No man on the ridge of the world must ever know that but us
two.

CONALL

[*Outside the door*] Go away, go away, go away.

YOUNG MAN

[*Outside the door*] I will go when the night is through
And I have eaten and slept and drunk to my heart's delight.

CONALL

A law has been made that none shall sleep in this house to-night.

YOUNG MAN

Who made that law?

CONALL

We made it, and who has so good a right,
Who else has to keep the house from the Shape-Changers till
day?

YOUNG MAN

Then I will unmake the law, so get you out of the way.

[He pushes past Conall and goes into the house]

CONALL

I thought that no living man could have pushed me from the door
Nor could any living man do it but for the dip in the floor;
And had I been rightly ready there's no man living could do it,
Dip or no dip.

LAEGAIRE

Go out—if you have your wits, go out,
A stone's throw further on you will find a big house where
Our wives will give you supper, and you'll sleep sounder there,
For it's a luckier house.

YOUNG MAN

I'll eat and sleep where I will.

LAEGAIRE

Go out or I will make you.

YOUNG MAN

*[Forcing up Laegaire's arm, passing him and putting his shield
on the wall over the chair]* Not till I have drunk my fill,
But may some dog defend me for a cat of wonders up.
Laegaire and Conall are here, the flagon full to the top,
And the cups.

LAEGAIRE

It is Cuchulain.

CUCHULAIN

The cups are dry as a bone.

[*He sits on chair and drinks*]

CONALL

Go into Scotland again, or where you will, but begone
From this unlucky country that was made when the devil spat.

CUCHULAIN

If I lived here a hundred years, could a worse thing come than
that
Laegaire and Conall should know me and bid me begone to my
face?

CONALL

We bid you begone from a house that has fallen on shame and
disgrace.

CUCHULAIN

I am losing patience, Conall—I find you stuffed with pride,
The flagon full to the brim, the front door standing wide;
You'd put me off with words, but the whole thing's plain enough,
You are waiting for some message to bring you to war or love
In that old secret country beyond the wool-white waves,
Or it may be down beneath them in foam-bewildered caves
Where nine forsaken sea queens fling shuttles to and fro;
But beyond them, or beneath them, whether you will or no,
I am going too.

LAEGAIRE

Better tell it all out to the end;
He was born to luck in the cradle, his good luck may amend
The bad luck we were born to.

CONALL

I'll lay the whole thing bare.
You saw the luck that he had when he pushed in past me there.
Does anything stir on the sea?

LAEGAIRE

Not even a fish or a gull.

CONALL

You were gone but a little while. We were there and the ale-cup full.

We were half drunk and merry, and midnight on the stroke
When a wide high man came in with a red foxy cloak,
With half-shut foxy eyes and a great laughing mouth,
And he said when we bid him drink, that he had so great a
drouth

He could drink the sea.

CUCHULAIN

I thought he had come for one of you
Out of some Connaught rath, and would lap up mail and mew.
But if he so loved water I have the tale awry.

CONALL

You would not be so merry if he were standing by,
For when we had sung or danced as he were our next of kin
He promised to show us a game, the best that had ever been;
And when we had asked what game, he answered, "Why whip
off my head,
Then one of you two stoop down, and I'll whip off his," he said.
"A head for a head," he said, "that is the game that I play."

CUCHULAIN

How could he whip off a head when his own had been whipped
away?

CONALL

We told him it over and over, and that ale had fuddled his wit,
But he stood and laughed at us there, as though his sides would
split,
Till I could stand it no longer, and whipped off his head at a
blow,

Being mad that he did not answer, and more at his laughing so,
And there on the ground where it fell it went on laughing at me.

LAEGAIRE

Till he took it up in his hands.

CONALL

And splashed himself into the sea.

CUCHULAIN

I have imagined as good when I have been as deep in the cup.

LAEGAIRE

You never did.

CUCHULAIN

And believed it.

CONALL

Cuchulain, when will you stop
Boasting of your great deeds, and weighing yourself with us two,
And crying out to the world whatever we say or do,
That you have said or done a better?—Nor is it a drunkard's tale,
Though we said to ourselves at first that it all came out of ale,
And thinking that if we told it we should be a laughing stock
Swore we should keep it secret.

LAEGAIRE

But twelve months upon the clock—

CONALL

A twelve month from the first time—

LAEGAIRE

And the jug full up to the brim,
For we had been put from our drinking by the very thought of
him—

CONALL

We stood as we're standing now—

LAEGAIRE

The horns were as empty—

CONALL

When

He ran up out of the sea with his head on his shoulders again.

CUCHULAIN

Why, this is a tale worth telling—

CONALL

And he called for his debt and his right
And said that the land was disgraced, because of us two from
that night,
If we did not pay him his debt.

LAEGAIRE

What is there to be said
When a man with a right to get it has come to ask for your
head?

CONALL

If you had been sitting there you had been silent like us.

LAEGAIRE

He said that in twelve months more he would come again to this
house
And ask his debt again. Twelve months are up to-day.

CONALL

He would have followed after if we had run away.

LAEGAIRE

Will he tell every mother's son that we have broken our word?

CUCHULAIN

Whether he does or does not we'll drive him out with the sword,
And take his life in the bargain if he but dare to scoff.

CONALL

How can you fight with a head that laughs when you've whipped
it off?

LAEGAIRE

Or a man that can pick it up and carry it out in his hand?

CONALL

He is coming now, there's a splash and a rumble along the strand
As when he came last.

CUCHULAIN

Come, and put all your backs to the door.
[*A tall, red-headed, red-cloaked man stands upon the threshold
against the misty green of the sea; the ground, higher without
than within the house, makes him seem taller even than he is.
He leans upon a great two-handled sword*]

LAEGAIRE

It is too late to shut it, for there he stands once more
And laughs like the sea.

CUCHULAIN

Old herring—You whip off heads? Why then
Whip off your own, for it seems you can clap it on again.
Or else go down in the sea, go down in the sea I say,
Find that old juggler Manannan and whip his head away;
Or the Red Man of the Boynes, for they are of your own sort,
Or if the waves have vexed you and you would find a sport

Of a more Irish fashion, go fight without a rest
 A caterwauling phantom among the winds of the west.
 But what are you waiting for, into the water I say!
 If there's no sword can harm you, I've an older trick to play,
 An old five-fingered trick to tumble you out of the place;
 I am Sualtim's son Cuchulain—what, do you laugh in my face?

RED MAN

So you, too, think me in earnest in wagering poll for poll,
 A drinking joke and a gibe and a juggler's feat, that is all,
 To make the time go quickly—for I am the drinker's friend,
 The kindest of all Shape-Changers from here to the world's end,
 The best of all tipsy companions, and now I bring you a gift,
 I will lay it there on the ground for the best of you all to lift,
 [*He lays his Helmet on the ground*]
 And wear upon his own head, and choose for yourselves the best.
 O! Laegaire and Conall are brave, but they were afraid of my
 jest.

Well, maybe I jest too grimly when the ale is in the cup.
 There, I'm forgiven now—[*then in a more solemn voice as he goes out*]

Let the bravest take it up.

[*Conall takes up the Helmet and gazes at it with delight*]

LAEGAIRE

[*Singing, with a swaggering stride*]

Laegaire is best;
 Between water and hill,
 He fought in the west
 With cat heads, until
 At the break of day
 All fell by his sword,
 And he carried away
 Their hidden hoard. [*He seizes the Helmet*]

CONALL

Give it me, for what did you find in the bag

But the straw and the broken delf and the bits of dirty rag
You'd taken for good money?

CUCHULAIN

No, no, but give it me. [*He takes the Helmet*]

CONALL

The Helmet's mine or Laegaire's—you are the youngest of us
three.

CUCHULAIN

[*Filling the Helmet with ale*]

I did not take it to keep it—the Red Man gave it for one,
But I shall give it to all—to all of us three or to none;
That is as you look upon it—we will pass it to and fro,
And time and time about, drink out of it and so
Stroke into peace this cat that has come to take our lives.
Now it is purring again and now I drink to your wives,
And I drink to Emer, my wife

[*A great noise without and shouting*]
Why what in God's name is that noise?

CONALL

What else but the charioteers and the kitchen and stable boys
Shouting against each other, and the worst of all is your own,
That chariot-driver, Laeg, and they'll keep it up till the dawn,
And there's not a man in the house that will close his eyes
to-night,

Or be able to keep them from it, or know what set them to fight.

[*A noise of horns without*]

There do you hear them now? such hatred has each for each,
They have taken the hunting horns to drown one another's
speech

For fear the truth may prevail—here's your good health and
long life,

And, though she be quarrelsome, good health to Emer, your
wife.

[*The charioteers, stable boys and kitchen boys come running in.
They carry great horns, ladles and the like*]

LAEG

I am Laeg, Cuchulain's driver, and my master's cock of the yard.

ANOTHER

Conall would scatter his feathers. [*Confused murmurs*]

LAEGAIRE

[*To Cuchulain*] No use, they won't hear a word.

CONALL

They'll keep it up till the dawn.

ANOTHER

It is Laegaire that is the best,
For he fought with cats in Connaught while Conall took his rest
And drained his ale pot.

ANOTHER

Laegaire—what does a man of his sort
Care for the like of us? He did it for his own sport.

ANOTHER

It was all mere luck at the best.

ANOTHER

But Conall, I say.

ANOTHER

Let me speak.

LAEG

You'd be dumb if the cock of the yard would but open his beak.

ANOTHER

Before your cock was born, my master was in the fight.

LAEG

Go home and praise your grand-dad. They took to the horns
for spite,
For I said that no cock of your sort had been born since the fight
began.

ANOTHER

Conall has got it, the best man has got it, and I am his man.

CUCHULAIN

Who started this quarrel?

A STABLE BOY

It was Laeg.

ANOTHER

It was Laeg done it all.

LAEG

A high wide foxy man came where we sat in the hall,
Getting our supper ready, with a great voice like the wind,
And cried out that there was a Helmet or something of the kind
That was for the foremost man upon the ridge of the earth.
So I cried your name through the hall. [*The others cry out and
blow horns, partly drowning the rest of his speech*]

But they denied its worth,

Preferring Laegaire or Conall and they cried to drown my voice;
But I have so strong a throat that I drowned all their noise
Till they took to the hunting horns and blew them into my face,
And as neither side would give in—we would settle it in this
place.

Let the Helmet be taken from Conall.

A STABLE BOY

No, Conall is the best man here.

ANOTHER

Give it to Laegaire that made the murderous cats pay dear.

CUCHULAIN

It has been given to none—that our rivalry might cease,
We have turned that murderous cat into a cup of peace,
I drank the first; and then Conall; give it to Laegaire now
[*Conall gives horn to Laegaire*]
That it may purr in his hand and all of our servants know
That since the ale went in its claws went out of sight.

A SERVANT

That's well—I will stop my shouting.

ANOTHER

Cuchulain is in the right;
I am tired of this big horn that has made me hoarse as a rook.

LAEG

Cuchulain, you drank the first.

ANOTHER

By drinking the first he took
The whole of the honors himself.

LAEG

Cuchulain, you drank the first.

ANOTHER

If Laegaire drinks from it now he claims to be last and worst.

ANOTHER

Cuchulain and Conall have drunk.

ANOTHER

He is lost if he taste a drop.

LAEGAIRE

[Laying horn on the table]

Did you claim to be better than us by drinking first from the cup?

CUCHULAIN

[His words are partly drowned by the murmurs of the crowd though he speaks very loud]

That juggler from the sea, that old red herring it is
Who has set us all by the ears—he brought the Helmet for this.
And because we would not quarrel he ran elsewhere to shout
That Conall and Laegaire wronged me, till all had fallen out.
[The murmur grows less so that his words are heard]
Who knows where he is now or whom he is spurring to fight?
So get you gone, and whatever may cry aloud in the night,
Or show itself in the air, be silent until morn.

A SERVANT

Cuchulain is in the right—I am tired of this big horn.

CUCHULAIN

Go. *[The servants turn toward the door but stop on hearing the voices of women outside]*

LAEGAIRE'S WIFE

[Without] Mine is the better to look at.

CONALL'S WIFE

[Without] But mine is better born.

EMER

[Without] My man is the pithier man.

CUCHULAIN

Old hurricane, well done,
 You've set our wives to the game that they may egg us on;
 We are to kill each other that you may sport with us.
 Ah, now, they've begun to wrestle as to who'll be first at the
 house. [*The women come to the door struggling*]

EMER

No, I have the right of place for I married the better man.

CONALL'S WIFE

[*Pulling Emer back*] My nails in your neck and shoulder.

LAEGAIRE'S WIFE

And go before me if you can.
 My husband fought in the West.

CONALL'S WIFE

[*Kneeling in the door so as to keep out the others, who pull at her*]

But what did he fight with there
 But sidelong and spitting and helpless shadows of the dim air?
 And what did he carry away but straw and broken delf?

LAEGAIRE'S WIFE

Your own man made up that tale trembling alone by himself,
 Drowning his terror.

EMER

[*Forcing herself to the front*] I am Emer, it is I go first through
 the door.
 No one shall walk before me, or praise any man before
 My man has been praised.

CUCHULAIN

[Spreading his arms across the door so as to close it]

Come, put an end to their quarrelling;

One is as fair as the other and each one the wife of a king.
Break down the painted boards between the sill and the floor
That they come in together, each one at her own door.

[Laegaire and Conall begin to break out the bottoms of the windows; then their wives go to the windows, each to the window where her husband is. Emer stands at the door and sings while the boards are being broken out]

EMER

Nothing that he has done,
His mind that is fire,
His body that is sun,
Have set my head higher
Than all the world's wives.
Himself on the wind
Is the gift that he gives,
Therefore women kind,
When their eyes have met mine,
Grow cold and grow hot
Troubled as with wine
By a secret thought,
Preyed upon, fed upon
By jealousy and desire,
For I am moon to that sun,
I am steel to that fire.

[The windows are now broken down to the floor. Cuchulain takes his spear from the door, and the three women come in at the same moment]

EMER

Cuchulain, put off your sloth and awake,
I will sing till I've stiffened your lip against every knave that
would take
A share of our honor.

LAEGAIRE'S WIFE

You lie, for your man would take from my man.

CONALL'S WIFE

[*To Laegaire's wife*] You say that, you double face, and your own husband began.

CUCHULAIN

[*Taking up the Helmet from the table*]

Town land may rail at town land till all have gone to wrack,
The very straws may wrangle till they've thrown down the stack,
The very door-posts bicker till they've pulled in the door,
The very ale jars jostle till the ale is on the floor,
But this shall help no further. [*He throws the Helmet into the sea*]

LAEGAIRE'S WIFE

It was not for your head,
And so you would let none wear it but fling it away instead.

CONALL'S WIFE

But you shall answer for it, for you've robbed my man by this.

CONALL

You have robbed us both, Cuchulain.

LAEGAIRE

The greatest wrong there is
On the wide ridge of the world has been done to us two this day.

EMER

[*Drawing her dagger*] Who is for Cuchulain?

CUCHULAIN

Silence.

EMER

Who is for Cuchulain, I say?

[She sings the same words as before, flourishing her dagger about. While she is singing, Conall's wife and Laegaire's wife draw their daggers and run at her, but Cuchulain forces them back. Laegaire and Conall draw their swords to strike Cuchulain]

LAEGAIRE'S WIFE

[Crying out so as to be heard through Emer's singing]
Deafen her singing with horns.

CONALL'S WIFE

Cry aloud! blow horns! make a noise!

LAEGAIRE'S WIFE

Blow horns, clap hands, or shout, so that you smother her voice.
[The horse boys and scullions blow their horns or fight among themselves. There is a deafening noise and a confused fight. Suddenly, three black hands come through the windows and put out the torches. It is now pitch dark, but for a faint light outside the house which merely shows that there are moving forms, but not who or what they are, and in the darkness one can hear low terrified voices]

A VOICE

Coal black, and headed like cats. They came up over the strand.

ANOTHER VOICE

And I saw one stretch to a torch and cover it with his hand.

ANOTHER VOICE

Another sooty fellow has plucked the moon from the air.
[A light gradually comes into the house from the sea, on which the moon begins to show once more. There is no light within the house, and the great beams of the walls are dark and full of shadows, and the persons of the play dark, too, against the

light. The Red Man is seen standing in the midst of the house. The black cat-headed men crouch and stand about the door. One carries the Helmet, one the great sword]

RED MAN

I demand the debt that's owing. Let some man kneel down there
That I may cut his head off or all shall go to wrack.

CUCHULAIN

He played and paid with his head and it's right that we pay him
back,
And give him more than he gave, for he comes in here as a guest,
So I will give him my head.

[*Emer begins to keen*] Little wife, little wife, be at rest.
Alive I have been far off in all lands under sun,
And been no faithful man, but when my story is done
My fame shall spring up and laugh, and set you high above all.

EMER

[*Putting her arm about him*] It is you, not your fame, that I love.

CUCHULAIN

[*Tries to put her from him*]

You are young, you are wise, you can call
Some kinder and comelier man that will sit at home in the house.

EMER

Live, and be faithless still.

CUCHULAIN

[*Throwing her from him*] Would you stay the great barnacle-
goose
When its eyes are turned to the sea and its beak to the salt of
the air?

EMER

[*Lifting her dagger to stab herself*] I, too, on the gray wind's
path.

CUCHULAIN

[*Seizing the dagger*] Do you dare, do you dare, do you dare!
Bear children and sweep the house. [*Forcing his way through
the servants who gather round*] Wail, but keep from the road.
[*He kneels before the Red Man. There is a pause*]
Quick to your work, old Radish, you will fade when the cocks
have crowed.

[*A black cat-headed man holds out the Helmet. The Red Man
takes it*]

RED MAN

I have not come for your hurt, I am the Rector of this land,
And with my spitting-cat heads, my frenzied moon-bred band,
Age after age I sift it, and choose for its championship
The man who hits my fancy. [*He places the Helmet on Cuchu-
lain's head*]

And I choose the laughing lip
That shall not turn from laughing whatever may rise or fall,
The heart that grows no bitterer although betrayed by all,
The hand that loves to scatter, the life like a gambler's throw;
And these things I make prosper, till a day comes that I know,
When heart and mind shall darken that the weak may end the
strong,
And the long remembering harpers have matter for their song.

THE RENAISSANCE OF THE DANCE

Isadora Duncan

GASPARD ETSCHER

IT may be asserted that a few years ago the art of dancing was approaching a period of decadence. A renaissance took place—not a return to ancient conditions or usages, for that would be ridiculous; but a renaissance in the sense of evolution from the earliest fundamental elements of the art.

Dancing was originally an art of the temple, and when it did not express faith, it expressed at least a more or less high symbolism. In Greece it was born from the ritual evolutions in the temple, and even after its partial emigration from the altar to the stage kept its mystic significance. The grave “*emmelie*” which was adapted to tragedy; the burlesque “*cordace*” which was added to comedy; the impetuous “*sincinnis*” which was associated with satiric plays; the bellicose “*pyrrhique*” which was performed at the Panathenea; the “*lyric dances*” which were accompanied by the lyre; the slow “*gymnopédique*” which was Sparta’s delight; the “*hyporschématique*” which was often found amongst the Romans; all these dances were for the Greek not simple gestures of mundanity, but official forms of the vital elements of the Hellenic civilization.

A similar wish to offer the beauty of beautiful bodies to the divinity can be found in India, where the bayadeers were sacred dancers. At other times dancing was considered, as by the dervishes, as a means to provoke a kind of giddiness propitious to religious contemplation.

We can still find a trace of the dance in our religion: is not the choir a sort of stage, and are not all the carefully regulated evolutions, genuflections and gesticulations of the priests and attendants a kind of dance? It is still more traceable in Spain, where, in rhythm with the clacking of ivory castanets, a kind of dance, although extremely attenuated, is performed by young adolescents; these dances are called “*seises*.”

These last manifestations of religious dancing are, however, slowly though surely disappearing. The Catholic Church still possesses, as Gordon Craig says, the best scenery; but it is compelled to abandon certain forms of its ceremonies which no longer correspond to modern ideas, and the present Pope, who is no great friend of pomp, will rather help than prevent their disappearance.

We do not embody symbolism in our dances, as the ancient Egyptians used to do (they even had a dance representing the gravitation of the stars); or as the Chinese, who regard dancing as a sort of carefully determined language and use it to depict famous facts of their ancient history. Dancing has also expressed some public actions, the more frequent being war, sometimes considered as a sort of religious duty; Longus has depicted the "epilinos," or dance of the wine-press; funerals were the occasions for dancing the "dance of the robes."

All these reasons for dancing are now almost or quite nonexistent. The spirit of the dance has slowly disappeared, and what survives is like an empty frame. Faith and symbolism have vanished from it and even the sense of plastic beauty can scarcely be traced, although, every mystic foundation being absent, the only remaining one is the search of beauty. And though this be its only aim, the art of dancing nowadays very seldom reaches it.

The folk-art has degraded rather than improved, as with typical and local habits and costumes. The democratic spirit of our times has banalized everything. Popular dances of the present day are but a few mechanical gestures, continually recommenced as long as the music plays; the rhythm—not the line, not the color—is exclusively regarded.

I shall not speak of the ballet; it is composite, not pure dancing. It is another art, composed of a libretto, of music, costumes and scenery as well as of dancing. Its relation to pure dance is the same as that of opera or musical drama to pure music.

I leave out of question the art of the genial Loie Fuller, who created enchantment. But floods of colors, diapered butterfly wings, volutions of metallic snakes, dazzling or sparkling gems, velvet membranes of strange bats, streams of phosphorescent

water, melting metals, whirlwinds where all dust, all atoms, all insects of a spring day danced, all those marvels which she invented and delighted us with, though they deserve full admiration, were not pure dance. The part of the light effects was often greater than that of the dance; and we were affected much more by colors than by lines.

Classical dance on the stage was a disaster, if you except a very few dancers whose grace served to hide the emptiness of their art. It was so far from nature that it had lost its soul, its life; nothing remained but the technique which had killed every other thing. Your eyes could look only at empty gesticulation, at a sort of gymnastic rhythmically executed with musical accompaniment. How could you enjoy this mere struggle against the laws of equilibrium, its ideal the overcoming of acrobatic difficulties, instead of a display of graceful and natural movements? Would Vestris not be ashamed of the result of the pirouettes he invented, if he could see those tops in skirts whirling madly round the stage, pushing one before the other with many quick little jerks two legs stiffened like two poles—standing on the big toes, under a lampshade of gauze; and the two arms like the ears of a pitcher? You can read from the painful smile stereotyped on the congested face how natural this exercise is. Was this art, or not rather the skeleton of mummified art?

It was necessary that a Messiah should come and regenerate it. Isadora Duncan was the one to fulfil that mission. And as with everyone who preaches truth, the crowd first laughed at her, that same crowd which now has not enough laurels and palms to cover her path with.

Isadora felt that dancing was not only the rhythmical acrobacy it had become, but an attempt toward beauty; a lyrical expression of feeling through the means of gesticulation, just as poetry is its expression through language. Consequently, instead of remaining imprisoned in the narrow cell of mere technique, she turned her eyes to nature, gazing at it full of love and reason, trying to render it with sincerity in the most beautiful form possible.

Having given back a soul to her art, she needed not to add artificial interest to it. That is why she never felt any other

decoration of the stage necessary than those long, supple-folded draperies flowing down from the ceiling to the platform. And in this empty frame we see as soon as the dancer appears, such is her might of evocation, the landscape in which to situate her dance. Her gesture watching the Greek fleet and greeting its arrival is sufficient to depict the strand and the Ægean sea strewn with islands, its peaceful blue water reflecting the curves of the vessels. Her dance of Omar Khayyam erected behind her white terraces surrounded by tall cypresses, sombre as pillars of black marble under the cloudless deep indigo-colored sky. The "Chœur des Prêtresses" showed us an unreal, yet clearly seen temple, outlining the pure profile of its columns on the top of some rock covered with asphodels.

It is to her love of nature that we owe the alterations she made in the stage-lighting. She diminished very much, as much as possible, the importance of the footlights, which are so irrational and produce so often ugly shadows, throwing from the nose a black triangle on the forehead. Two strong projection lamps were placed in the corners of the stage, and poured a more normal light, deepening the folds, intensifying the reliefs. Never are our eyes hurt by a crude white light; the stage is generally filled with a delicate blue of dreams, or a pale pink of joy, intensified or mixed according to the kind of dance.

For the same reason, Isadora has done away with that sort of ugly lampshade which is still worn. I do not think she chose Greek garments because they were Greek, otherwise there would be no reason for wearing them when she dances modern music; and, to remain logical, she would have to attire herself in Norwegian fashion, for instance, when she selects Grieg as a composer. She chose Greek garments because they are rational, because they leave to her body its complete freedom and the entire possibility of showing its movements, for no line must be lost if the expression is to be perfect. Moreover, their delicate simplicity always produces graceful folds when the motion of dance presses them against the figure or swiftly blows them behind her, and they receive beauty from the gesture that gives them life. People have at last become accustomed to seeing bare feet on the stage, and have ceased pretending to be shocked by

them. Perhaps they are beginning to admit that they are more beautiful to see than those ugly pink satin shoes which make the foot resemble a shapeless parcel tied with ribbons.

Isadora Duncan does not need many stage accessories; I never saw her use anything but flowers and branches, and sometimes a veil, like that beautiful one of saffron color which two children throw as high as they can above their heads to make a floating arch, blown by the air and falling slowly.

It is because she looked at nature closely, with all her heart and all her reason, that Isadora Duncan can assert that in dancing the legs own no preponderating place, contrary to the opinion of many. She maintains that the whole body must contribute to the expression, that no line is useless. Consequently, look how wonderfully she uses her arms in the "Chœur des Prêtresses" when she adores the divinity; or in the "Danse des Scythes" when she shoots the arrow! She masters all her muscles so well, she can so completely alter her attitude according to what she is dancing, the feeling she is expressing, that the body we saw when the young girl was enjoying herself on the lawn strewn with narcissi, trying to catch a bird or playing a tune on the syrinx, is not the same as the one we see now, nervous, with brazen muscles, hard and wild, jumping and hurling the javelin. The arms can be enough to execute a dance; who shall say there is something missing when the young Greek is playing at knuckle-bones and tells her friends the result of her game? Still fewer means are required in the "Berçeuse" of Fauré; all the dance consists in various inclinations of the head and the infinite shades of expression reflected on the face, whilst the children by their swinging indicate the rhythm.

Some might object that this is only pantomime, not a dance. But no mistake can be made. The rhythm is enough to make the difference and avoid every confusion, just as it constitutes the distinctive criterion between poetry and prose.

Nature has taught Isadora Duncan that everything harmonious develops progressively. That is why her gestures always spread from the centre like a flower unfolding its petals: the arms part from the body, the hands open, the fingers unroll, the movement takes more amplitude like the regular and pro-

gressive wave born from the falling of a stone in a quiet lake.

Miss Duncan was born in San Francisco; she might have been born in Australia or in China, in Patagonia or in Lapland; she would be a Greek all the same. But not in the way most people think. They imagine she is Greek because she has Greek garments, because she has the same movements as those of the figures of the antique vases and reliefs. They imagine she copies them and assembles them into a sort of agreeable mosaic. No, this would be only slavery to antique art, which every Greek would have repudiated. Her ideal is more, her achievements are more than a living photograph from the antique. She really possesses the spirit, the soul of a Greek. This is the result of her high culture. As she began dancing when aged four, and could already teach when twelve years old, she did entirely master the technique of her art, the acrobatic part which it is necessary to possess, but which must never be seen, which must remain hidden like the wire skeleton you imprison in the clay when modelling. Then she could look at nature and interpret it. There are in art two extremes: one is the primitive period, when love of nature is the inspiration, often full of delicious freshness and naïveté, but when skill is still more or less lacking; the second is the period of decadence, when love of nature is almost dead and replaced by the love of technique, the desire for sincerity by the desire for cleverness, by artificial feelings, the study of nature by the almost exclusive study of previous works of art. Between these two points is that which constitutes classical art, where perfect technique associates with a strong love of nature, where both stand in perfect equilibrium and harmony. This is the point which is characteristic of Greek art; this is the point which, through her high culture, Isadora Duncan has reached. It is culture which has developed the purity of her art, as it was high culture which brought forth the purity of their art. Without reason, no definite and clear harmony can be established.

Isadora's art is not a copy of Greek art; it is the natural evolution of a cultured being who conceives that particular and expresses it in all the purity of its beauty. She never applied the word Greek to herself first. Her admirers did. Of course

it would be ridiculous to affirm that what she studies and loves has been without an influence upon her; but there is easy proof that she is Greek by the spirit and not by copying Greek gestures or poses from Greek reliefs—for when she dances modern music, she remains classical. She may derive her inspiration from Grieg, Schumann, Beethoven or Fauré, her movements are as pure as when she dances *Iphigénie*. This is why, too, she can improvise so delightfully. I shall always remember her dancing one day with a basket of violets she had just received, holding it very high above her head, her arm stretched like a delicate alabaster pedestal to the basket, and all her little pupils following her like young fawns: there was all the harmony of a procession carved for a frieze of the Pantheon, all the Botticellian freshness of the “*Allegory of the Spring*” or the exquisite frescoes of the Villa Lemmi.

There is something more than merely plastic beauty in Isadora Duncan’s art. Her dances are deeply human, they are a poetical language of nature, a translation of the rhythms of nature into human rhythms which display only suppleness, strength and gracefulness. Thus has the art of dancing conquered the new ideal it needed to replace those which have faded; thus we feel in Isadora’s dances something immortal, eternal, like Greek beauty.

LLOYD GEORGE AND HIS POLICIES

SYDNEY BROOKS

FOR the past three months, always competing with and sometimes overshadowing the Constitutional crisis which is now more or less at an end, the National Insurance Bill, introduced by Mr. Lloyd George early in May, has deeply engaged the interest of the British people and their Parliamentary representatives. It is a bill that marks by far the longest step that has yet been taken by the British State to protect the national health and insure the workers of the country, men and women, boys and girls, to the number of nearly 15,000,000, against the effects of sickness and unemployment. There have been abundant proofs in the last few years that what Carlyle called "the condition of England question" was at length attaining its proper place in the scale of legislative interests. Since they came into power in 1906 the Liberals have greatly extended the scope of the Workmen's Compensation Act; they have given old-age pensions to all people of seventy and over whose incomes do not exceed \$157.50 a year; they have attacked the industrial and social evil of sweating and fixed a minimum rate of wages in certain overworked trades; they have provided a cheap and easy process for acquiring small holdings; they have devised an elaborate system of Labor Exchanges for finding work for the unemployed; they have passed a variety of laws for the protection of children, for regulating the development of towns on a settled plan, and for demolishing slums and insanitary areas and fixing a standard of fitness for human habitation for practically all working-class dwellings throughout the country. But none of these experiments in social well-being equals in magnitude or daring Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Bill. Whether one looks to the ideas and principles behind it, or to the numbers and intricacy of its provisions, or to the vast machinery it sets in motion to war upon misery and despair, it must be pronounced one of the greatest measures ever submitted to the British Parliament. It was received on its first presentation with an ominous chorus of ap-

proval from all quarters of the House—ominous because it is just as easy for a bill as for a man to make too good a start in life. The measures that receive a rapturous welcome on their introduction and that for the moment bear down all party barriers are all but invariably the measures that have the hardest struggle to survive. It is proving so in this case. Opposition to the Bill has developed among some powerful interests—the doctors, for instance, are unanimously and violently against many of its clauses—and the enormous variety of the problems it essays to deal with, the eagerness of its friends to expand its provisions beyond the limits of sound finance, and the endless opportunities it offers for a veiled obstruction, are making themselves felt as formidable difficulties in Mr. Lloyd George's path. He hopes and means to save the Bill and to see it on the Statute Book by the end of August. I believe that he will succeed and that his victory will be all the greater for the obstacles he has had to encounter. But there is just a chance that he may have to throw over portions of the measure in order to bring the remainder safe to port.

The Bill divides itself into three parts. The first part consists of a scheme of compulsory insurance against sickness and breakdown. It is applicable to all persons of not over 65 with salaries of less than \$800 a year who are under any contract of service, except soldiers and sailors, pensionable employees of the Crown or of Local Authorities, persons working on their own account (such as gardeners, washerwomen and seamstresses), wives employed by their husbands, and casual unattached workers. The exceptions are few and rational; practically 14,000,000 will come within the scope of the scheme, which is to be worked through the great Friendly Societies and Trade Unions on conditions approved by the Government. All who are qualified to insure but who do not belong to a Friendly Society or a Trade Union may effect insurance through the Post Office. The scheme is compulsory and is based upon the triple contribution of the State, the employer and the employed. In nine cases out of ten that contribution will be 4 cents a week from the State, 8 cents a week from the employed if a man and 6 cents if a woman, and 6 cents a week from the employer. In return for

these contributions there is to be a sick benefit of \$2.50 a week for 13 weeks in the case of men and \$1.90 a week in the case of women, which will be reduced during the second 13 weeks to \$1.25 for men and women alike. At the end of the 26 weeks—during the whole of which time the insured is relieved from the necessity of contributing to the insurance fund—a disablement benefit of \$1.25 may be obtained on the certificate of a doctor. In addition medical attendance and treatment and all necessary medicines are supplied free to each insured person throughout life, and insured women, married or unmarried, and the wives of insured men, receive a maternity benefit of \$7.50. The second part of the Bill embraces a scheme of compulsory insurance against unemployment in the case of the 2,400,000 employed in the building, construction of works, engineering and shipbuilding trades. The workmen and the employer will each contribute 5 cents a week and the State one-third of their combined contributions; and the employed in return will receive either \$1.50 or \$1.75 a week up to a maximum of 15 weeks in a year according to the trade he is engaged in. This scheme will be worked principally through the Labor Exchanges. The third part of the Bill—I call it so simply for purposes of differentiation—sets aside \$7,500,000 for fighting consumption and proposes to take 25 cents a member from the insurance fund—the State adding 8 cents—to furnish a yearly fund for maintaining the campaign and building and equipping sanatoria and tuberculosis dispensaries.

Such, roughly, is the National Insurance Bill. I have given the merest outline of it, leaving out far more than I have put in. To describe it in any detail, to contrast its general system and its benefits with the German scheme, to show how the problem has been alleviated in some ways and rendered more complex in others by the presence in England of an old-age pension scheme and of the Friendly Societies, to make clear the position of women and of the medical profession under its provisions, to explain the relations that will be established between the Government and the Friendly Societies, and to go into the various conditions and exceptions and disqualifications, into the finance of the measure, and into its administrative machinery—all this would take

as many pages as I have written lines. But I have said enough to give some idea of the magnitude and importance of the whole proposal and of the titanic task devolving on the Minister who devised and drafted it and who is now piloting it with extraordinary skill and courage and a marvellous grasp of all its details through the shoals and reefs of the Committee stage. It must be four years since I first heard Mr. Lloyd George speak of it casually as an idea that was working in his mind and that he hoped before long to be able to give effect to. In 1908 he visited Germany especially to examine and learn from the gigantic system of State insurance there in force against sickness, invalidity, old age and accidents. Since then he has worked on the scheme incessantly; it is ten times more his measure than are most Bills the handiwork of the Ministers who stand sponsor for them; and its final passage will be one of the most signal personal triumphs of latter-day English politics.

Few things seemed less likely ten years ago than that Mr. Lloyd George would be the man to introduce such a Bill or any Bill at all from the Ministerial bench. Anyone who would have prophesied in the early days of this century that before a decade had gone by Mr. Lloyd George would be not merely a member of the Government, but Chancellor of the Exchequer, would have been written down a lunatic. No man in my time, unless it were Mr. Gladstone at the height of the Home Rule crisis, has ever been more intensely hated than was Mr. Lloyd George between 1899 and 1902, the years of the Boer war. The overwhelming majority of Welshmen, like the overwhelming majority of Englishmen and Scotchmen, believed the Boer war to be both just and necessary. Mr. Lloyd George did not; and the fire, the ferocity almost, of his opposition, made him a target of national obloquy. "He was at times," an admirer and sympathizer has written, "almost the only man in the House who dared to speak the truth about the war without fear of Mr. Chamberlain. When the Empire was jockeyed into the war with the Boers, the majority of the members of the Liberal party believed that, war having broken out, there was nothing to be done but support the Government which was responsible for the crime. Against this doctrine Mr. Lloyd George protested in the

House and out of it. To him the war was unjust, unnecessary and criminal. He was sure of his ground. He knew the facts. He had a firm grip of his principles. He voted against supplies demanded to carry on an unjust war. He offered an uncompromising opposition to the war in all its stages, and soon attracted to himself the honor of being the most bitterly hated pro-Boer in Parliament. As a reward he was felled like an ox in the streets of Bangor by one 'patriot' and Mr. Chamberlain's myrmidons did their best to kill him when he visited Birmingham. He escaped on the latter occasion by assuming the disguise of a policeman." Those were certainly passionate days. No quarter was asked or given, and I would not have valued Mr. Lloyd George's life at five minutes' purchase if he had chanced to fall in the hands of a Jingo mob. The nation which has since been almost ready to canonize him would then have stoned him without the slightest compunction. But the Boer war to-day is ancient history, and the British, while a people of strong and quick emotions, are not resentful and admire courage with a whole heart. They still think Mr. Lloyd George was wrong in his views of the war, but they no longer allow that to trouble them. It is a dead and almost a forgotten issue. When they think of his connection with it, they think of a man who may have been misguided, wrong-headed, mischievous even, but who had at any rate the supreme political courage to stake his career on his conscience. There is no opinion so outrageous and unpopular that democracy will not forgive if only it is held with sincerity and advocated without a thought of self.

Mr. Lloyd George had been nearly ten years in Parliament before the Boer war made him a national figure. Up till then he was known in the House as a delightful companion, an adroit Parliamentary strategist, and a clever and sparkling speaker, and that was as far as his reputation stretched. To the mass of Englishmen he was little more than the shadow of a name. Among his own countrymen in Wales he was, of course, far better known, but even they could hardly have foreseen how swiftly he was to rise to the dictatorship of the Principality. One really hardly exaggerates in speaking of Mr. Lloyd George's position and influence in Wales as the equivalent of a dictatorship. "You

ought to know Lloyd George," a friend is said to have remarked to the present King, who was then Prince of Wales. "If there were such a thing as the Presidency of Wales, he would poll more votes than you would." It is a hackneyed but a true thing to say that not since the days of Owen Glendower has Wales found a leader more absolutely after her own heart. Mr. Lloyd George is Welsh—as Welsh as O'Connell was Irish; he speaks Welsh—is probably, indeed, even more eloquent and moving in it than in English; and he knows the country and its people—knows them as McKinley knew the Americans or Palmerston the English, or Gambetta the French. No one can touch as he can on the romantic appeal of ancient Welsh life. No one is more imbued with the spirit and consciousness of a distinctive Welsh nationality, and no one has done more, or indeed one-half so much, to make that spirit of nationality politically effective. No one is more effective than he in his invocations to the charm of the Cymric twilight, the lonely lakes and mist-clad mountains, the ghostly figures of Welsh chivalry, the noise of streams rushing down the moonlit valleys. Even when he talks of Wales on his own hearthrug, in the freedom of private conversation, an irrepressible light leaps out of his eyes, the voice takes on a softer inflection of tenderness, the language grows more impetuous and glowing, one feels the workings of an authentic inspiration. There is more than a little of the poet, the mystic, the dreamer and the evangelist in Mr. Lloyd George's temperament. If he had not been a politician he would assuredly have been a revivalist. Indeed he often devotes the methods of the camp-meeting to the service of politics and never more often than when speaking from a Welsh platform before a Welsh audience. To many a stolid Englishman the Lloyd George who blows off Celtic steam among his beloved native hills and the Lloyd George who dons the official toga at Westminster seem wholly different persons. They find it difficult to reconcile the extravagance of his rhetoric in Wales with the suave and practical sagacity he displays as Cabinet Minister; and, clever as he is, I myself am not quite sure whether he is clever enough to take the full measure of English stupidity and decorum or to understand why he is so frequently at odds with both.

What enormously adds to the completeness of Mr. Lloyd George as an embodiment of Wales is that besides being a Welshman, a Radical, and as vehemently in revolt against the cold formalism of the Anglican creed and the dominance of the Established Church as the most dissentient of his dissenting countrymen, he is also a brilliantly effective orator. His language is not always measured; he hits hard always, bitterly often, recklessly sometimes; his quick-moving mind flashes out in pungent, unforgettable phrases, few of which are without a sting; at covering an opponent with ridicule, pillorying him with the damning epithet, and goading him with pin-pricks of sarcasm and invective, he has no equal in British public life—the House of Lords was doomed from the moment Lloyd George described a ducal breakfast with two footmen bearing his Grace's egg; and on a popular platform where there is passion to be stirred, sentiment and broad humor to be appealed to, and a large mass of emotionalism to be worked upon, I count him one of the most refreshing, dramatic and successful speakers I have listened to on either side of the Atlantic. He is in natural sympathy with the mind and outlook and sentiments of a crowd, and knows by instinct just how to take them, what points they will relish and what effects will stay in their memories; and to produce those effects he will often descend to their intellectual level and rant and froth and be as vulgar as Cleon himself. Put him in another atmosphere and he is another man. Even in the House of Commons, where feeling and rhetoric are voted out of place and rather bad form, Mr. Lloyd George does not hesitate at times to sweep the chord of the deeper emotions, and I have known him hold that somewhat worldly and cynical assembly spellbound by a powerful and pathetic sketch of social misery. Few men, I should judge, are more keenly sensitive to the poverty and wretchedness and gloom in which the masses of the people dwell, and few are more apt or more skilled to make the House uncomfortable by reminding it of their existence. One of his speeches may often, in this aspect, be as salutary and disturbing as one of Mr. Galsworthy's novels. He has the first of all oratorical merits in being true to himself. The Celtic touch of idealism and imagination, the Celtic lack of shamefacedness in the

presence of the emotions that Englishmen instinctively seek to smuggle away, a legal eye for a weak argument and the legal gift for luminous and pointed exposition, combine to make Mr. Lloyd George one of the most vital and compelling of orators. He answers Pascal's test: you forget, when sitting beneath him, that you are listening to a speech; you remember only that you are listening to a man.

And besides all this there is the appealing fact that Mr. Lloyd George has reached his present position "not propped by ancestry, neither allied to eminent assistants," but by his own determination, abilities and audacity. He has had no advantage of wealth, lineage or connections. The son of a poor schoolmaster, who died when the future Chancellor was still a boy, he found himself, while not yet out of his teens, the main support of a widowed mother. He passed through many stubborn, struggling, immensely educative years of poverty before he began to find his feet as a solicitor in a small country town in North Wales. When he entered Parliament in his twenty-seventh year hardly a soul in England had ever heard of him. He has risen in the national Legislature, just as he rose outside it, by his own unaided merit. In many ways I do not know a man, except Mr. John Burns, who is more typical of the wholesome revolution that is passing over English life and politics—a revolution that is gradually throwing open the career to talent and causing men to be judged by what they are and by what they do and not by the non-essentials of birth or position or wealth. The long distance so quickly and buoyantly traversed from an obscure solicitorship in Wales to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer is an object-lesson in the realities of democracy from which young England may draw all the inspiration it needs. But democracy is the "note" of Mr. Lloyd George's personality as well as of his career. He is one of the cheeriest and most approachable of men. Merely to catch a glimpse of him as he walks rapidly through the lobbies, with life and vivacity speaking in every movement—a small, well-knit man, with long black hair, now tinged with gray, brushed back in waves from a broad and powerful forehead, features in which strength and sensitiveness, good humor and resolution,

are blended in an almost poetic pallor, large flashing eyes that talk even when the lips move not, and an ever-ready smile of extraordinary sweetness—is to know him for the hearty, genuine, genial, good fellow he is. Frankness and a captivating camaraderie flame from him. I can imagine no man less capable of cultivating the English habit of condescension or of working up a “manner,” or of affecting to be bored or overweighted by the responsibilities of office. If he has any pose it is to have no pose at all, to be modern and emancipated to the finger-tips, to let nothing stand in the way of the prompt and efficient discharge of business. Like all good fighters there is nothing petty or malicious about him. He believes profoundly in himself, in Wales, and in facts; and I have heard him review a debate in the House with an almost uncanny detachment, praising opponents with a large and generous appreciation it was good to listen to and estimating the efforts of those on his own side with a just and wholly impersonal recognition of their value or their defects.

It was, as I have said, the Boer war that first brought Mr. Lloyd George into national prominence. After that fortune played freely into his hands. The Education Bill of 1902 bitterly offended him both as a Welshman and a Nonconformist, and after a campaign of astonishing pungency and vigor that thrilled his countrymen with something of the fervor of a religious revival, he organized the whole of Wales into a passive revolt against its provisions. Stronger language has rarely been heard from a political platform than that which he showered upon the Act, its authors, and the Established Church. The agitation left him the unquestioned leader of the Welsh people and the Welsh party, and, as such, a power not to be ignored in the ranks of Liberalism. When Mr. Chamberlain in 1903 launched his programme of Protection, Mr. Lloyd George found another opportunity to hand. He gathered together all his powers of ridicule and invective, and all his sympathies with the “submerged tenth,” to combat the new doctrines in and out of the House; and it was due to him more than to anyone that at the election of 1906 Wales returned to Parliament not a single member who was not a Liberal and a Free Trader. No party leader could possibly overlook his claims to office, but of all

offices the last to which the average Englishman expected to find Mr. Lloyd George appointed was the Presidency of the Board of Trade. The thought of this impetuous Welshman, this fiery swashbuckler of debate, being entrusted with the care of British industry and commerce made many men gasp with apprehension and many more with astonishment. But before twenty months had gone by there was nobody in Great Britain, to whatever party he belonged, who did not recognize in the appointment one of the happiest and most successful that any Government had ever made. Mr. Lloyd George poured a new vitality into his office and raised it to the front rank of public beneficence. Men came to think and speak of him as "the business man" of the Cabinet. He passed many daring measures amid universal applause. He disentangled problems that his predecessors had found insoluble. Above all, he averted the prospect—more than that, the certainty—of a terrible railroad strike; and averted it on terms that not only satisfied both sides and solved the immediate difficulties before him, but promise peace and harmony for the future. By his mature and decisive handling of that crisis, in circumstances where action was almost as perilous as inaction, he enormously advanced his personal authority and prestige. His happy knack of radiating good humor and sympathy, his open-mindedness and almost instantaneous perception of what is essential as well as of what is possible, the reflex action of his candid and winning personality upon the men with whom he is dealing, made him, and still make him, an ideal man to compose a dispute and pilot a contentious measure through Parliament.

From the Presidency of the Board of Trade he passed to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, the highest post but one in the Ministerial hierarchy. His very first Budget grappled resolutely and comprehensively with the whole problem of British finance. It taxed the rich man more severely than he had ever been taxed before; it increased with no sparing hand the duties on spirits and tobacco; it exacted from the saloon-keeper and the brewer and distiller a license-duty that at last secured to the State something approaching a fair equivalent for the monopoly it has granted to the sellers of drink; more important still, it dif-

ferentiated for purposes of national taxation between various kinds of property; it laid down the principle that the owner of land was not in the same fiscal position as the owner of other commodities and that he might fairly be asked to surrender to the State a part, at any rate, of the "unearned increment" he enjoyed from the appreciation of his property not through any efforts of his own but by the growth of the community. This was the Budget which the House of Lords rejected and by rejecting precipitated the Constitutional upheaval which is only now beginning to subside. Both as a man of the people and as the author of the Budget Mr. Lloyd George flung himself with unbridled vehemence and effect into the campaign against the Lords, some of the speeches he delivered being among the most vitriolic and vituperative ever known in English politics. His Budget reached the Statute Book at last; the attack on the Lords which he has animated and led from the first has succeeded; and if now the National Insurance Bill becomes law, Mr. Lloyd George may well feel that he has not lived in vain. He is still a young man, some forty-seven years old, a certain Premier, as I believe, of the future. There are some good judges who do not share this belief and who still regard Mr. Lloyd George as an agitator only half reclaimed. They declare him to be too much of a politician and too little of a statesman; they complain that he is the first Chancellor of the Exchequer of whom people ask not what he thinks but what he feels; they find him unstable, restless, flighty, and in an office beyond his deserts; they suspect him of being unsound on the question of Free Trade; they accuse him of lacking that imperial consciousness which is essential to a British Premier; and they inveigh especially against his manifold lapses into vulgarity and farce. Very possibly Mr. Lloyd George may be tempted at times to rely too much on instinct and on his powers of lightning-like assimilation and too little on hard, dry study. Very possibly, too, he is not yet by any means as mature as he will one day become. But I am certain of his capacity for growth, just as I am certain that his union of a hard head, an open mind and a feeling heart is an excellent foundation for statesmanship. His sense of political proportion may be sometimes at fault, but that he is one of the most attractive figures in British public life everybody, I think, must admit.

THE END

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

TELL me, strange heart, so mysteriously beating—
Unto what end?
Body and soul so mysteriously meeting,
Strange friend and friend,
Hand clasped in hand so mysteriously faring,
Say what and why all this dreaming and daring,
This sowing and reaping and laughing and weeping,
That ends but in sleeping—
Only one meaning, only—the End.

Ah! all the love, the gold glory, the singing,—
Unto what end?
Flowers of April immortally springing,
Face of one's friend,
Stars of the morning and moon in her quarters,
Shining of suns and running of waters,
Growing and blowing and snowing and flowing,—
Ah! where are they going?
All on one journey, all to—the End.

THE GARDEN OF RESURRECTION

BEING THE LOVE STORY OF AN UGLY MAN

E. TEMPLE THURSTON

BOOK I

CHAPTER XI

THERE was no need for us to announce ourselves. Dandy, who in two weeks had made himself known to the whole village, had finished with every preliminary. As the three figures came in sight round a sudden bend of the cliff path, we could see him trotting amiably by their side.

"And the invalid," said Bellwattle, in a whisper.

"And the invalid," I repeated, below my breath, but I know she did not hear me. I scarcely heard myself.

Another moment, in which my eyes were staring through the darkness at that dim third figure which I knew to be Clarissa, and then we had met. A nervous, hurried introduction took place. I caught no word of it then but the name—Clarissa's name. They said Miss Fawdry. That was all I heard. It was what I saw which occupied all my attention. Clarissa was dressed in black—just as I had imagined. A thick veil covered her face, falling to her shoulders, so that only a dim line of the features could be seen behind it. She bowed to us both in a quaint, timid, old-fashioned way. I shall never forget this my first meeting with Clarissa on that wild headland of those cliffs in Ireland. There will never die out of my ears the long, lonesome cries of the sea birds, the sound of the waters rolling to the rocks three hundred feet below, or those vivid stillnesses which fall upon you between the sound of the waves and the child-cries of the gulls away at sea. These things and that little black figure of a girl whom I had come some hundreds of miles to meet on the bare credit of a story—these I shall never forget.

It could not have been so pregnant a moment with Bellwattle. For if indeed she guesses—as well I know she must—there is bound to be many a mistake in her speculations. Doubtless, she thinks I have met Clarissa before; that, like some Knights of the Round Table, I am pursuing the lady to whom my heart is captive. Whatever she thinks, there will be romance to it. There is not that in a woman capable to conceive so prosaic a mission as mine. Thank God for it too. A woman will stitch the thread of love into the heel of an old sock while a man is impatiently waiting to put it on. For romance to a man is the winning and riding away—away into the heart of a sunset—but to a woman it is all the horizon and beyond.

Whatever, then, she thought at our first meeting, there was no such confusion in her mind as was in mine; wherefore she went straight to the point, inquiring of Clarissa's health because, I suppose, it was the most natural thing to say.

"Are your eyes any better, Miss Fawdry?" she asked.

The Miss Fennells glanced quickly at her, and in those glances I felt the cruel power of their coercion. By those glances they forced her to give the answer that she made.

They were no better, she said, quietly.

"But they're no worse, my dear," added Miss Teresa, cleverly. "I'm sure the doctor that Harry made you see in London has treated you the right way."

She made no reply to that. When forced to play a part, it must be difficult to enter with one's whole heart into the spirit of it. I could hear in her silence the brokenness of spirit, that exhaustion of courage which must come when the wings have been beating, ceaselessly beating against the bars of a cage.

They gave her a moment in which to make answer, and then, glad, no doubt, of her silence, they declared they must be going home. Miss Mary held out her hand.

"Good night, Mrs. Townshend," she said.

But it needed very little cleverness to be cleverer than that.

"Oh, we're coming back, too," said Bellwattle. "We had just agreed to turn when we heard your voices."

So we all set back for Ballysheen. Now, this was the moment I had been waiting for. Their suspicion fell least upon me.

By her questions alone, if not also from the fact that she was a neighbor, it was their strategy to manœuvre that Bellwattle should walk with them. Not for one moment would they have trusted her alone with Clarissa; wherefore, the path being a narrow one, Miss Teresa walked first, leaving Bellwattle in the charge of Miss Mary. And so it fell out that I walked with Clarissa alone.

You may imagine how, with those few moments before me, my thoughts were like leaves on a swollen stream. Round and round my head they eddied and swirled, and not one could I grasp to give it words. We must have walked fifty yards before a thing was spoken. Now, this is not my way with women. As a rule I talk to them with ease. True, it is while they are talking to Dandy, and doubtless that gives me confidence. But in this case everything seemed different. I might never have spoken to a woman before. But when we had walked so far in silence it came to desperation with me. I said anything; what, indeed, seemed nonsense at the time. In the light of things, as I see them now, I can imagine that it was the very best beginning I could have made.

"Are you happy in Ireland?" said I.

She looked round at me quickly. From an utter stranger I can understand how odd that question must have seemed.

"Do I like Ireland, do you mean?" she asked, and that was the first time properly that I heard her voice. It was a whisper, full of timidity. I had to bend my head to catch the words, and they sounded like the steps of feet in satin slippers through some far-off corridor of an old house. This is my way of describing things. It may mean nothing to you. I only know I heard the tiny heel taps, and unconsciously I lowered my voice to answer to them.

"No," said I, and my voice ran almost to a whisper too. "No—I didn't mean that. You're shut up all day in that room with the white lace curtains. I don't suppose you can either like or dislike Ireland. You never see it. No—I meant what I said. Are you happy in Ireland?"

I swear if I had not said it in a whisper it would have frightened her. As sure as Fate, she would have run away. But

because I whispered—by the chance of God, too, perhaps—she just spoke out of her little heart and told me she was not.

It was so simple and so genuine an admission that, though I knew it well, I was still utterly unprepared to hear her confess it. It took me completely by surprise. I found myself marveling at her ingenuousness, for, as you must know well, it was so unlike her sex, who will seldom admit to any emotion but what does justice to their appearance, and never will they confess it to a total stranger.

It disarmed me. Had she said she was happy, indeed, I could have gone on gaily, knowing what I believed. But there is no so violent an interruption to conversation as the sudden truth. For a few moments it left me in silence. I could not have believed it possible that she was so unhappy as that, and all through my mind there surged an overwhelming tide of bitter resentment against those who were the cause of it.

“What makes you unhappy?” I asked, at length.

She looked nervously about her as though there might be listeners everywhere.

“It’s not like where I come from. It’s all so dark and gray. It was so bright in Dominica. I know the sun shines here, like it did to-day—but it’s so different.”

“White lace curtains make a difference,” said I. “So do black dresses. Why don’t you wear your canary-colored satin?”

For just one instant, she stopped quite still. I was almost sure that I had frightened her too much; but perhaps it was only with curiosity that her eyes burnt through that thick impenetrable veil. Of course, she was curious. I guess how her heart set beating straight away.

“What do you know about my satin dress?” she asked, as we walked on again.

“I know a lot,” said I; and then it seemed to me the moment I had been waiting for. I took the letter from my pocket.

“Are you good at keeping secrets?” I asked.

She bent her head. Every one is good at keeping secrets, but you must ask them first. They never know how good they are until they are waiting for a secret to be told.

“Well, I want you to read this letter,” I went on. “Don’t

let the Miss Fennells see it. Tuck it away into your dress. Read it to-night, and when you can, let me have an answer. I don't know how you can manage it; you must find that out for yourself; but let me have an answer. I shall stay here in Ballysheen till I get it. You heard my name, didn't you? Bellairs—I'm staying with the Townshends. Send the answer there—to their house—if you can."

So I gave Clarissa the letter. I saw her bury it in the stiff bodice of that black prison dress where her heart beat warm against it.

I had given it only just in time. A few more paces and we had come to the end of the cliff path. Here, as you know, it broadens to a wide road and the wall begins, protecting the field where stands the Miss Fennells' house.

By clever manœuvring they made us all come into line, and we walked the remainder of the distance, talking of such ordinary things as the Miss Fennells are conversant with. Their range of topics, I must admit, is most limited even then. When we had said good night and I had felt the first touch of Clarissa's hand—a slight hesitating little hand it is—Bellwattle and I walked home.

She said not a word to me. That is so wise in women. However wrong in fact their guessing may be, there is a fundamental instinct of right about it which tells them what the circumstances demand. A man, guessing as she had been, would have poured questions upon me, asking me what I thought of Clarissa, and not because he was curious, but only to find out if he were right. Now, a woman never does that. To begin with, she knows she is right, and, filled as she is with curiosity, she asks no questions. She just finds out.

So Bellwattle said nothing. She just let me think. And over and over again I thought: "Will she go home if I tell her to? Will she go home if I tell her to?"

But there was a little thought that kept creeping in between each one of those questions. "Will she ever go home if I tell her to?" I said to myself, and then I thought how warm that letter would be when, in the secrecy of her bedroom, Clarissa should take it from her dress to read.

CHAPTER XII

Three days have run by, and only that I have had no word from Clarissa, I have scarcely been conscious of their passing. Three days, and we have come into a new month, a more wonderful month even than that through which we have just passed; the most wonderful month in the year, were it not that June, July, August, September and October all follow after it.

I watched a lark this morning rise from a tuft of thick sea-grass, such as grows out on the slopes of the cliffs. The whole sea was of quicksilver, throwing back the bright light of a glorious sun. It spread far out to the line of sky, and they met in that haze of heat which makes the horizon so full of mystery. A mile out from shore a mass of gulls were croosting, filling the distance with their hunger-cries as they flung themselves into the *mêlée* fighting for their food. I lay watching them, and even from that distance I could see the black body of a cormorant in their midst, diving and diving again, where the gulls could only feed upon the surface. He reminded me of the people who eat in the fashionable restaurants, who have five meals a day; the people who are able to dive into their pockets and pay for food they never want, while the match-sellers and the flower-sellers, the crossing-sweepers and the beggars outside are whispering their hunger cries like the gulls upon the surface.

"I've come to the conclusion that I don't like the cormorant," I said to Bellwattle.

She was lying back on a bed of heather roots. Her eyes were closed. She might have been asleep. I said it softly, therefore, lest it should wake her. She did not open her eyes, but she answered me.

"That's a man who eats too much, isn't it?" said she.

Of course, it may be that she had read my thoughts before I uttered them. I judge her quite capable of it. It was better than thinking she did not know.

"That's why I don't like him," said I. "Sit up a minute. You can see one there in that crowd of gulls. He keeps diving down and gorging himself in the underground grill-room while all those poor wretches are shivering on the pavement."

She sat up quickly, looking at me in amazement.

"Whatever are you talking about?" said she.

"That cormorant," I replied—"in the midst of those gulls."

"But I thought a cormorant was a man who ate too much."

"So he is—he's a bird as well."

"But we call those billy-divers."

"It would make no difference if you called them English gentlemen," said I.

She began to try and think it out; but in the midst of her meditation, she saw a rabbit sitting on an ant-hill, brushing its nose.

"Look—there's a rabbit," she whispered. "Look at his little white tail! And there's another—further on. Why, there are hundreds of them!"

I followed the direction of her finger, and sure enough there were two rabbits.

"I wonder why it is permissible," I began, "for a woman to talk in hundreds of what she only sees in twos?"

"Well—I expect there are hundreds," said Bellwattle.

I admitted the truth of every word she said.

"If there are two rabbits, there are bound to be hundreds," said I. "It's the nature of the beast."

"The creatures!" she exclaimed, suddenly finding it in her heart to be mother unto all of them.

"The only thing I regret," I continued, "is that I can't see them with such generosity of sight as you do."

She closed that one eye again, the eye that betokens her suspicion, and looked at me. When I betrayed nothing, she lay back on her bed of heather roots once more and at that moment the lark shot up from his tuft of sea-grass and went soaring away and away—up into the still blue of the vault of heaven.

I, too, lay down upon my back, with my hands clasped loosely behind my head and watched him climb, quivering step by quivering step, up that long ladder of light. And ceaselessly with every breath, in-taken or out-spent, he poured forth his tireless song of praise. Up into the bright air that song rose with him; then, like a fountain playing in the heat, fell fast in glittering

drops of sound that splashed upon our ears till we were drenched in it.

"I wonder who taught him," said Bellwattle, presently, below her breath.

"Surely there's no teaching in that," I replied. "It's just the unlearned power to be one's self. If a man could make his home of dried grass and twigs and be content to build it fresh with every year; if he could live so close to the earth and be so little chained to it—he could do something as simply and as grandly as that without being taught."

Bellwattle looked round at me. There is a quality in her which is truly engaging. Whenever one talks seriously to her, she takes it seriously. She takes it literally, too.

"Would he be able to sing like that?" she asked.

"There are some men I know," said I, "who wouldn't."

"What could he do, then?"

"Among other things, be contented."

"Why don't you live like that, then?" she asked. "Cruikshank does. I don't think he'd care if the house fell to the ground to-morrow."

"So long as his garden was not destroyed," I suggested.

"No, he wouldn't mind if his garden was ruined, too. It's making a garden he likes. Building his nest afresh, I suppose. There's a little cottage up behind the farm that belongs to us. It stands in a hollow on the cliffs. I'll show it you one day. He's going to make a garden there. If he were shipwrecked on a desert island, he'd begin the next day to choose a site. Is it site? How do you spell it? S-i-g-h-t?"

"It can be spelt that way," said I.

"Well, it's very silly," she continued. "I should have spelt it c-i-t-e. Can't see what they want the g-h for. But that's what he'd do anyhow—look out for a site for his garden, the very next day."

"And if you were shipwrecked with him," I asked, "what would you do?"

"Would there be any animals on the island?" she inquired.

"Most likely—little monkeys, parrots."

"Little monkeys! I should be all right. Besides, there's

Cruikshank. When he's making a garden he's just too sweet for anything. He talks about it as if he was building a city, and we make out where all the flowers are going to live. It's like being God in little—making the whole world over again."

"He described it like that to me once."

"He always feels it like that—so do I."

I turned away, letting my eyes set out to that far line of sky and sea, for I felt the sense of covetousness stealing over me. I was envying Cruikshank and his Bellwattle, grudging them nothing it is true, yet wishing I had won their secret of things, that I could make the magic garden of contentment as undoubtedly as had they.

CHAPTER XIII

Cruikshank has looked up over the hedge of his garden and, for one moment, found the bitterness of the world. I have no doubt there is this hedge in every philosophy, over which it is dangerous to peep—a curtain which it is unwise to pull aside. Then it becomes a question, not of philosophy, but of courage; a question not of mind, but of spirit.

Such moments as these are bound to come; and, as it has been said of love and of hunger, so well may it be said of this—when Fear comes in at the door, then out of the window flies philosophy.

Notwithstanding all his quiet and retiring habits as a gardener, I should ever have declared that Cruikshank was a man of spirit. But I did not know he had so brave a heart within him as by misadventure he has shown to me now.

The other afternoon between lunch and tea, I lay asleep on a little square of grass shut in by fuchsia hedges and surrounded by dwarf rose trees. In the middle of the grass there stands a sundial. I have found this spot for myself, for though it is in his garden, Cruikshank would never have shown it to me.

When I told him about my discovery he said:

"Yes—I know—it's quite nice, but it has a feeling of sadness about it for us."

"Sadness!" I exclaimed. "Why it's almost the sunniest spot in the garden."

He nodded his head. "Yes—yes," said he, "I know all that, but a little dog we had is buried there—a small little chap that belonged to Bellwattle. He was nothing of a prize dog—in fact, I don't think he had any breeding at all. He was just one of Nature's dogs—Nature's gentlemen. I think that could be said of him. I found him being beaten by a tinker in the village and I brought him home. He took to Bellwattle like a duck to the water. You can imagine how she took to him. Of course, as I say, he was not a prize dog, but his manners were of the best. Though he followed Bellwattle everywhere, he would never forget to thank me every day of his life for that little business with the tinker. His method of gratitude was quite original. He put his two paws up, scratching at me till he got my two hands to hold them, then he'd look straight into my eyes for nearly two minutes. I don't imagine I should have been surprised if one day he had actually said—'Much obliged.' I am a firm believer in the story of Balaam's ass."

"When did he die?" I asked.

"Only a few months ago. He was quite young. A motor-car killed him in the village. He was afraid of motor-cars. I fancy that when the tinkers had him they used to set him on to rush at cars in the hope that one day he might be killed and they could get compensation. They're not fond of animals in Catholic countries. Anyhow he seemed to be paralyzed with fright in the middle of the street just where it turns out of the village on the road to Youghal. The car came round the corner, and had I not held her, Bellwattle would have been under the wheels of it. I just got my arm round her waist in time. She struggled like the very devil with me. But there was no saving him. I could see that. It was all over in a minute. The car stopped further on—the people got out. My heavens! You should have heard Bellwattle's language! Instead of becoming incoherent, she poured out the vials of her wrath, never waiting for a word, using them all wrong, no matter how they came, but letting those wretches know just what she thought of them. Imagine Mrs. Malaprop gone mad with rage. It was something like that."

Indeed I could easily picture it. I know what she must have suffered too.

"And I suppose he's buried under the sundial? I can understand you don't care to go there. I'd often wondered, with her affection for Dandy, why she hadn't a dog of her own. I'm glad I never asked her."

The next time I got an opportunity, unobserved, I went back to this little corner of the garden. On the base of the sundial, where I had not noticed it before, there had been engraved the name of this little gentleman of Nature—Tinker they had called him—and there the sun above him beats out its hours upon the little dial of brass—the shadow of the gnome turns round, traveling upon the eternal circle of its journey. A sundial is a noble gravestone. I think I have seldom come across more truly consecrated ground than that in which Tinker is buried.

And it was there, stretched out upon that little strip of grass, that I lay and slept the other afternoon. Bellwattle's voice it was that wakened me.

She was talking to Cruikshank on the other side of the fuchsia hedge. A garden seat is there under the nut trees, where once or twice in the warm days we have had our tea.

"There is something the matter," she was saying—"what is it? Is your indigestion all wrong?"

My eyes half opened. My lips half smiled.

"My indigestion is never right," said Cruikshank. "Even my digestion is not what I could wish it at times."

"Well—you know what I mean," said she. "Is it bad?"

"No."

"Then what's the matter? You're depressed?"

I began to feel the sleep clearing from my eyes. I had remembered that sudden glimpse of Cruikshank between the curtains only a few nights before. Another moment, I should have been sitting up and calling out to them that I was within hearing; but sleep was there still in every muscle of my body.

"P'raps I am depressed," said Cruikshank.

"What about?"

"You, my dear."

There was such a caress in his voice that I am sure he must have taken her hand or laid his own upon her shoulder as he said it.

"Me? I'm all right," said Bellwattle. "Why should you be depressed about me?"

"Because I imagine you're not happy. Of course I may be all wrong. I may be making a consummate fool of myself, but it's been growing in my mind every day that—that——"

"That what——?" said Bellwattle, and I was just preparing to sneeze or do something in the conventional order of things that they might hear me.

"That you're getting fond of Bellairs," replied Cruikshank.

There followed a space of silence. I do not know how long it could have been. It seemed unbearably drawn out to me, and then, Bellwattle laughed a low, soft, crooning sort of laugh—such as a mother gives to its baby.

"You dear, silly old fool," said she.

"Ah, but don't turn it off like that," he replied. "I haven't thought so for nothing. You go out a lot together alone and I know how romantic those cliffs are. He's a good fellow too—a sterling fellow. Don't imagine I think he has been making love to you. Of course I know he hasn't. I'm not suggesting so rotten a thing as a flirtation. Probably you neither of you have dreamed of it yet. But I have. You see I'm an outsider. And if there's anything in it, I wish you'd tell me. I wouldn't stand in your way. I don't think I could blame you. I must be a dull dog to live with. He sees more of life than I do—he's got more to talk about. All I jaw about is the country. I can't talk of anything else. I suppose I should understand it—but I'd like to know."

I dared not move by this. If I could have crawled away without being heard, I would have done so; but there was a gravel path to walk down. They would have heard my footsteps on that. So I turned over and shut my eyes—tried to go to sleep again; but that was out of the question. I heard every word when Bellwattle replied.

"You'd let me go?" she said.

"If it made you happy," he replied.

And in that answer, in the very tone of his voice, I heard the signs of the struggle through which he had won to arrive at this generous spirit of renunciation.

"But do you think it would?" said she.

"I don't know."

Something happened then. I did not find it difficult to guess what it was. Her arms were round his neck in an impetuous rush; her face was close against his. That at least is how I interpreted the sounds which reached my ears.

"You dear old thing—why you're more than everything to me. I don't want you to talk of anything but the country. I love that better than any other subject in the world, and when you talk of it, it makes me feel that every little weed is beautiful." Then she laughed. "And you think I'm in love with that dear, nice, ugly creature! Why, I shouldn't imagine any woman has ever been in love with him in his life. That's why I feel so sorry for him. A woman would have to get to know him so well, to forget how ugly he was. And no woman would ever take the trouble. But just because we go out every evening, you think I'm getting fond of him. Do you know why we go out?"

Probably Cruikshank shook his head, for there was no reply.

"You know that invalid who's staying at the Fennells'—the little girl from the West Indies? He's in love with her. He hasn't told me a word about it. I should think he's too sensitive about his ugliness to even say that he was in love. But he's been trying to meet her out on the cliffs, when the Miss Fennells take her for a walk. They met the other night. I suppose they've met before. I don't know how. But he's in love; I can see that. And she's engaged to be married to someone else. Now do you understand? Oh—my dear—my dear. Come along—don't think anything like that again. Come and count the buds on our rose trees."

I heard them move away. I heard the sound of their lips as they kissed each other, then I turned over on my face and looked down into the forest of grass stems where I found a little ant hurrying impetuously along about his engrossing business. For half an hour I lay there watching him till he was out of sight. I think a divine Providence must have sent that ant. It occupied my mind to see him surmount all his difficulties. And then, just as I watched him disappear into a crevice of the sun-

dial, I heard a scraping of feet and felt a rough tongue licking on my cheek.

It was Dandy. I took him by both shoulders. I set him upon his hind legs, balanced awkwardly in front of me.

"Look at me," said I. "Right into my face." His brown eyes gazed steadily into mine, as steadily indeed as his attitude would permit. "How long did it take you to know me so well that you forgot how ugly I was?"

He shook his head, and he laughed; then I stood up, taking him in my arms like a baby—just as I had done on his release from quarantine in Odessa.

"You're a good fella," said I. "You're a damn good fella."

CHAPTER XIV

I knew that I could not be very far wrong when I said Bellwattle had guessed I was in love. It is so like a woman. They are incapable of climbing to the summit of any other conclusion save this; what is more, they reach it where no foothold for conjecture seems possible.

Who but a woman, from such slender facts as Bellwattle has acquired by dint of persevering curiosity, would ever imagine that I am in love? Thank God, I am not so utterly in need of the mere rudiments of understanding. I know the truth of all that she said to Cruikshank. Women must know me well indeed before they can come to such tender thought of me as to forget that I am ugly. It is true, moreover, that no woman has ever taken the trouble. Why then should I be such a fool as to plunge myself in love?

Yet, as I think over that statement of hers, true as it is, there comes back into my mind that evening on the cliffs when first we met Clarissa. In the look in Bellwattle's eyes, I said, I felt the touch of her hand; what is more, it was only a moment later that she stretched out her arm and held her fingers for an instant round my wrist. Had she forgotten how ugly I was then? It almost seemed so. Then why did she say that to Cruikshank? No—I do not understand women in the least.

Anyhow, she is wrong in all her deductions. I am not in

love with Clarissa. It was not with love, when this morning Bellwattle came down the garden with a letter in her hand, it was not with love that I felt a dryness in my throat, or my pulses stopped and, with a sudden impetus, bounded on again.

I guessed it was the answer from Clarissa. Well—any fool might do that. She would not be bringing me a letter arrived by post. Therefore, my pulses quickened because I was on the eve of learning how my adventure was to progress. The cry of "Land Ahead!" thrills the sailor and sets his heart a-beating no more than did the sight of this letter to me. He may not know what land it is, just as I was ignorant of her answer; but that the answer had come and, to the sailor, that land is in sight, is quite enough to stir the blood and start it racing.

Bellwattle knew well whom the letter was from. Her manner, her step, too, were of the lightest as she brought it down the garden to me. But there was that faint look of watchfulness about her which no woman, not even the cleverest, can shut out from her eyes. Could she have seen how my heart was beating, I am sure it would have added no more to her convictions. She knows I am in love, and there is no more to be said about it. No doubt she read my casual way of taking it as proof conclusive of my guilt. When, therefore, I slipped it unopened into my pocket then, quite at her ease, with no show of curiosity, but just to let me see that I must not suppose her completely without perception, she said:

"A little girl brought it from the Miss Fennells."

"It's from Miss Fawdry," said I.

I think that must have surprised her. She was not quite prepared to hear me admit it so casually as that. So surprised was she, in fact, to hear my admission, that she almost forgot to show surprise at hearing whom it was from. But it came. It came tardily.

"From the little invalid?" said she, and her eyebrows lifted obediently to her voice. I am not so sure I did not love her myself just then.

I hid my smile, however, as I nodded my head.

"How funny!" she continued. "Fancy her writing! She's nice, isn't she?"

God bless all women!

"She's very nice," said I.

"I fancy she's too good for the man she's engaged to," she continued.

"Most women are that," said I.

She shook her head, and the smile in her eye was quite wonderful.

"I was engaged to Cruikshank once," said she.

I wonder what it is in men to inspire such a smile as that. I think I know why she said it though. Since the other day she has done a thousand little things to please him. She said that to please him then, even though he was not there. When, then, the moment of pleasure had passed—for it had pleased her to say it—she came back without delay to her gentle inquisition.

"Did she tell you anything about herself the other evening?" she asked.

"What does a woman tell an utter stranger about herself in ten minutes?" I replied. "For the matter of that what does she tell him in ten years?"

She glanced at me sharply.

"Not much, certainly, to an utter stranger," said she.

I swear to Heaven, she believes I have met Clarissa before.

"Well, I take it," said I, "that even after ten years a man is little better than that. How long have you been married to Cruikshank?"

"Seven."

"And do you think he knows you any better to-day?"

I watched with a smile the little frown that came wrinkling to her forehead. This was not at all what she wanted to talk about. It did not interest her in the least. From the moment that I had mentioned Clarissa's name, she had hoped that I was about to confide in her the whole story. To that end she had taken the conversation most gently by the hand and was leading it persuasively as you lead a wilful child. But it had struggled, free, and with my assistance had set off in an utterly unexpected direction. She was standing there, watching it, as it wandered out of sight. No wonder she was annoyed. For that matter, no wonder I smiled. I had done it, and nothing but force could

bring it back again into the path where most she needed it. Now, force is no argument with a woman. She only makes use of it when everything else fails; then she breaks into tears or fans the storm of her anger till the clouds are heavy in her face, and the flashes of her eyes are more dangerous than any lightning.

But everything had not failed her. If she had lost in her first endeavor, I am perfectly sure she felt confident of ultimate victory. The frown soon faded from her forehead and, in another moment, I found it hard to believe that I had secured a victory at all.

"Cruikshank's not a person who knows much about women in any case," said she at length. "I think *you* understand women better than any man I've ever met."

Well—there was my victory gone from me for ever. It was the delivering up of her sword, of course, but she had sharpened her dagger on it before she placed it in my hands.

"But Cruikshank understands flowers," she went on, "and they are better than any woman. Come and see the cottage I told you about with the bit of field he's going to make into a garden. Or—I'm sorry—perhaps you want to read your letter!"

"That can wait," said I. "I'd sooner see the cottage." At which, both knowing it to be a most excellent lie, we smiled each to the other and set off through the garden.

Up a narrow breen, banked on each side by low walls of grass-sod and stone where grew violets and primroses in the company of moss and ladder fern, we made our way to Cruikshank's little cottage on the high land above Ballysheen. Here there are fields of young wheat, breaking in brilliant green through the stony, unpromising ground. There are fields of pasture, too, that stretch away to the sheer cliff's edge where the sheep browse and the gulls go circling all day long. So high are you there, that only a mere ribbon strip of the far sea is visible, but the muted sound of it as it swells upon the rocks comes to your ears in a sonorous sibilant note, which grows and grows into the very music of the place. So swiftly do your ears become attuned to it, that soon you hear no sound of it at all; it is all one motive

of the great, still symphony of Silence which Nature is for ever playing on her thousand instruments of string and reed.

We had walked some distance without exchanging a word, when Bellwattle stopped and pointed to a small thatched roof that rose above a hollow in the undulating land.

"That's the place," said she.

I stood awhile and looked at it from there. It was the only habitation within sight. Great lines of gorse bushes clustered all around it, dipping down out of view into the hollow below. High above it in the clear air a kestrel hawk hung poised upon the wind and far away along the near line of the land's horizon a man was driving a team of horses with his harrow, while in his wake there followed a glittering white mass of hungry sea-birds, twisting and turning in the air like myriads of paper pieces tossing in the wind.

"Is it always like this?" I asked presently. "Always as big and broad and grand?"

"Always."

"What a brave blast of yellow there will be when the gorse is out!"

"But has color got sound?" said she.

"Sound! Why, when that gorse is all in blossom, it'll be like a thousand silver trumpets ringing their voices all day long."

"And the heather—when that's out? All this place is one mass of purple. What sound has that?"

I shook my head and laughed. It is the habit I have noticed in her before, that habit of taking one too literally when one's mood is serious.

"You're asking me more than I can tell you," said I. "I'm no expert in the classification of colors with the sound of instruments. You'll hear the note of it in your own heart if you listen well enough."

A pensive look came into her eyes. I thought she was trying to see the heather in bloom, to hear in the heart of her that deep warm note of sound which the wealth of its color plays into one's ears. She was endeavoring nothing of the kind; for suddenly she turned to me and, in the most ingenuous way in the world, she asked me why I had never married.

"In the name of God!" said I, "what's that got to do with it?"

"You ought to have married," she continued. "If women have heard you talk about things like that—the heather and the gorse—they must have wanted to marry you."

"I'll try to see the logic of that," I replied, laughing. "I'll try, during the next few days, and then I'll tell you why no woman has ever entertained such feelings of regard for me. Let's go on to the cottage."

Now, how is one to reconcile that with what she said to Cruikshank? I give it up. I shall make no further effort to understand her.

At the end of the breen there was a gate. Its rusty hinges whistled the lilt of an air as I swung it open—that air which is a part of the great symphony we hear all round us. Then we were out in the open fields; the springy sea-turf was bending beneath our feet. Far on and away the rugged curves of the coast-line wound themselves to the horizon, with here and there a sleepy headland dipping its nose into the glittering sea. For a moment or two the sheep turned their heads to look at us, then, moving away with slowly wandering steps, they continued their browsing.

It was here I stood still again. The kestrel had dropped down the wind and was vanished out of sight. Only the gulls were left, sweeping their endless circles against the blue radiance of the sky. Here and there a frightened sand-martin, darting swiftly through the light, hurried over the edge of the cliff to his home, as though he knew a hawk were near at hand.

After a long silence, I turned to Bellwattle.

"This is where to live," I said, "fair weather and foul, this is the only sort of place to solve the riddle."

"What riddle?"

"Of why it should be that we must live at all. In a place like this, everything answers it. It's not worth living when you only live to forget that you're alive. Here everything calls to you to remember. 'Remember' is the word. Listen to that gull—that's calling to you; listen to the sea—every time a wave breaks, it's the world drawing in its breath. Pavements and houses aren't alive like that. I try in London sometimes to think

that the houses talk to each other—but how can they talk if they never draw a breath! Look at the sky! Look at the sea! It's impossible to forget here. I'd give all I know to live in that little cottage there in the hollow and remember the whole day long, the whole year round. But——”

“But what?”

She laid her hand on my arm again.

“It's not to be thought of,” said I.

“But Cruikshank does it,” said she. “Why shouldn't you? Is the cottage too small for your fifteen hundred a year? It has four rooms in it. We'd let you have it. You could make the garden instead of Cruikshank. Things would grow in that hollow—I'm sure they would. Why is it not to be thought of?”

I had the temerity to lay my hand on hers, which still was resting on my arm.

“Cruikshank does it,” said I; “but then, have you forgotten——”

“Forgotten what?”

“‘It is not good for man to live alone.’”

She looked at me long and earnestly. I could see it in her eyes that she would offer to help me by every means within her power. But the futility of it must have been as apparent to her as it was to me, for though her eyes were full of eloquence, she said nothing.

“Now do you understand why I live in London?” I continued. “Why I find company and humanity in crowds? Nearly every morning I sit in the Park and make up stories about the different people who pass by. Sometimes,” I added, “they make them up for me. I have nothing to do but sit there and look on. It's better than theatres or restaurants. You mustn't think I find them the only resources of life in a city. Certainly restaurants are my theatres sometimes. The whole business is very much like a ‘Punch and Judy’ show. You can set it up at the corner of any street you like. When you come over to London—if ever you do—I'll take you round and show you some of my little theatres. They are all over the place. Charing Cross Gardens when the band plays—that's one of the best I know; or any A. B. C. shop at lunch time.”

I looked at her and laughed. I could not help it. Her face was so serious.

"Well—now do you see?" I concluded; "when you're alone, forgetting is probably the best thing to do, and some ways of doing it are better than others."

For a moment she answered my look, then my laughter, after which, a notion suddenly seizing her, she left me.

"I'm just going into the cottage," said she. "No—you stay there. Sit down on the grass and read your letter," and she was gone.

My obedience was not implicit. I did not sit down. Instead I walked to the cliff's edge, and there, with all the steep fortresses of rock below me, shelving down battlement by battlement to the sea, I took Clarissa's letter from my pocket and read it.

They may have taught her many things, those two old maiden aunts, but they have not yet taught her to write or spell. It was the quaintest letter I think I have ever seen.

"*Dear mister Bellairs,*" it ran. And how it ran! A spider's legs dipped well in ink would scarcely run more wild.

"*Theer is a place out on the clifs ware I went wunse with him. I shall be theer on friday at twelve o'clock. the miss Fen-nels are going into yawl it is past the furst hed of the clifs. Clarissa.*"

That was all; but it was enough. It was more than enough. I had not hoped for so much. And yet, as I thought of her readiness to comply with my request, I realized how greatly it proved her love for that worthless young cub in London. For her, a prisoner, she was risking much, just to hear word of him.

"Will she ever listen to what I have to tell her?" said I, and, hearing my voice, Dandy came out of a rabbit-hole and looked up into my face.

"There's a rabbit hiding down there," said he.

"I don't care a damn about your rabbit," I exclaimed. "Will she listen to me—that's what I want to know?"

CHAPTER XV

Now, of course, that I know what Bellwattle has told her husband about me, I view Cruikshank in a different light. Now, moreover, that he imagines he knows my little secret, he does the same with me. I catch his eyes looking at me with a cunning expression that is humorous, too, as though he found a hidden meaning in every word I said.

"This place suits your appetite," he remarked the other morning, at breakfast, when I put away my empty porridge-dish and fell to work upon the fresh mackerel which had been caught at sunrise. "You don't eat like this in London."

Upon my soul, I believe he expects to see me waste away to nothing now that he imagines I am in love. Thank Heaven, a bitter experience has made me too prosaic for that. I may not be a philosopher, but at least I manage to live alone, which cannot be done with such romantic fancies as lead to starvation or any such tricks as that. Indeed, I learn much from Dandy, whose deepest passion never diminishes his excitement when it comes to the moment for Moxon to throw his two biscuits on to the tessellated pavement in the hall. It is he who likes them thrown. At first I had disapproved.

"Can't you put those biscuits on a plate?" I once said to Moxon, "instead of flinging the food at him."

Moxon took my reproach most excellently, and replied he had begun in that fashion, but that Dandy had shown signs of disliking the plate. It appears he picked up the biscuits himself and threw them across the hall.

"As if to make out, sir," said Moxon, "that they was alive. So I thought it would add to the illusion if I did it for him. I fancy myself, sir, that they must taste nicer to him that way."

Of course, Moxon is a sentimentalist, which I am not; neither, for the matter of that, is Dandy. But Moxon—well, I rather fancy myself that Moxon would go down in weight a bit, were he in love. He is built that way. Now, I am neither built that way, nor am I at the present moment martyr to any passion at all, wherefore I would eat a breakfast with anyone and be glad of it.

I do not think I have ever felt so keen an appetite in all my life as during these three days while I am waiting for Friday to arrive. One thing only concerns me. Our meeting is to be at twelve o'clock—midday. In all my thought of her coming, I have imagined it would be at night, when she might have found excuse to escape from the Miss Fennells and contrive to see me alone. But, no, it is to be in broad daylight. Even that heavy veil—which, indeed, it is quite likely she will not wear, since I have said I know her eyes are well—but even that at such an hour will not dim the quickness of her perception. She will see me as Bellwattle sees me, as every woman has seen me since the first moment when an absurd and morbid sensitiveness induced me to notice such things. And then—will she listen to me? I leave it on the knees of the implacable gods.

Something tells me that I have not set out upon the wild errand of my journey for nothing. For so far do I believe in Destiny, that what we do, having within us some definite purpose to accomplish, is ordained to a certain end. Some end, it may be, so foreign to our thoughts, as is impossible of conception; but a definite purpose will always be a weapon in the hand of Fate to achieve a definite victory. I only pray that mine may be what I have hoped of it. I only pray that the result of my adventure may be the return of that little spirit in prison to her home in the burning heart of the sun.

I was up early this morning, for it is Friday, the day I have been waiting for. The sun beat down upon my face and woke me before it was six o'clock. It was then as I lay there, with my eyes half closed, that the sound of a far voice shouting on the cliffs came dimly to my ears. It was arresting, insistent, but not enough to stir me. I neither moved my head nor opened my eyes; but I listened, sleepily wondering what it was.

Presently a voice from below in the garden rose compellingly to my open window.

"Bellairs! come down! There are sprats in the bay—they've got the nets out."

I jumped up from my bed and looked down. There was Cruikshank, dressed in such garments as served to make him decent and no more.

"Shove some things on," said he, "and come along with me as quick as you can. I'll show you the sight of your life."

I was with him in a moment, and we were hurrying along to the cliffs.

"Where's Bellwattle?" I asked.

"In the garden. She won't come and look at these things. I tell her fish have no nerve centres, that they feel nothing; but it's no good. She sees them wriggle and that's enough for her. Ever seen a haul of sprats?"

I shook my head.

"My Lord!" said he, and in that exclamation he spoke more for the sight of it than if he had talked for hours. The silence that followed filled my imagination, till suddenly he broke it.

"Bellwattle says you're going to take the cottage in the hollow," he declared.

I opened my eyes wide and laughed.

"She told you that as a fact?" said I.

"Yes."

"When do I take possession?"

"Next year."

I laughed again.

"Well—what do you think about it?" said I. "Do you approve?"

"I shall be delighted. You must let me help you to make the garden. Only suggest—here and there. I know just what can be done with it."

"But do you really believe that I am going to take it?" I exclaimed.

"She says so. I suppose she knows what she's talking about."

"She said so—seriously?"

"Yes—quite."

Now what in the name of Heaven does she mean? She is not one of those women who talk for the sake of talking. I have been out with her on the cliffs when, for long stretches, she has been silent, and that, not for want of things to say, but because there have not been words good enough to say them

with. Then what does she mean when she tells Cruikshank that next year I am going to take the cottage in the hollow?

"Don't say anything about that," he added. "I've just remembered that she told me I was not to breathe a word of it to you."

Then it is really true, so far as she is concerned. She really thinks of it as of some definite event that will ultimately take place. Upon my soul, the wiles and ways of women exceed the steepest flights of my imagination. I had told her it was out of the question; she declares to Cruikshank it is a certain fact.

However, there was no time to wonder about it then. We had come up the cliff road, past the fishermen's cottages, and there, beyond the pier, by the steep purple rocks of sandstone, of which all this coast-line is composed, there was the boat putting out with the nets, racing through the water, the great sweeps bending from their wooden rowlocks with the sudden power of every stroke. It is this, this moment of casting the net at the stentorian command of him who stands high upon the cliff above, it is this moment which is the most critical of all. For hours they may have waited, knowing that fish are in the bay. For hours—I have seen them since, with the boat lying idly on the tranquil waters, the men dozing lazily at their oars, while high above them is that watchman, the one man alone in all the village whose keen eye can follow the passage of the school—for hours they will wait in easy idleness as he sits there on guard about them, his chin resting rigidly upon his knees, his sombrero hat pulled heavily down above his eyes, motionless and silent as a piece of statuary which the rough hand of Nature has carved out of such living marble as is only hers to mould.

I have sat by his side and spoken to him, but he never answers. I have tried to see with his eyes the intangible tone upon the water which these myriad creatures make in their frightened passage to escape from the thousand enemies pursuing them, but never a sign have I seen. The eyes of God are set in the hollows of his head, for so it seems to me must the Omnipotent Power sit silently upon the great cliffs of Time noting the struggles and the passages of all the countless little creatures that fill the vast sea of this world.

But he is not silent, this watchman, for ever. A moment in his vigil comes when the muscles of his face begin to twitch and tremble. Another instant and he is upon his feet, shouting in guttural Gaelic to the men in the boat below. With his hat, now crushed within his hands, he waves, gesticulates and cries his orders from the cliffs above the sea, and in swift obedience to his voice that echoes and reëchoes from the giant walls of rock, the men put out from the shore. In a moment the mighty sweeps are straining back to the long, deep stroke, the little wave of water rises at the nose of the boat and swells and swells as she makes her speed, while in the stern there stands one of those swarthy fishermen, heaving overboard the coils and coils of dusky nets that sink down and away into the green water, leaving behind their little studs of floating cork to mark the circle they have bound.

That is a moment then! A moment when it seems the business of the whole world might cease to let this thing be done. And then the net is thrown at last. Without delay they set themselves to haul it in.

Cruikshank was not far wrong. It was a sight I shall ever remember, the casting and the drawing of those nets on that still May morning after sunrise, when even the sea was scarce awake. By the time we reached the rocks, that great circle of floating corks had narrowed down to so confined a space that the fish were leaping from the water in their efforts to be free. Every man there had the bright light of excitement in his eyes and, as he lashed the water with his oar, driving the fish far back into the relentless prison of the net, one of the fishermen sang the lilt of a strange, barbaric song below his breath. Splash—splash went the oar like a giant metronome, beating the pulse to his song.

And then the last phase of it, the boats surrounding that great basin of the net, men ladling out the fish from the hissing water, filling the boats until they stood knee-deep in molten, running silver, and the gunwales sunk lower down and lower into the sea. How exhaustless it seemed, that mine of glittering metal! Again and again they plunged their great ladles into the bright green water; again and again they brought them forth

heavy with the burden of such glory of riches as I have never seen. My eyes were filled with silver and emerald—emerald and silver, they seemed the only colors in the world.

It is over and done with all too soon. All too soon the nets are shaken out and the boats go toiling back—barges of silver bullion—to their little market-place by the pier. And then those white-winged scavengers of the sea, the shrieking, hungry gulls are all that are left to mark the spot where God has given one mighty handful of His treasure for the needs of men.

I stood there for a moment watching them as they flung themselves upon the water for the crumbs of silver which had fallen from the rich man's coffers. Again I turned my head for the last sight of the heavy-laden boats as they swung out of view around the corner of the pier. The next moment they were gone. The whole place was quiet once more. I looked about me. It was hard to believe that what I had just beheld was anything other than a waking dream. Then Cruikshank stooped down, and from a pool of water collected in the hollow of a rock, he picked up one of the little fish that had escaped. With a gentle hand he flung it back into the sea, and we both watched it as it floundered for a moment helplessly upon the surface.

"That gull's getting it!" said I, as I saw the great wings swoop down, but with an effort the fish turned and dived. We saw it shooting down, a little glittering arrow of light, into the unfathomable depths of green. Deeper and deeper it went until it was but a twinkling silver point, then the shadows swayed over it and it was gone.

"I have acquitted myself," said Cruikshank.

I looked at him for explanation.

"Bellwattle will ask me if I saved any of the sprats. I shall be able to tell her the truth for a change."

CHAPTER XVI

It was half-past eleven. I had heard the little tinkling chime of it from the open drawing-room window as I stood out in the garden.

Now, whether it were intuition or no, I cannot guess, but

at that moment came Bellwattle to me, pulling off her garden gloves.

"Come round the cliffs," said she, "and have another look at the cottage in the hollow."

"Will it look any different to-day?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"Just the same."

"Do you think, then, I shall be more inclined to take it if I see it again?"

"It's quite possible," she laughed; "but I haven't any real hopes of that. I expect when you make up your mind, it's not easy to get you to alter your destination."

"You mean determination," said I.

"Well, it's the counterpane thing," said she.

I asked leave to be amused. I felt my sides shaking. Bless her heart, for she laughed with me too. I suppose she knew she had said something very funny.

"Isn't it counterpane?" she asked, for her laughter was not quite so hilarious as mine. There was the tentative note of query in it. In mine was the whole-hearted acceptance of the fact. "What ought I to have said then?" she went on, while I sat down upon the grass. "I suppose I ought to have said—counterfoil."

I groaned. "Oh, don't!" said I.

"Well, what is it?" she cried, helplessly.

"You wanted to say counterpart," I replied; "and even then you'd have been wrong."

"I think English is a ridiculous language," she declared, at which we laughed all over again. "Well, will you come to the cottage?" she added, presently.

In all seriousness I rose to my feet and looked her straightly in the eyes. "I can't," said I.

"Why not?"

"I'm going out."

"Where?"

She saw me pause, I suppose, for the next instant she was apologizing for her inquisitiveness.

"You mustn't apologize," said I, "I'm your guest. It's

only right that you should look after me, and see that I don't get into mischief."

"Well—you mustn't think I want to know," she continued, quickly. "I don't. I'm sure it must have sounded like common curiosity, but it wasn't really. I expect I was surprised. I just asked without thinking."

"So you don't really want to know?"

"No," said she, emphatically, and she began putting on her garden gloves once more.

"I take it then," said I, "that you know already."

To that she made no reply. She walked straight down to the herbaceous border where the patches of arabis are just beginning to put forth their snow and, without looking round again at me, she began to work at those little things which women always do in a garden—those things, in fact, which God and Nature combine to leave undone for that very purpose. It is only women who are thoughtful of the little things in this world. That is why it is they who are given babies to bear.

I watched her, smiling to myself, as she gently uncoiled the tendrilled fingers of a plant of sweet pea that was growing up the trunk of an old apple tree. In the back of my mind I could hear her saying: "Let go—you must let go—it won't hurt you. I want you to grow up here."

Whereupon she began to train it in such direction as neither Nature nor its own inclination ever intended it to go.

"I don't know why Bellwattle is a good name," said I to myself, "but it is." Then with that I called to Dandy and we set off.

Whenever you may be engaged in any adventure, it comes easily to you to notice how wonderful a place the world can be. If the sky is clear and the sun is shining on that morning when you set forth to make mark in the insignificant history of your life, then, indeed, it seems as though the heavens were never so blue or the sun so bright. If there be clouds or rain, if everything is gray in a moving mist, then you button the collar of your coat tight round you and swear to yourself that never was there such a day for doing things before. You remember, as Bellwattle would say, you remember everything. The hedgerows look

more beautiful; there is a thousand times more of mystery in the dim forests of the long grasses. A wren hops, piping, in the budding hawthorn, and you tell yourself how everything is alive that day. But everything is always alive. It is only you sometimes who are dead.

So I felt that morning as Dandy and I set out to meet Clarissa. There seemed an added touch of spring in the turf beneath my feet. Dandy felt it as well. No obstacle that came in his way did he climb. He jumped every single thing. If I had not been forty-three, I should have jumped them all with him. There was no forgetting between Dandy and me that we were alive. If his expression of it was more strenuous than mine, it was none the less real for that.

In the breaking buds of gorse, in the clustering sea-pinks ready to bloom upon the unapproachable pinnacles of rock, in the great broad surface of that glittering mirror of the sea, in the gentle sound of its breathing and the clear, bright light of air that filled into my lungs like a draught of snow water, I felt the wonder of the day as I have never felt it before.

All the apprehension of what Clarissa might say had gone from me—all the fear of what she might think when first she saw me in the broad light of day, seemed caught away into the breeze that freshened round those headlands. It had utterly gone from me. I forgot that I was ugly. I forgot that pitted horror which has disfigured me since I was a little child and my mother clutched me to her breast when I returned from the isolation ward. For that—since it is better that you should understand it—is why the young nursery maid turned her eyes to Dandy that day in the Park.

But I had forgotten it all. I might have been the Apollo Belvedere—a god, with all those physical qualities of perfection that a god should have. My heart was as light as the air I breathed and when, in the distance, silhouetted against the glowing white line of the horizon, I saw the fragile figure of Clarissa bent slightly as she leaned against the wind, I felt that I had accomplished what no god, with all the aids and instruments of Olympus at his hand, had ever done before.

The moment he discovered we were not the only people on

the cliffs Dandy raced off to meet her. He is always my har-binger, carrying messages of welcome to friends and enemies alike. I cannot cure him of it. Times out of number he has tried to force me to associate with men whom I detest, and he says such things to women about me as make me feel absolutely ill at ease. By jumping from one to the other of us, he endeavors to set up a current of mutual adoration which, while at times it may not be distasteful to me, is very embarrassing to the few ladies of my acquaintance. He would have had me married a thousand times over if he could—but the lady has usually said, "Lie down, little dog," just at that very moment when he has thought he was within a tail's wag of success. It is, I know, because he does not realize my physical disqualifications and, no matter how often I tell him that I am an ugly devil, he has never learnt to believe it yet.

All the things he said to Clarissa that morning, I shall in all probability never hear. Whatever they were, she listened to him. I saw her bending down and patting his back as he laughed and chattered to her in that inimitably friendly way of his.

There was a good distance separating us. I had a quarter of a mile or more to walk along that tortuous cliff-path before I came up with her and, before I had half accomplished it, Dandy had returned to my side.

"There's a lady along there," said he, nodding his nose in her direction.

"I know—I know," said I, sharply. I think I must have been annoyed that he had reached her and spoken to her first. He is quick to take these sudden tones in my voice, as quick as many a human being. Wherefore, when he heard it then, he dropped back softly to my heels and trotted along behind me. A moment later, I felt that I had been unreasonable, so I looked back over my shoulder and in a cheery way I told him that while I was talking to the lady, he could go and catch rabbits.

"You can do anything you like," said I, "so long as you don't keep jumping on us."

Directly he heard the change of tone in my voice, he started laughing from ear to ear and, taking me without hesitation at my word, he raced off into a clump of furze bushes when by

that time I had covered the distance between us and had reached Clarissa's side.

She was wearing a veil; but the whole spirit of the day was still with me. I felt so sure of myself and my adventure that I did not even think to be relieved. When then I took her hand, it came quite easily to me to laugh with the sheer consciousness of it all and I found myself saying—

“This is quite an adventure.”

CHAPTER XVII

Not far from the place of our meeting there is a rugged pathway, winding down the steep cliff side to a table of rock below. Your feet must be sure as the feet of a goat when you venture down this narrow edge of the world; but once you have reached it, still greatly high above the sea, you may sit there like a sea-bird in the sun and never a soul that walks the cliff path up above will dream of your existence.

It was to this spot that I persuaded Clarissa to trust herself that we should have our talk alone.

“People might come,” said I. “I don't want you to get into trouble.”

The descent was not quite so difficult as it looked; though I remember the first time when I saw Bellwattle disappear over the cliff side and vanish out of sight, I almost thought she had gone for ever. Now I started slowly first, pointing out the footholds for Clarissa's little feet. Dandy went before us, doing the journey six times over; running back again and again to show us how easy it was.

It is wonderful the way an animal will take for granted whatsoever situation may come its way. He asked me no questions about Clarissa, showed no surprise that we should know or meet each other there. The adventure it was with him. The adventure it was with me as well, and the sense in my mind that this little creature, with her shy and timid voice, did not belong to me, gave me all the hardihood of a buccaneer, the very daring of a highwayman. It made, in fact, the thrill of a great romance go tingling in my veins.

As we came to our plateau of rock, a white cloud of sea-birds—herring and black-backed gulls, guillemots, every kind and variety—rose with a rushing burr of wings from their resting-places. Dandy stood there bewildered, looking after them, his eyes in every direction at once.

“Now,” said I, when we were seated, “we can talk here till doomsday without interruption,” and although I heard the things I said falling easily from my lips, I was by this becoming so nervous and confused in my mind that thoughts would not shape themselves. I could not conceive what to speak of next. It failed me utterly to begin.

It was an odd little silence that came between us then. Even Dandy did not offer to smooth matters out, for I had told him there was to be no jumping. He simply lay, therefore, full-stretched upon the rock where the sun had warmed it, inviting it to warm him in turn. And all that time I kept looking at the sea, then at her, lastly at Dandy, then back once more to the sea.

She appeared so strange with that heavy black veil falling in folds from the rim of her straw hat. It seemed in my mind as if I had known her so long, so well, and yet, not even then, as she sat beside me on those wild cliffs, had I ever seen her face. It is not seeing a woman, to have nothing but a hat and a veil, a skirt and a pair of boots to look at. All that I knew of her was the touch of her hand and, much as it may have meant on our meeting that first night upon the cliffs, it was ill-sufficient for me now. Indeed, I was not content with it; so, leaning forward, at last I broke the silence, asking her to take off her veil.

“Surely you can’t shut out the sun for ever,” said I.

“I’m so afraid,” she answered. “If anyone saw me and told the Miss Fennells.”

“But no one will see you here.”

“Are you sure?”

“Quite sure. Why are you so afraid of the Miss Fennells?”

She began a nervous interlacing of her fingers.

“Am I afraid of them?” she asked, ingenuously.

“You are—but why?”

"I owe them so much—they've been so good to me. And they'd be angry if they knew I had been seen without my veil."

"Why should they be angry?"

I found myself speaking to her again in whispers, as you speak to a little child in the dark to wile away those first few frightening moments after the candle has been blown out.

"Why should they be angry?" I repeated.

She glanced down in hesitation at her fingers.

"Because people would know——"

"Know what?"

"That—that I'm not quite a white person."

I have never heard anything just so simple in my life or, for the matter of that, have I ever heard anything so pathetic. Not *quite* a white person! Great heavens, that whiteness or blackness should mean so much to us who in each other see the imagery of God! The blackest man and the blackest woman I have ever known were white. It is the color of the heart that matters.

"Take off that veil," I said suddenly. "Take off that veil and let me see. I don't want to find you a white person—it makes no difference to me."

I don't know why I spoke about myself. Surely too she must have wondered at it more than I. But my blood was hot with anger. Those old women, with their little ideas of family, believing one human creature made better than another, and that by the virtue of blind circumstances, they made me forget what I was saying.

"You've no reason to consider what the Miss Fennells think. They'll count for nothing when men and women are added up in heaven. Let me see for myself. Take off your veil."

It sounds, I admit, as though I had been rough with her, but it was not so. My voice, I am sure, was raised no more above the whisper. It was only that there must have been a different tone in it. And surely in a voice, in what not besides, that is everything. Whatever it was, she obeyed. I watched her hands as they rose to the knot in which the veil was tied at the back of

her hat. Her finger-nails alone would have betrayed her secret; but they were wonderful, nevertheless. I have seen small shells on a sandy beach just like them; shells wet with the water from the receding tide.

At last the knot was loosened. She took away the veil and laid it in her lap. I count that one moment in which I have lived, that moment when, with the sudden glare of the sun, she closed her eyes and I was free to look undisturbed into her face.

Once already have I described my imagination of her. There is no sense in going back to speak of it again. She was all I had thought. She was more. The tender olive of her skin brought no other picture to your mind than the lazy heat of the Southern sun. Not a moment's suggestion of racial coarseness was there in her features, but rather so delicate a refinement as made you apprehensive of what she must suffer in an ugly world. It was all as I had imagined it, even from that first moment in that restaurant in London, when I heard of her gown of canary-colored satin. She was as timid as a little bird, with just those same quick, silent movements of fear. No wonder she was afraid of the Miss Fennells! No wonder she had allowed herself thus willingly to be caged. It seemed as I looked at her there, with eyelids closed and turned to meet the sun, that God had made her in such moment as when a potter, out of the sheer love of his art, turns for himself alone some slender, fragile thing upon the gentle motion of his wheel.

I knew then I had been right. My instinct, or whatever you like to call it, had had the light of truth in it when, on the bare hearing of her story, I had realized that here was a woman in trouble. However many hesitations I may have passed through, however often demurred, debating upon my right to interfere, all such considerations left me then. Her union with any man of the type I had seen in London could mean nothing but tragedy, nothing but pitiable disillusionment; wherefore my courage rose triumphant in me again. I was just waiting for her eyes to open that I might begin.

And at last she opened them. I saw that liquid blue white of old china, with the inimitable pattern of her great dark eyes set so wonderfully upon it; but as I looked at them and as they

looked at me, it was suddenly borne into my mind, the everlasting remembrance of myself.

The expression in her eyes was not the same as I had seen in those of the little nursery maid. I had never seen quite its like in the eyes of any woman before. But I knew well what it meant and instinctively, I suppose, I turned away and patted Dandy's head. He licked my hand in return.

"Well——" said I with an effort. "Isn't it a relief to get rid of that beastly veil?"

I said what I could—the first words that came to me. It would have been cruel indeed to her had I let her see that I had observed that expression of hers. But I am becoming adept at this, I can look at people now as though I were sure such thoughts of me could never enter their minds. I have even heard it said that I fancy myself good-looking, so unconscious do I appear to be. That, of course, makes me laugh, for that is truly funny. I often remind myself of it as a corrective for depression.

Somehow this morning, however, it seemed I did not assume it so easily—possibly because it hurt a little more than usual. But why—why should it hurt any more? Unless it were that, in the pride of my success, I had forgotten what, usually, I am quite prepared to expect. And so it was with an effort that I spoke. But when I looked back again, because she was silent, I found her eyes dreaming to the far line of the horizon.

"Do you take pennies for your thoughts?" I asked.

A faint blush burnt quickly in her cheeks and she brought her eyes to earth.

"*Was* I thinking?" said she. "I don't know what I was thinking about."

"Shall I tell you?" I suggested.

"You couldn't possibly know."

So there were thoughts and she realized them well enough to know that I could never guess them. Well—it was something, to have discovered that. And then I hazarded still further.

"You were thinking," said I, "of him in London—how handsome he is. You were calling his face back into your memory, visualizing every feature of it and trying to forget at

the same time that other women might find it as handsome as you do."

She gazed at me in astonishment. So amazed was she that she could not keep it from her eyes.

"I don't think I was thinking at all," said she. "Unless I was wondering what you have got to tell me. What are you going to say? How did you know about my satin dress? Did he tell you? Do you know him?"

For a long time I looked at her, speculating upon how it were best to begin. When the God of a thousand Circumstances takes it into his hands to break a woman's heart, he does it often by infinitely slow degrees. The mills of God, they say, grind slowly—but I was wondering whether one sudden blow were not the kindest of all. And then again, the question of my right to deliver such a blow came surging to my mind.

"It is not I who am doing it," I said to myself. "I am but one of the links of circumstances which go to make the chain of this child's existence. Of course, I, myself, have no right. But then, this is not myself—this is Fate."

Wherefore, so persuading my conscience, I found determination to tell her everything.

"I want you to listen to a story," said I. "It'll hurt you to hear it. You'll have to be brave—braver even than you are when you sit all day long behind those muslin curtains, waiting and waiting and waiting for what sometimes it seems will never come to pass. I've come all the way over here to Ireland to tell it to you, and when I've finished you'll think I'm cruel—that I have got some evil motive at the back of my mind; but whatever you think of me, it's far better that you should know."

It seemed as if my words were turning her to stone. She did not move. There must have been some apprehension already in her mind, for she sat there silently, asking no questions, as one who is nerving herself for the inevitable falling of a blow that long has been hanging over her. It was then I hesitated most of all, for suddenly there had come to me a picture of her in tears. I have never, as you may well suppose, made a woman cry in my life. No woman has ever come to me in trouble.

"You must be very brave," I said again, and then I told

her everything; all that I had heard that night at supper when the glasses were tinkling and the violins played their everlasting melodies of forgetfulness.

Until that story was finished, I dared not look at her. It was enough to hear the silence with which she listened. Every word I uttered had the sound of some dead thing falling into the fathomless depth of still water. I had not the courage to watch her face, seeing them vanish out of sight as they sank one by one into her heart. I guessed what misery she felt, what utter despair had come to her as she listened to the bitter end. When I had finished, I turned and looked into her eyes.

"When you know little of it," said I, "the world is like that. Either you must know nothing, or you must know all."

She was fumbling with the veil in her lap. Her little fingers were picking at the threads of it as though there were the tangle of her life, if she could but unravel it. Presently she looked up and met my eyes.

"Why did you come all this way to tell me that?" she whispered, and there was such reproach in her voice as made me wish to God I had never spoken.

"Isn't it better that you should know," said I, "better than staying here in this prison with those two old women for gaolers, never seeing the proper light of day except by such subterfuge as you've had to make use of this morning?"

For another moment or two she was silent again; then suddenly she crushed the veil passionately in her hands. "I don't believe it's true!" she exclaimed. "It wasn't him you saw. It was someone like him, but it wasn't him. He's always promised he'd come back and marry me. We're going to live in London and he's going to take me to theatres. Oh—there are a thousand things we're going to do when we're married. I'm going to see the world. And he's told me over and over again that he loves me. It wasn't him you saw. It was someone like him."

She could have persuaded herself to that belief had I allowed her, driving it again and again into her mind until the fact had become unrecognizable. But I had fulfilled my duty to Destiny so far. There could be no meaning in it if I turned back now.

(To be continued)

EDITORIAL NOTES

IT is extraordinary how readily people become familiar with a startling idea. There was probably not a man in the world a year ago—however far-sighted—who would not have smiled at any optimist who had prophesied that within twelve months three of the great Powers would have established arbitration agreements so comprehensive as to be almost equivalent to perpetual peace compacts. Yet the incredible has happened, and has been accepted as natural. There has been no noticeable excitement, such as would attend the news of an insignificant victory in a minor campaign. Not a single “extra” of any paper was issued in connection with the achievement. So simply do epochal events come to pass; so easily do men who find themselves upon a higher plane of thought and conduct regard the altitude as normal. But the fact remains that one of the greatest advances ever made in civilization has now been accomplished. All honor is due to President Taft, whose wise suggestion was so swiftly adopted by the French and British Governments. The names of M. Jusserand, Mr. Bryce, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Knox, can never be dissociated from a movement which is even now being extended to include other countries. It is unfortunately possible that the Senate may delay action upon the agreements; but their final ratification is assured. To all who believe in progress, what has now been done will prove both an incentive and an augury. Public opinion has risen to the demands made upon it, though many individuals have not yet realized the importance of the achievement. The principle of peace has been established. The sequel should not be difficult. As arbitration has passed in the course of a few months from an aspiration to a reality, so the reduction of armaments can be brought about. The nations of Europe, at least, are tired of the burdens of militarism. Only a leader is needed; and the world will wonder at the ease with which common sense will prevail over puerility. Is it too much to expect that such a leader may be found in the country which has already added so greatly to her prestige by the negotiations of the past few months?

Cannot Mr. Taft take the initiative in this reform also? The Powers will not disband their armies and throw their fleets out of commission at a mere suggestion, however earnest. But they will be only too glad to accept the principle of a maximum, on the basis of their present programmes, with a gradual decrease, instead of an increase. There would be difficulties, of course, and the possible opposition of Germany. But it is for the overcoming of difficulties that diplomacy exists.

* * *

THE recent attitude of Germany in Morocco was significant. The Fatherland has a definite policy, and a growing need for expansion; and the Agadir incident was merely a means of testing the strength of the *entente* between France, Great Britain and Russia, the moment being considered especially propitious in view of the internal political troubles of England. Whatever may be the ultimate outcome, Germany placed a high value on her retirement from Agadir by demanding practically the whole of the French Congo as recompense. The adoption by the Emperor of a more conciliatory attitude, when the effectiveness of the *entente* had been established, was unpleasantly received by the militant German papers; but the crowning epithet of abuse was exhibited by Herr Harden, in the *Zukunft*, the recreant Hohenzollern being stigmatized as "William the Peaceful." This is certainly a terrible title to apply, in a Christian and civilized country, to the master of the most powerful army in the world.

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THERE are still many Jingoës in every country, *soi disant* statesmen who talk much of liberty and democracy, but comprehend little of that great modern spirit which is steadily and surely being given direction and effectiveness. Dynasties and wars have played their part in the making of nations; tribe has been joined to tribe, province to province, people to people. The dynasties have passed, or are passing; the time of wars is almost at an end; but the nations remain, with the wider outlook, the larger view. And as the workers of the world gain knowledge and strength, as they enlarge their own organizations and stretch

out beyond local bounds, they are changing the old conditions and becoming familiar with new ideas. Men are no longer natural enemies because they were born in different countries. It is no longer creditable to be prejudiced. As the individual has been taught that the nation is greater than he, so the nations are learning their international duties. It will soon be considered as ludicrous for a country to settle a dispute with gunboats, as for an individual to adjust his commercial accounts with a revolver. The world has passed beyond the stage when such crude processes could be tolerated. The wars of the future—not of the immediate future, perhaps; but within the lifetime of many now living—will be between the parasites and the people, not between nation and nation. But the Jingoës will still strut, for their little hour, playing their child's game of soldiers and cannon, while the grown-up men and women of the world are going quietly about their business—not despising childhood, or forgetting their own; but remembering that nations are no longer in the nursery, nor democracy in swaddling-clothes.

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MR. TAFT'S tribute to the Democrats in connection with the reciprocity agreement was not entirely pleasing to some of the members of his own party, but it provides another illustration of the President's broad-mindedness, and of a strength and independence of character with which he has not always been credited. So long as men continue, consciously or unconsciously, to discuss public questions from the point of view of prejudice and self-interest, there will be government by parties; and loyalty to the party will be more commonly observed than disinterested loyalty to the nation. Yet, though the President does not cease, after his election, to be a party man, it is well that he should realize more and more that he represents the whole country. Mr. Taft has done this, with dignity and impartiality; and though he does not possess the declamatory and self-advertising gifts which win temporary notoriety—he is a statesman rather than a politician—he is carrying out a programme which will bring him permanent recognition.

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THE scene in the British House of Commons some weeks ago, when Mr. Asquith was prevented from speaking by a howling, passionate mob, is another instance of the bad manners and childishness which are becoming regrettably associated with modern Legislatures. No useful purpose could possibly have been served by causing the postponement of the Prime Minister's announcement. The Unionist party had been exasperated by what they consider the revolutionary and unconstitutional course unrelentingly pursued by Mr. Asquith; but if a concerted protest had to be made, complete silence was the only permissible means. There was once a tradition with regard to the dignity of debate; but the times change rapidly, and the most successful legislator will soon be the man with the most raucous or piercing voice, and the least sense of fitness and courtesy.

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THE dissolution of the Canadian Parliament was not generally expected, as the Government had a majority of 45 in a House of 221 members. The election will be decided on the question of reciprocity, and there can be little doubt as to the result, though some attempts will be made, as usual, to confuse the issue. The new Parliament will be opened in October by the Duke of Connaught, who will then have taken up his duties as Governor-General.

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THE Postal Savings Bank has played a great part in the encouragement of thrift in other countries, and there can be no doubt of the success and immense benefit of the system here, under fair conditions. The recent extension of facilities is encouraging; but one of the regulations is astonishing. Interest is to be paid only on deposits which have remained for a complete year. It will frequently happen that business or personal reasons will compel the withdrawal of deposits a few weeks or days before the qualifying period, thus forfeiting the whole of the interest. This seems quite indefensible.

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IT is impossible to view without grave condemnation the tendency to immediate violence in industrial disputes. After a pro-

tracted and bitter struggle, it is natural, though regrettable, that clashes should occur. Starving men, with wives and children dependent upon them, cannot be too discriminating. But intimidation of the grossest kind is now employed as a proper weapon from the very commencement of a strike. Organized labor is not so helpless that it need resort to such methods, instead of strengthening and enlarging its associations before the time of trial.

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ADMIRAL TOGO reached his hotel in New York at about one o'clock in the early morning of August 5. At about ten A.M. he is reported to have been asked by an original interviewer for his considered impressions of American women.

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THE Young Turk party is not yet discredited, but faith in its ability to realize the spirit of constitutional government has been considerably discounted. It was not expected that the new *régime* would be completely successful from the beginning; there were many difficulties to be overcome, and many lessons to be learnt. But the Constitution proclaimed at the deposition of Abdul Hamid is an anæmic institution. The country is controlled by an irresponsible committee, and its treatment of home affairs has not been much more satisfactory than its handling of the Albanian problem. Tourgoud Pasha has not been able to fulfil his threat at the beginning of the campaign that he intended to "turn Albania into a wilderness and give the Albanians a lesson they would remember for seven generations"; but he has succeeded in destroying whatever remnant of confidence in the Turkish Government the Albanians still preserved.

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THE science of aviation is no longer in its infancy, and though immense advances will be made, it would seem that the monoplane is establishing its position as the most successful type of machine. The Wright brothers, to whom, as Lord Northcliffe said the other day, the conception of modern flying is due, had decided in their painstaking experiments that the biplane was the machine of the future. Yet, though few people at first at-

tached much importance to the little single-winged machines, it was in a monoplane that M. Blériot first crossed the Channel. It was in a monoplane that Lieutenant Conneau won the prize for the circuit of Great Britain. It will be interesting to see whether the simpler type is generally accepted as the standard.

* * *

THERE are undesirable members of every profession; but there are some professions, notably medicine and dentistry, in which the percentage is unusually high and the menace to the community unusually great. The public believes that every practitioner has received adequate training, and has proved his ability before being allowed to invite patients under the guarantee of his degree or diploma. Experience brings knowledge, but it cannot undo the disasters of the past. There are so many highly qualified and conscientious men, that the ineptitude or deceit of the incompetent is especially deplorable. It is a hazardous undertaking for a stranger in a large city to select a doctor or a dentist without advice. There are revelations occasionally of the greater blunders, the more striking tragedies; but it is not the occasional mistake or misfortune that is most to be feared. It is the ignorance or slovenliness of the man who has no pride in his work; who is satisfied to give any treatment that will serve as a makeshift and enable him to collect his fees. How many surgeons are there who will amputate without real necessity; how many dentists who will destroy tooth-substance that could be saved? Professional "ethics" has played too large a part in protecting the blunderer or the criminally indifferent. There should be a committee of inspectors in every State, authorized to examine each licentiate's work, if necessary, from time to time, and with power to recommend suspension or expulsion.

THE FORUM

FOR OCTOBER 1911

ELLEN KEY: AN APOSTLE OF LIFE

HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

ELLEN KEY'S mind is like a Gothic cathedral; burrowed deep, spreading wide, rising in solid wall and pillar, tapering through buttress and lightly-springing arch to the spire. The broad dome gathers into itself the sons and daughters of men. Its organ translates their joys and woes into music. There are flashes of richly colored pictures, of haloed Madonnas; there are gargoyles looking from under the eaves with grim northern humor; there are mazes of painstaking details everywhere. But through every carved leaf and flame-tipped taper strains a single purpose, unifying all, soaring at last skyward like an embodied human longing.

Does it lead to enhancement of life? is the question by which Ellen Key would test every human experience. Does it heighten joy, deepen feeling and enrich the understanding? She would not deaden the senses, but wake them to keenest life and set them vibrating to the music of the soul. She has a burning, glowing faith in the power of humanity to rise to heights never known before by the growing force of its own organic being. To that end she would train every impulse, every faculty of mind and body. She has a rapturous vision of the new race that shall have its feet on the ground and touch the stars with outstretched finger-tips, but from her prophetic pulpit she goes into the streets, the homes and the market-place. She writes painstakingly about house-keeping and education, but she never loses sight of her underlying purpose, the enhancement of life through love, joy and beauty in small things and great, and she carries to the details of class schedules and household furnishings something

of the breath of cathedral music, something of the light of the altar fire.

A passionate believer in the unity of all life, she would break down all barriers that separate class from class, man from woman, soul from body, nature from humanity, humanity from that God "whose revealed book is the starry heavens, and whose prophetic sight is in the unfathomable sea, and in the deeps of man's heart, the God who is in life and is life." She is uncertain of the question of personal immortality, but thinks that the developed human being should find as great a joy in the thought of living on in a star or a flower as in his own earthly individuality. He should find rapture in the mere thought that the blood coursing through his veins is one with the joy and anguish, the longing and loving and striving of all humanity, one with all life that has been and is and will be.

The spirit of this modern Swedish woman is more akin to the broad, full humanity of the Old Testament than to the ascetic demands of the New. Her creed is reminiscent of the story in Genesis by which the Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life. But she would have no conflict between the dust of the earthly origin and the spirit of the God from above. Their perfect oneness is the sum of her ideal.

The keynote of Christianity is the war between flesh and spirit. This is the basis of the ascetic ideal that found its sublimest expression in Thomas à Kempis. It is this ideal of which George Eliot, agnostic though she was, is the greatest modern exponent. It eulogizes renunciation as a good in itself and preaches sacrifice, not as a means but as an end. It removes temptation by deadening desire. Many of us do not number the old monk among our personal acquaintances; he does not hold the sway over our hearts that he held over our mothers'; but we all remember how Maggie Tulliver found the little old book with its pencil underscorings like a silent, pointing hand bidding her renounce life at its threshold. Most of us have cried over Maggie's anguish, finding in it an echo of our own young striving; and we have rebelled against the author's monstrous demands of her. For the little old book is a silk-covered

hand of iron, strong perhaps to lift the crushed spirit, but strong also to bend the spirit that is not yet broken and to crush it into a colorless, flavorless pulp.

The asceticism of the New Testament was the outgrowth of historical conditions. The early Christians believed the end of the world to be near, and, to them, taking thought for the things of this earth would have been like the folly of a man who plants a garden when he knows that he is to start on a voyage, never to return, and ought to be setting his ship in order. They were still under the awful shadow of Christ's death and with the fiery trial of martyrdom before them. To care for beauty, art and pleasure would have been unseasonable, like a dance between two graves or a festival at a death-bed. Then, too, the Roman world needed an absolutely spiritual ideal. The old Greek clean, healthy love of life had degenerated into a riot of debauchery. Sexual relations were debased; art had lost its high purpose; nature no longer whispered her secrets to ears attuned to her harmonies. Flesh was infested with gangrene and only fit to be burned away. It had sunk below the possibility of ever becoming the vehicle of the soul. New life must be created, and it quickened around the figure of Christ, rising spirit-pale above the corruption.

Ellen Key read the Bible almost from babyhood and loved Jesus as a great personality. At six she hated God fiercely, because he demanded the death of Jesus. In 1893 she wrote: "As long as the birds fly underneath the heavens, lilies bloom on the fields, and child-like eyes gaze their innocence, the words of Jesus will reach human hearts and human souls, cooling as summer showers, fiery as wine, strengthening as bread, rousing like white wings, life-giving as spring rays, inexhaustible as the sea, wide as the heavens, full of long drawn music like the deepest words of poet or seer."

She sees in Christ not the God man of the old theology, nor the ideal man of the new, but the man with an ideal. He is to her the individualist with courage to live his own ideal even to death. To him the selflessness of his conduct was an expression of his nature and therefore the greatest enhancement of life. To him it was possible to find his life by losing it, as it will always

be possible to Christlike natures. To natures of another kind, as those of the creative artist or the ruler, she avers, the contrary is true. "More than one great soul has entered the kingdom of Christ by tearing out the eye of intellect and cutting off the creative hand." She cites the case of the most deeply Christian teacher in her own country, who as a boy hid his violin, because its music lured him from the stern demands of religion. She thinks that every earnest Christian has in his life some such sacrifice. Of each one she would ask: "Where did you hide your violin? How did you silence that in your life which should have sung?" Christ was great in proportion to his wholeness and conformity to the laws of his own nature. When his disciples wanted to establish his example, that of a man who possessed nothing, who knew nothing of worldly culture, who was not married and had no children, and who died at a little past thirty, as the normal standard for all time and for all people, they did violence to other natures.

Though she says little of herself, she gives us a glimpse of her struggle to fit her growing belief in the sacredness of all manifestations of life to the old creeds. She came gradually to look at Christianity in its historic sequence, recognizing its great service in disciplining mankind to altruism and self-control, but believing that its ascetic demands have now become a hindrance to a fuller human development.

To the demand that the individual must give his life for others, she replies: You must first have a life to give. Only he who has come into the full heritage of his own nature has anything vital to give. The stunted soul and joyless heart, the dull brain and obtuse senses can add nothing of worth to the life of the race, be the owner's will to sacrifice ever so intense.

II

In sexual love and parent love Ellen Key sees the finest possibility of realizing the perfect union between altruism and egoism, since no other relation in the same sense makes the highest ecstasy of the individual serve the strongest purpose of the race.

Her theories on love and marriage rest on her faith in the

ability of mankind to evolve, ultimately, the form of union in which the greatest enhancement of life is possible. Many conscientious people will differ with some of her conclusions; they will think human nature needs the corrective of a fixed, unalterable standard. But they cannot withhold admiration from her splendid optimism and her elevated conception of the relation that is the basis of all life. She believes that a higher type of love than any the world has yet known is breaking through the double crust of asceticism and license to the light of a fuller day. She believes in monogamy in the strictest sense, meaning one woman and one man during the life-time of both, but she thinks that "monogamy was made for man, not man for monogamy," and admits cases where a rigid adherence to this ideal would mean a suicidal obstruction of the life-forces. There are, for instance, women of so full and rich a motherliness that they cannot attain harmony without the fulfilment of their longing. In them the life-forces that should have benefited the race are turned inward and work destruction. Such a woman, Ellen Key thinks, should be a mother, even if a permanent union with the child's father is impossible. She is far from making it the normal standard, however, since any woman who dares so greatly must be strong enough to stand up under the world's scorn, and of a nature rich enough to make up to her child what it loses in not having a home with a father and sisters and brothers.

She would test any union by its results: does it lead to enhancement of life for the individual and for the race? While it has not yet been proved that children born in a great love are finer and healthier of mind and body than those born in inharmonious unions, "It will be." Certainly no one needs to offer proof that children growing up in homes where there is perfect companionship between father and mother have a better chance of a free, happy development. Where such conditions are present she would not condemn any union, even if it had no legal sanction. Where they have ceased to exist or have never existed, she does not think a marriage should be continued. A believer in free divorce to the extent that she would not have one partner hold another against his will by force of the law, she does not think any marriage should be dissolved before the individual is

sure that he has extracted every possibility of happiness and growth that it holds. Even then she would have consideration for others weigh heavily, though not to the exclusion of consideration for one's self. Least of all does she believe in the many light loves in which people fritter themselves away under the delusion that they are "living," while each successive experiment has less and less of beauty and vitality in it. The true believer in life, who seeks to drain every drop of ecstasy or pain, will scarcely be able to exhaust one love in a life-time, much less several.

In short, Ellen Key's ideas on the question of marriage may be summed up in the famous Ibsen slogan, the war-cry of the Scandinavian women: liberty and responsibility. She often pleads that she is not a believer in "free love" in the common sense, but asks freedom only for a love worthy of the name.

But if we look at modern conditions as they are mirrored in the divorce chronicles of the papers and in the night life of the city streets, we find rather **freedom** for everything *but* love: freedom for caprice, for lust, for selfishness, and for a desire that does not brush love with extremest flounce!

When she was a girl in her early twenties Ellen Key's mental power was recognized by Björnson, who called the attention of her parents to it, but added that above all she was made to be loved. He predicted that when love came to her, it would come with terrible force. Those who have known the Ellen Key of to-day, the stately, gray-haired woman with the strong, magnetic personality, all agree that a large, all-enfolding motherliness is her most marked characteristic. It may be said without irreverence that she has won her life by losing it, since by renouncing for herself the closest personal relations she has been able to lift the ideal of those relations in the lives of all who have come within the influence of her voice. This is her title to be called the greatest woman of our time.

When the fight between the new naturalism and the old conventionality was raging in Scandinavian literature, it was Ellen Key who spoke the wise word, the deep word. Björnson was fighting with all the force of his nature against the gospel of the flesh as propagated by Garborg in Norway and by Brandes

in Denmark. He travelled all over the country delivering his lecture on *Monogamy and Polygamy*, and it is said that the standard of morality rose visibly in the fiery wake of his campaign. One of his strongest books, *The Kurt Family*, shows with a grim realism akin to that of the great Russian writers the curse laid upon a man by the sins of his fathers. In the latter part of the book, however, he yields to his irrepressible desire to preach. He makes his hero, Thomas Rendalen, found a school, where he tries to inculcate correct principles in sexual matters by the aid of classes in physiology and gymnastics.

Ellen Key thanked Björnson warmly for what he had done, but pointed out the defect in his theory. It was a theory of negation only, lacking a positive element. Nature could not be eradicated, it must be ennobled. But young people could not be fired with enthusiasm by instruction in physiology and gymnastics; it needed a new motive power. She found this in that racial passion, which, in its union with personal love, is an outgrowth of our own time. If the ideal of a great love were burned in letters of flame on every young mind, any tampering with the life-forces would seem repugnant. You could not fight passion except with a greater passion.

In his drama, *The Gauntlet*, Björnson makes woman throw down the gauntlet to man's double standard of morality. His heroine Svava breaks with her lover, when she finds that his past is not spotless like her own. The play came at a time when this question was agitating the minds of Scandinavian women, and it became the fashion for young women to ask their suitors the "gauntlet question," as it was called. One can fancy Ellen Key saying: "Love him, you foolish child, love him; only so can you harmonize the dualism of his nature and help him raise up sons that shall be one step nearer the ideal than he has been himself."

A woman is often puzzled and shocked, when she realizes the inconsistency in a man's demand of her. His mind, trained in all the conventions, expects in her the cold purity of the snow-drift. His senses, carrying often an impress from the gutter, crave in her the murky flame of the wanton. Only those who have experienced a great love know the purity that is not of the

snow, but a white flame. Only they know surcease from the everlasting war between the flesh and spirit. They find it in the love, in which "neither the senses betray the soul nor the soul the senses," to quote George Sand. Ellen Key has faith that this feeling, which is yet only the treasure of the few, will become the necessity of the many. She thinks this ideal will so shape human instincts that an ever-increasing number of people will refuse to be satisfied with less and will rather choose celibacy than a lower kind of love. Woman is more completely dominated by passion in every fibre of her being than man. Her flesh cries out for the very pangs of motherhood. But for the same reason her passion lies closer to her tenderness and is more bound up with her finest emotions. She has already attained the union of soul and sense to a far greater extent than man, and herein, Ellen Key thinks, is the greatest contribution she can give to the advancement of the race.

We often see love's selection passing by the highest type of individual and alighting on the lower. Then we quote the ancient platitude about love's blindness, or we wax sarcastic over the superior attraction of a well-turned ankle over a cultured mind. The truth is often that the higher nature has diverted its vitality into countless little channels of altruism, has silenced or muffled the voice of passion, and frittered away its personality in various activities. So it has become for the time being less fitted to continue the race than is the lower nature, which is nearer the primeval forces. In a crude way, therefore, and within certain limits, love's selection is not blind, but seeing. It is Ellen Key's faith that this imperfect instinct shall become an ever finer and truer and subtler psychological perception. This will come to pass, when men and women shall be fired with passion for their own eternal life in their descendants. They will then "dedicate to their mental and bodily fitness for the mission of the race the same religious earnestness that Christians devote to the salvation of their souls." Then each will seek the mate best fitted to realize this racial ideal, not of course with a cold-blooded weighing of pros and cons, but with an instinct so unerring that love itself shall not light upon anyone that is unfit.

Involuntarily one thinks of what George Eliot says of the fascinating little kitten, Hetty Sorrel, with her soft cheeks and hard heart, her deep eyes and shallow soul. "One begins to suspect at length that there is no direct correlation between eyelashes and morals or else that the eyelashes express the disposition of the fair one's grandmother, which is, on the whole, less important to us." Probably mankind will continue to make the same mistakes so long as eyelashes and dispositions get, so to speak, mixed in the sorting. At least we can all subscribe to the closing sentence in Ellen Key's volume on *Love and Marriage*,* which has just been translated from her larger work *Life-Lines*: "Those who believe in the perfectibility of mankind for and through love must, however, learn to reckon not in hundreds of years, and still less in tens, but in thousands."

III

Among the currents and counter-currents of the present woman movement there is a feminist tendency, which, from its pseudo-idealism, appeals to many fine-fibred young women. Its adherents would have men and women strong and equal mates, each doing a separate work outside of the home, loving freely and proudly since no economic question would enter into marriage. Motherhood should not absorb the woman, any more than fatherhood absorbs the man. The extremists draw a line between the lower or racial and the higher or personal functions of women. Motherhood they class among the former and think it should be performed preferably by women who have not brain enough to do anything else. Physical love is what still links us with the savage and needs to be eliminated by civilization. Home-making is only a piling of cushions under man's selfishness. Among them all, we have fallen upon days when the mass of women are staggering under a double burden, cursed with the curse of Adam and not relieved of the curse of Eve.

Ellen Key shrivels with a blaze of scorn the barrier between the alleged "higher" and the "lower" functions of women.

* *Love and Marriage* and *The Century of the Child* are published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

She points out that there is no possible activity of civilized man which is not an outgrowth of a primitive want. Motherhood in its highest form is as different from the mere animal reproduction of the savage as a picture by Titian is different from the Hottentot's scrawl on a bone. There is no conceivable way by which a woman can stamp her personality more indelibly on the race than by writing it in the flesh of her own child. She does not, of course, want a return to conditions in the time when the child-bearing woman worked in a neck-and-neck race with wars and pestilence, and the one who could produce sons by the dozen was the best patriot. Modern society needs quality rather than quantity. She does think, however, that there may before very long be a question of the very existence of the American-European peoples. A nation, however brilliantly cultured, is decadent, if the strong, primeval hunger to live again in offspring is dead in its men and women. She came long ago to a parting of ways with the Woman's Rights party in her own country. While believing in suffrage and industrial freedom for women, she found in the movement elements that were hostile to her special message. Her views are expressed in her book *The Woman Movement*, which has not been translated into English yet, but has a great vogue in Germany. It has been called reactionary, but he who has his ear to the ground, listening for the footsteps of the woman army, will know her as the leader in the second battle of the campaign. Others have fought for the rights of woman as a human being; she fights for her rights as a woman. Both have been necessary. Men have so long taken women's work in the home as something to be lauded in after-dinner speeches, but to be paid for in small coin. It is only when the strong, developed woman with all the world open before her chooses the field of home-making and motherhood that we shall have a truer conception of values.

Ellen Key would test the modern woman movement by asking: Has it created a greater sum of vitality? Has it given women a deeper, finer spiritual life? Has it given them stronger bodies? Has it made them physically and psychologically better fitted for motherhood? To these questions she replies: "Yes—and no." She is filled with compassion for the long, gray line

of drudges, bending over their desks, "when their personality would find its truest expression, if they were bending over a cradle." She rejoices at the splendid opportunities now given the unmarried women of the more fortunate classes, but she regrets that they have, in the main, been content to do what men have done before, instead of marking out for themselves new lines of work. With Ibsen she thinks that women are of value chiefly because they have not yet lost the faculty of seeing straight to the heart of a truth and sweeping aside objections with divine unreason. If they descend from the peaks of enthusiasm to plod with men in the market-place of compromise, they will be only lesser men instead of full-statured women. Woman has nothing new to give in public life except her motherliness, which gives her a deeper sense of the sacredness of all life. She knows the cost of each human life that is crushed out under the iron-spiked wheels of militarism and industrialism.

In the future, Ellen Key thinks, the unmarried woman will, as a rule, work outside of the home, but she will find out for herself new fields that shall be an enlargement of her primitive mission of fostering and preserving life. The married woman will work within the home. "If man were sufficiently vindictive," she says, "to set about finding out what woman has accomplished in the course of ages to justify her towering self-esteem, then he would find only one thing: when nature formed the instinct of the race, woman remoulded it as love; when necessity made the dwelling, woman transformed it into the home." The modern woman will learn to broaden and deepen her primitive sphere in such manifold ways that she will be in no danger of becoming a sex parasite, even though she no longer carries the fire-wood home on her head or grinds the corn for her family between two stones. She will make the home a well of living water, where all the members of the household shall drink daily renewal of strength and joy. She will preserve the individualities that make the world a tapestry shot with gold and purple instead of a dull, gray sack-cloth. She will do away with the "machine-made" in home-making and in education and will substitute the hand-made article. She will not let the personality of her young child be crushed out

under a weight of stupid school curricula. She will keep her children with her and dedicate herself to developing the best they are capable of. The economic question will be met by State endowment of motherhood under certain conditions. The State pays the soldier for taking life; she who gives and preserves life is as worthy of her hire. There must always be a conflict in the case of women who are creative artists or have some other exceptional gift. They are usually large-brained, large-hearted, full-blooded women, craving with equal intensity self-expression in work and the fulfilment of their destiny as sexual beings. The problem of so ordering their lives that the woman shall be able to meet the double drain on her vitality must be solved by each couple in the best possible way—and will often remain forever unsolved.

But the woman of the future will be, Ellen Key thinks, above all, a priestess of life. Her untranslated essay, *The Woman of the Future*, is like a whirl of white wings. She writes:

"She is chaste, not because she is cold, but because she is passionate. She is noble, not because she is pale, but because she is full-blooded. She is soulful, and therefore sensuous; she is proud and therefore true. She demands a great love, because she can give an even greater. Her refined idealism will make the erotic problem very difficult of solution and sometimes insoluble. But on the other hand, she will be able to feel and give a happiness that is much deeper, richer and more lasting than anything we have hitherto called happiness. Many qualities of the present wife and mother will probably be lacking in the woman of the future. She will always remain a mistress, and only so will she become a mother. She will dedicate her best strength to the difficult art of being at once a mistress and a mother. To create the felicity of life will be her religious cult. She will understand and reverence the physical and psychological conditions of health and happiness, and therefore she will bring a clearer vision and a deeper sense of responsibility to the choice of her children's father. She will bear and foster healthy and beautiful human beings, and she herself will possess a finer beauty and a longer youth than the woman of the present. . . . Her nature gushes forth, fresh and free like the swell of the

waterfall, but, like the waterfall, bound in a firm inner rhythm. However far she may go—in the intoxication of joy, the passion of tenderness, or the vehemence of pain—she never loses herself. She is many women and yet always one.”

This many-sided development of the eternal feminine—by freedom, by work and through knowledge—is what Ellen Key demands of the woman movement if it is to justify itself as a life-enhancing movement.

IV

There are cities where there is much pleasure, but little joy; much altruism, but little love; much knowledge, but little wisdom; much activity, but little life. Again, there are other cities, to which, however badly they treat us, we always go back. They may be blown up by earthquakes, torn with strife and lurid with scandal; but they hold us with a subtle spell. It is because the people have not lost the sunshine from their blood or the power of growth from their minds. They are still close to the big, elemental things. Underneath the clanging of the industrial machine, we hear the large, full, rhythmic swing of the song of life. In the same way, the people who charm us, however different they may be, have this in common: they are liveries of life. Though they drag our sympathies through a whirlwind, they hold us with the force of their own vibration to joy and grief.

Ellen Key thinks this genius for living can be cultivated like a gift for music. For years she has labored by writing and public speaking to make her own people realize the possibilities for fine enjoyment that are within the reach of all. She began this work when she was yet a young teacher, working for a pittance that hardly kept her fed and clothed. She has held for many years a chair as a lecturer on literature. She has given of the proceeds of her works to the study circles of the Good Templars, believing that if a man's nature is vitalized by the pleasure of work and filled with the world's music, color and poetry, he will not crave the lesser stimulus of alcohol. She has written a series of popular essays on *Beauty for All*, trying in the simplest words to wake an appreciation of art. Upon those who cannot afford any kind of art she urges the necessity of

turning the more diligently the leaves in "the two great books of nature and humanity," and of listening the more intently to the music from "the chords of life's great orchestra." She pleads for the reviving of the old handicrafts such as weaving and wood-carving and praises the honest good taste of the old peasant furnishings in preference to the cheap, ornate factory products. She even gives detailed directions on how to produce artistic effects with the minimum of money. She points out the significance of the old national festivals and urges the revival of the picturesque folk-dances. To root out vicious pleasures, she would inculcate, not less love of life, but more love of life. It is the feeble flame that burns murkily; the mighty rushing fire is pure.

She preaches the religion of joy instead of the religion of duty, and joy she sees in the most intense activity of all our powers, whether of work or love, of sacrifice or merely of sensuous delight in color and motion. As the athlete must renounce the lesser pleasures for the supreme pleasure of knowing that every fibre in his body is obedient to his will, so the believer in life must often renounce its slighter impulses to satisfy the greater, and this is the only moral self-renunciation. Our petty worries and amusements leave us no time for great emotions, not even for our griefs. We should make a silence, where they can meet us "in sable-clothed majesty" and teach us their lesson from the depths of life. Sometimes an individual may find the truest enhancement of his own life in a sacrifice for another. The widened sympathy gained by living in another's life may give him at last a deeper joy than that which he gave up. But where it is a question of little soul-stunting conventions and compromises, there sacrifice is the sin of sins. There the individual must assert his right to live the life of his own soul, even if he must live it by dying for it.

It is a difficult religion, Ellen Key's religion of life. It invites to no lolling at ease in a valley of pleasure. It rather points the way to a steep mountain climb. It offers no strength but what we can draw from the deeps of our own nature, no present reward but a strengthening of our powers, and a very uncertain prospect of reaching the top of our Mount Nebo at last.

Is it worth while? Is it even possible? She would answer: "Live!" Life itself, not what we can get out of it, is the supreme good. "Live!"

"The believer in the religion of life . . . will point to the great souls, who perhaps have not been happy for one day in their lives and yet sang the *laus vitæ*, which in our day swells in a thousand voices from music and poetry, from art and confessions of faith. It sounds even from silent chambers, where feeble voices give thanks for life and that alone. . . . To be a true lover of life is to wake each day with Thorild's enraptured cry: 'This day—a life!' It is to make the morning light your baptism to new deeds, to count by the evening light the gifts of the day as pearls on a string. It is, between morning and evening, to give yourself out as a sacrament and to receive as a sacrament all the strength and sweetness of the day. It is to sing a hymn in praise of life, as did our saga heroes in the anguish of the snake-den. It is to rejoice each day in the sprouting of new life everywhere."

WITH WALT WHITMAN IN CAMDEN *

HORACE TRAUBEL.

THURSDAY, NOV. 1, 1888.

7.45 p.m. W. lying on his bed—clothed. Remained recumbent during the time of my stay, except when here and there, in the course of our animated talk, he half rose on his elbow to give some emphasis to a remark. Complains of weariness. I asked him how he had spent the day. "I am not as bad as I might be—not as good as I should wish to be." He has been down on his bed a great part of the day. "I feel weak—exhausted." He speaks less of a rally than he did. Yet he cheerfully goes his way.

He monologued on politics: started off of his own accord and went on for some time about the situation. "I am troubled by the merely mercenary influences that seem to be let loose in current legislation: the hog let loose, the grabber, the stealer, the arrogant honorable so and so; but I still have my faith—in the end my faith prevails. It has been my ambition for America that she should permit, excite, high ideals—enlarged views. Take the West case: what a disgrace we made of ourselves out of it! I should have advised, urged, *say nothing*—don't break the silence by a breath even. Why shouldn't we allow even to the British Minister or any minister or anybody the largest liberty of opinion and expression—why not? Cleveland lost his head—should not have given West his passports. It was unworthy of Cleveland—unworthy of all of us—was little instead of big. I hate with my whole soul anything that smacks of truckling to

* Horace Traubel was an intimate friend of Walt Whitman, seeing and talking with him daily for many years while he was living at Camden. These conversations were recorded faithfully, with every detail affecting the poet's life which seemed of interest to the present and to future generations. Two volumes of these unusual memoirs have already been published; from the third (still in manuscript), covering the period between November, 1888, and January, 1889, these extracts of wider reference have been taken. They are in sequence chronologically, but not otherwise; many of them are necessarily isolated; connecting links, with the light and shade of varying dialogue, are omitted. But the range of the poet's mind, his grasp of large questions, his views of the great political and social movements of the time, and the mental vitality which outlasted bodily energy, are shown clearly and with valuable significance.—EDITOR.

our meaner, baser impulses, as this act surely does. I watch the campaign interestedly, but without passion: it has its meanings for me; but it doesn't sink very deep or go very high. I'm in no danger of getting worried or excited over it: I feel like taking the advice of Epictetus to the youth who was bent upon seeing the Roman games—don't get heated, don't fret over results, accept the facts as they appear; wish but this—that the fellow who deserves to win will win: something in that strain." I asked: "But suppose neither deserves to win?" He laughed. "There you've got me: abstractly speaking, neither deserves to win; neither Democrats nor Republicans." "But sometimes, though neither is good, one is not as bad as the other: is that your idea?" "Yes—just that: though I don't get into a boil over it, I keep up a devil of a thinking in my corner—my silent thunderings. There are reasons why Cleveland should win—good reasons. Then there are reasons opposite." He shaded his eyes from the light with one hand and lifted himself on his elbow. "Personally I can see no point of view from which it appears desirable to me to elect Harrison. To me the condemnation of Harrison is in his support—in the fact that he is the candidate of all the toploftical conventionalisms of the North—of all that is formal, sectional, schismatic—of all that is commercially iniquitous, arrogant, macerating." He said he was anti-Harrison apart from his free-trade antagonism. "That would be enough, but there's vastly more—vastly more. It is a serious consideration to me—the buffet, the slap in the face, which Harrison's election would be to the South: to me it is abhorrent, deplorable, to find all the States of the North on the one side, all the States of the South on the other. I know what our people say about that: it's their fault, our people say; but that doesn't say it all—not by a long shot. Why is everybody more interested in boundary lines than in unity—in sects, parties, classes, hates, passions? What a humbug is our civilization if it can't lead us out of the jungle! Why North, South—why even America—alone? I know the problem has its difficulties: it must be many years before we heal that old sore." But he had lived in the South, had "known the meanness of the Southern people" to the full—"known, also, their strong points." "I can hardly be accused of abasing my high ideals to

the Southern contagion: I was anti-slavery, always; the horror of slavery always had a strong hold on me." Yet he "saw other things, too," and refused to "permit one fact to close all other facts out." "I can never forget or deny that the acts of some of the Southern officials, agents who went into rebellion, were as black, perfidious, forbidding, as any known in history. Yet these elements of treachery were exceptional: I regard them as exceptional; after all, I am an optimist, I suppose; I agree with Dr. Bucke that man is better than he was—is constantly growing better still. But there are passions in man to be fought by man to extinction: in our own campaign, here, in America, this year, now, there is on one side a spirit of *section* which must be met and destroyed. I can never condone it. As for free trade—it is greatly to be desired, not because it is good for America, but because it is good for the world. For Cleveland personally I have no great admiration, though there are some things in him which I like: but the West matter, Cleveland's attitude, his official mock heroic indignation, is not creditable to him—rather a blot on his record; a play made to the Paddy O'Reillys and the McMullins." I said: "Our officialism, most of it, is foreign: it is mainly foreign." W. replied: "So it is: you have touched the nerve. But you have to live in Washington for a time, as I did, to comprehend fully the length to which the tradition is carried. I remember at least one occasion in point during my stay. The question was brought up—the question of officialism, clothes, habit; the question whether a minister should wear a sword, gilt buttons—clothes cut so and so—on demand, to conform with social etiquettical dogmatisms. They all declared to me, in Rome it behooved me to do as the Romans did; to make no demurrer—to take my chances with the rule. I objected—took the ground that men should dress as befitted tastes, habits, necessities, no matter what the occasion: I did not believe in small clothes, and so forth, and so forth. You should have seen the imposing air with which I was sat down on—with which I was assured that if one went to Court he should accept the Court's dictum." But this was not invariable: "Even officials, usually formal enough, sometimes recognized the tyranny of the code. We know what happened to Buchanan at the Eng-

lish Court. Buchanan (was it from Marcy he got the appointment under Van Buren?) was a simple, quiet man in his manner. He went to a reception: was barred out because he was not formally attired: went home without a murmur. The Queen heard of what had transpired—sent a messenger after Buchanan telling him that she would be glad to receive him in any habit he himself elected to adopt. But Buchanan received the messenger slippered and in a dressing-gown: said he would not go back, and so forth—which seems to me to have been an admirably simple and effective rebuke. It enforces my view—has the American *I am* in it—or what ought to be the American *I am*. Sanford, in France, went through the same experience, except that he was not barred out: the French Court more wisely, less stiffly, construed official right and wrong. But there was Franklin, too. He set the teeth of the French Court on edge: his wonderful exceptionalness from the ways of other men—the daring liberties he took—allowed to him probably because of his magnificent personal magnetism—“that quality least of all to be defined, yet least to be left out of the qualities of men,” as I put it, and as he endorsed it with accented warmth—“Amen! Amen! to the end of the chapter!”

FRIDAY, NOV. 2.

8 p.m. W. reading *Pepacton*—rather lazily. Looked pretty well, yet said in reply to my question: “I can say I am here—little else. Nothing else.” Sat up near the light; no fire; the evening warmer, as the day had been; the stars out; a touch almost of something that felt like Indian summer. Questioned me: “Where have you been? What have you been doing?” and so on. Gets great pleasure out of my recital of average experiences—particularly street incidents; likes me to tell him about people I meet—particularly every-day people. “At last and for good I’m penned up here,” he said. He went on: “We hear nothing but politics—cheap politics; cheap and nasty politics; a wearying platitudinous wrangle of politics, with hardly a sincere note anywhere to relieve the tedium of corruption.” He asked me about my reading. I mentioned *Robert Elsmere* and happened to quote the opinion of someone who put Mrs. Ward in the same class as George Eliot. He exclaimed: “Ah! that’s

the woman—George Eliot! I keep right on reading the book you brought me: I want to read it all; I get more and more interested in her; she was quite the cutest of all women.” Then, after a pause: “I never supposed George Eliot capable of saying so many good things.” I referred to *The Impressions of Theophrastus Such*. He said: “I think I must have read them—there is an old ring to the name”—then, pausing: “Let me see”—putting his finger up against his forehead, and breaking out again finally: “After all, I guess not, Horace: I can hardly have seen the book. Anyhow, bring it along: I would like to see it.” *À propos* of some letters he gave me to read, he said: “I recall a little story told of Oscar Wilde when he was in this country—in Boston, at some drawing-room reception. Wilde said to those there—said it gravely, I think—at least, I have taken it gravely—‘If I may presume to speak for them—to include myself among them—I should say, it is not your praise, your laudations, that we, the poets, seek; but your comprehension—your recognition of what we stand for and what we effect.’” Later W. said: “I have a great emotional respect for the background people—for the folks who are not generally included—for the absentees, the forgotten; the shy nobodies who in the end are best of all.”

SATURDAY, NOV. 3.

8.15 p.m. W. sitting at the table, his head resting on his hand, his elbow on the arm of the chair. He looked around, hearing me—turned the light up instantly. Was bright, cheery, if not confident or vigorous. We talked of various matters. Suddenly he spoke out briskly as if he had almost forgotten to say something he much wanted to speak of. “Now I am in the way of it, Horace, I want to let you know that I took up the Conway book again to-day—sort of fell across it, got interested in it and read on for fifty pages or more. I mean the Carlyle—Conway’s. By the merest accident I struck upon a reference to myself. Conway had had some talk with Carlyle—some talk about democracy. Some point arose: he tried to set Carlyle right by quoting me, Carlyle stopping him instantly: ‘No—no—don’t quote that man! He’s the fellow who thinks he must

be a big man because he lives in a big country.' " W. was highly amused; exploded in quiet chuckles. " It may be I put it a little strong, but that's the gist of it. It consorts mighty well with Carlyle—with the Carlyle we otherwise hear of—his humor, his judgment, as it has been told of so often by so many people." He wanted to know this: " Did you ever remark the strong likeness between Goethe and Hicks? Goethe lived in a little slip of a place—a little town interested in small wares—given up to petty, trivial gossipings: yet he glorified himself, glorified the place, by his tremendous vital grasp of eternal principles—by the infinite reach of his faculty—his illimitable intuitions. Goethe would say, Hicks would say: ' It's not the land a man lives in, but the soul he has that makes him big or little, useful or useless.' Oh, there's a great heap in that: I could not question it. I know it could be argued for, forcibly argued for—perhaps proved: yet I find myself always coming back to my own point of view." " Which is that? " " Oh! haven't I spoken of it often, vehemently enough? Of the common man and the common ways?—that they too must be included and made much of? " Something or other induced me to mention John Boyle O'Reilly. He is immensely appreciative of O'Reilly always. " Boyle's charm came out of his tremendous fiery personality: he had lived through tremendous experiences which were always appearing somehow reflected in his speech and in his dress and in his attitude of body and mind. I had wonderful talks with him there in Boston when I was doing *The Leaves*: he came every day. Oh! he is not the typical Irishman: rather, Spanish; poetic, ardent." Then reflectively: " You know his life in outline: he has given me glimpses into it; short, sharp, pathetic look-ins." He stopped a minute. " They were like this: it was in his prison days; the prisoners suffered from bad food or too little food or something like that. O'Reilly is deputed to present a complaint: he does it. The overseer does not answer—pays no attention whatever: raises his hand, this way "—indicates it—" hits Boyle—slaps him in the mouth—violently—staggers him or knocks him over." Walt had raised his voice. His eyes flashed. " Think of it, Horace!—think of it! What must that have meant to O'Reilly? He was a mere boy, I should say: scarcely twenty, or

not more; noble, manly, confiding. Try to comprehend it; what it must have aroused and entailed." W. dropped back into his chair; closed his eyes. "It is horrible! horrible!" After a bit he talked on: "O'Reilly has had a memorable life. This is but a sample item: he is full of similar introspections. Who can fail to be aroused when a man meets you that way stepping right out of a background of vital experience?" He got off on another tack. "I was going to say something of things I knew in war time. I have in mind one particular fellow—a North Carolinian—keeper of North Shoal light there; a magnificent fellow, not conventionally pretty, but handsome, strong, manly, developed—recognizably so to anyone who knows how the rock, the tree, the stream, has its own beauty. This man had been away to see his wife: was arrested on his return—asked to enter the Southern service. 'How can I? I have given my oath to the Union.' He was impressed, imprisoned—kept so for years—in some hole like Libby or Andersonville. In the later years of the war he came to Washington. He had been released: came up. I met him: we became friends—saw much of each other. I got to know his whole sad history." W. recurred to O'Reilly: "Put these things together. Think of such men: the best sort of men; the plain elect—all their young hopes of life scattered—the blessed joys of camaraderie all crushed out: power, brutality, everywhere to annul, to destroy; everything crushed out of a man but his resentments, the unutterable memories of barbarisms, the heart's uncompromising revolt." He had this further to say about O'Reilly: "His late years have not been so free as the years of his youth—so noble: he is in some respects too much like Cleveland—too much interested in the Irish vote." This political swing led the talk to the campaign. "I don't enthuse. I have my hopes: some, not many. But after all the fight is between two parties neither of which has any real faith. I can't help thinking of the Sackville West affair. It disgusts me. I hate anything which looks like a surrender to debased appetites: for instance, now, to-day—the haste of politicians all around to pander to the Irish vote. It is contemptible—all such hypocrisies are contemptible—to the last degree." He spoke of the tariff: "The whole tariff business is too little to give much time to.

It's only on the surface: the real troubles are profounder. But our time will come: we will keep on with the stir. I say to the radicals—the impatient young fellows: wait, don't be in too great a hurry. Your day is near: in the meantime hold your own ground—defend what you have already won—look, listen, for the summons. It will come, sure: it can't come too soon."

SUNDAY, NOV. 4.

7.15 p.m. I found W. writing. He had been busy. He told me he had been talking politics with some visitors. "I don't feel my pulse stirred a bit. Even my hopes are only lukewarm. For Cleveland personally I care nothing. He doesn't attract me; is rather beefy, elephantine: yet I do care for some of the things he represents. I have no feelings against Harrison as a man. He may be good enough looked at as a hail-fellow well met—but so is Dick Turpin. The fact remains that I dread what his election must inevitably bring about. No man can look into what we call party politics without seeing what a mockery it all is—how little either Democrats or Republicans know about essential truths." He said again: "I am always quoting Epictetus to myself. He said: 'Don't fret, don't excite yourself: be satisfied. The man who must win, will win': which is an admonition to self-control." He did not like Harrison's attitude toward the South. "I recognize all the flummery of the South—the tinsel: but I would humor it in that—give it plenty of rope; yes, humor it as I would a bad boy or a bad horse; humor it, wait, rest my faith in the developmental energies; giving the good a chance to drive out the bad, as it will—is sure to—with time. This may seem like a trifle, but trifles move mountains." He concluded: "Let them all have their useless says: all of them—even the press man over there in Philadelphia with his damned cartoons. What do you think of the press any way? To me it gets worse and worse; of all the political horrors it is the most horrible horror." Later he picked up the *North American Review* volume on Lincoln and opened it at his own piece. "See this: of all the Lincoln pictures this is the best." He looked at it long and earnestly in silence. "I think I must at one time

have collected fully fifty pictures of Lincoln: there were lots of them; they were countless; most of them very cheap and hideous. I had a copy of this picture: they wanted it; I sent it on for the book. The figure is better than St. Gaudens'—far better: Lincoln has for the most part been slanderously portrayed. I vividly remember a street view I once had of Lincoln: he was on a balcony speaking to a big crowd—a mixed popular assemblage—a usual American assemblage—not too still, not too noisy; it affected me powerfully. Lincoln stood just as we see him here—he had one hand behind him; he was, in spite of his speechifying, calm and in a way reposed. His face—its fine rugged lines—was lighted up: it seemed removed, beyond, disembodied. I see it all again now: this picture is like enough to have been seized out of that scene."

He spoke later of Longfellow. "Take Longfellow for what he was: a man of a certain sort, of his own sort (more or less traditional, according to rule)—as necessary as men to whom we would attribute an ampler genius, larger purposes. Longfellow was no revolutionaire; never travelled new paths; of course, never broke new paths: in fact, was a man who shrank from unusual things—from what was highly colored, dynamic, drastic. Longfellow was the expresser of the common themes—of the little songs of the masses—perhaps will always have some vogue among average readers of English. Such a man is always in order—could not be dispensed with—maintains a popular conventional pertinency." He spoke of W. D. O'Connor; referred to his "orator nature—his mobile, passionate, high-strung orator nature"; and again as being "all over eyes to see and ears to hear—his senses were so infinitely comprehensive." He went on: "William was vehement: he was boundless in his forthreach; he went into the anti-slavery fight hot, ripe, for all encounters; transcendently powerful; enjoyed the smoke of battle; had not fire in his eye (his eye was gentle) but certainly was a burning bush of justice. I was always anti-slavery myself, but never was able to sympathize wholly with O'Connor's dead earnestness." I cited Emerson's "what right have you to your one virtue?" But W. dissented: "I don't know what it was for Emerson's reason or for any conscious reason: I felt, I feel, that

the cosmos includes emperors as well as presidents, good as well as bad. Why shouldn't I?"

MONDAY, NOV. 5.

7.50 p.m. W. reading George Eliot. Very cheerful, though speaking of an only "tolerable" day. After some personal matters he spoke of protectionism: "The merest breath against the tariff is blasphemy here—stirs the whole community against you. Some one says, if you have an odious law, enforce it—let it be seen for what it is; maybe; Grant said something of the same import. There may be good sense, philosophy, in the idea; but the question is, can you enforce it? If most people or a tremendous mass of the people (a large minority) is against it, can it be enforced?" Then he inquired playfully: "But there's nothing to keep Canadians out, is there? If a Canadian chooses to come over, what shall we do with him? That raises a point which if settled humanly impeaches the whole system." He asked me some questions about the election on the next day. "I'd like to smash out two damnable idols—the tariff and the bloody shirt. I don't want to see Harrison elected: yet I don't anticipate anything special from the election of Cleveland—in fact, from any President as Presidents go, with party policies as they are these days. We have in a sense been fortunate in our Presidents: no matter what their backgrounds may have been the Presidents after they became Presidents have borne themselves well—the whole line of them; carried themselves according to their lights"—"Yes, dim as some of their lights have been," I interrupted—he laughing: "Yes, dim as some of them undoubtedly were. But if they had all, except Lincoln, been inadequate, impossible, he would have redeemed, justified, the tribe." Then, after a pause: "But there have been other forcible, good-sized men. There was Jackson: he was a great character; true gold; not a line false or for effect—unmined, unforged, unanything, in fact—anything wholly done, completed—just the genuine ore in the rough. Jackson had something of Carlyle in him; a touch of irascibility; quarrelsome, testy, threatening humors: still was always finally honest, like Carlyle. Jackson was virile and instant. Look at some of the other Presidents:

take Andy Johnson and Frank Pierce, who were the worst of the lot: they tried every way they knew to steady up—to redeem themselves from their weaknesses. Take Buchanan: he was perhaps the weakest of the President tribe—the very unablest. He was a gentleman—meant to do well—was almost basely inert in the one crisis of his career, though at the last, in the two or three weeks before his retirement, he came to himself, stood straight again, saved his soul. It goes much so all the way on. Start with Washington; come down to our own day—to Cleveland: the selection of men from first to last registered a certain average of success. We are too apt to pause with particulars: the Presidency has a significance, a meaning, broader, higher, than could be imparted to it by any individual, however spacious, satisfying. There is no great importance attaching to Presidents regarding them simply as individuals put into the chair after a partisan fight: the Presidency stands for a profounder fact. Consider that: detached from that it is an encumbrance indeed, not a lift, to the spirit. We need to enclose the spirit of the Presidency in this conception: here is the summing up. The essence, the eventuation, of the will of sixty millions of people of all races, colors, origins, inextricably intermixed: for true or false the sovereign statement of the popular hope.”

TUESDAY, NOV. 6.

7.15 p.m. W. lying on his bed when I came, but at once got up and with my assistance crossed the room to his chair. Seemed extra heavy and weak, yet very bright. Talked of many things. I had brought him *The Impressions of Theophrastus Such*. He took it, repeated the title, went over the sub-heads. “No doubt,” he said, “the matter is better than the manner”—putting his forefinger down on the list of themes: “The old essayists, the Addison fellows, would say, *On Power*, *On Love*—all that: it was their custom, tradition; on this, on the other.” I said: “Emerson used the simplified caption—*Power*, *Love*, and so on.” “Yes,” he nodded; “it was justified in him: I only hope my own titles will be justified in me.” “George Eliot hasn’t your gift in headlining.” “I don’t know about myself: she seems to have no great trick in that direction; yet I would be

happy if I felt that I could do as well." He asked: "Have you ever seen a portrait of George Eliot that impressed you as being adequate? I never have. I have seen portraits, but they don't look probable: they are heavy, torpid, inert. George Sand's face was alluring: it was aged in the portraits I saw, but still cheerful, bright; it was poetic, expressed power, saw up and around." He brushed his hand across the hair on the top of his head. "She wore her hair so." "Do you prefer Sand?" I asked. "I can hardly say that. Both women were formidable: they had, each one had, their own imperfections. I am not inclined to decide between them: I consider them essentially akin in their exceptional eminent exalted genius. Yet my heart turns to Sand: I regard her as the brightest woman ever born." Better than Hugo as a novel writer? "Oh, greatly! Why, read *Consuelo*: see if you don't think so yourself. It will open your eyes: it displays the most marvellous verity and temperance; no false color—not a bit; no superfluous flesh—not an ounce; suggests an athlete, a soldier, stripped of all ornament, prepared for the fight—absolutely no flummery about her. She was Dantesque in her rigid fidelity to Nature—her imagery. She led a peculiar life—obeyed the law of her personal temperament: she redeems woman." "Do you think woman needs redeeming?" "No, indeed; no, no, no. I don't use the word in that sense: I had in mind the question, what is woman's place, function, in the arts? rank with the master craftsmen? I mean it in that way. It has been a historic question. Well—George Eliot, George Sand, have answered it; have contradicted the denial with a supreme affirmation." Reference having been made to Shakespeare, he said: "Shakespeare shows undoubted defects: he often uses a hundred words where a dozen would do. It is true that there are many pithy terse sentences everywhere: but there are countless prolixities; as for the over-abundance of words more might be said—as, for instance, that he was not ignorantly prolific; that he was like Nature herself—Nature, with her trees, the oceans; Nature, saying, 'There's lots of this, infinitudes of it—therefore, why spare it? If you ask for ten I give you a hundred, for a hundred I give you a thousand, for a thousand I give you ten thousand.' It may be that we should look at it in that way;

not complain of it; rather understand its amazing intimations."

After a while I said: "I'm going over to the city soon to mix in the crowd and see the election returns." He was immediately interested. "If I had legs for it I'd go with you. In the old days I never missed it; until very lately, never missed it, as long as I could keep my pins. Now that I cannot go you must be my scout: you must go around, peering into everything, reporting by and by at headquarters!" He asked: "Did you hear anything on your way home to-night? It's just as well not to get into a stew over it. I think of Emerson's 'why so hot, my little man?' That seems to me to apply—I adopt it. Have you noticed how these tides—these noisy currents—rush past, and the people hardly give them a thought? There may be a quarter of a million people out on the streets of Philadelphia to-night: yet the vast majority of people stay at home, pay little attention to the splutter, attend to their own personal affairs, go their individual ways; and the great world goes on and goes on, whatever for, God knows; on and on, unhurried, undeterred."

We spoke next of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. He said: "Donnelly's is the book if you wish to go conclusively into the subject: Donnelly has done the best with the problem so far; I don't say is final; I say, has done more than any other. The typical literary man is no more able to examine this question dispassionately than a priest is to pass on objections to the doctrine of the atonement, hell, heaven: not a bit more able. The scribblers are blind from the start: they are after effects, technique, what a thing looks like, not what it is; they don't read farther up or farther down than the surface of the ground they walk on. There is a spirit abroad in our age which is bent upon the destruction of falsely cherished stories, historic marvels, maudlin theological superstitions. The one thing I have against Donnelly—if I have anything against him—is that he is a searcher after things out of the normal: not abnormal—I should not say that; but out of the normal; a man who likes to go about showing us how we have made mistakes—put a wrong twist into facts: that Judas was a pretty good fellow, of some use, after all; that Cæsar was not thus and so, but thus and so; that there

was no William Tell—that the William Tell story was wholly a myth; that Columbus did not do this or that on the voyage to America—but rather did that or this: all of which might be true and might serve a purpose, but tends to over-refine a man's sense of general right and wrong. This sort of thing inheres to modern criticism: it demonstrates the temper of the age. I do not complain of it—indeed, welcome it: the arguments are at bottom irrefutable. But the letter of destructive criticism must not be pushed too far—it tends to render a man unfit to build. Have you read Grote? There has been no man to equal Grote in calm dispassionate disregard of traditions, prejudices: he dissects, re-states, things: masterfully. Take his version of the last days of Socrates: it is wonderfully cute, keen, undeniable. He complained that the usual stories were one-sided, therefore almost worthless. Grote had a peculiar way of putting his stories into shape. I might put his Socrates version in such a way as this—modernize it this way: There is a Cleveland meeting being held somewhere in one of the big halls: the audience is aroused; excited, clamorous, threatening. Suddenly a stranger enters, places himself in the middle of the crowd, yells: 'Hurrah for Harrison!' What would be the result? Grote would say Socrates did just that thing: he would say there are many causes and effects to be included in an examination of such an episode; that it is not all one-sided. Who, then, is to blame? This is Grote's way of looking at it: I don't call it the right way; I call it a right way: not the view—a view. The point is, that we should regard the problem all around—not decide offhand from one glimpse from one point of the compass. Grote was first-class in that: he was among the noblest of men—scholarly, democratic; democratic—not exactly as we are wont to play on that term to-day, but in the sense of the Elizabethans: defiant of the high-toned flumpishness of the rich titled superior classes—perhaps even intolerant of it. Oh! read Grote: don't believe those who tell you he was only a scholar, a pedant—anything of either in a bad sense. You must not take him *en passant*: take him up at a moment when you are prepared to tackle a big job. There are volumes of him: not one only, or even two or three, but eight or nine. I have read them all—carefully, fully, more than once

—more deliberately than usual for me: there is no work near the equal of it treating of the Greeks. Some people class Southey with Grote: that's a mistake; there's not the slightest resemblance. Grote is all that we mean by vigor, originality, force: Southey in every way contrasts with him. Picture to yourself a sailor, a first mate—strong, lithe—standing at the wheel: a great storm; this man at his post; no ornament—every stitch he wears necessary, useful, protective. Then think of a man all perfumes—silk-coated; all his appointments elegant, scarce; hangings, courtesies, parlors; kid gloves: think of him, of all that he implies. Well, Grote is no more like Southey than this sailor is like this dandy. Grote's integrity was absolute: I know of no historical writer who is more guarded, more subtly straightforward. As a young man you should particularly read Grote: he is an equipment in himself."

W. had referred to the Cæsar myth when he spoke of Donnelly. I mentioned Froude's *Cæsar*. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "have you got it?" and when he learned that I had, asked to see it. "Froude is brilliant: I think a whole big heap of him. He is always readable: I accept him; on the whole, trust him. I have no sympathy with the people who accuse him of a lack of veracity. He has faults, no doubt." Later he said: "Now don't forget the Froude book: you have made me anxious to see it." I had said good night and was almost at the door when he called me back. "I almost forgot," he said: "to-day in turning over some scraps looking for something else I came across a Dowden letter which it struck me you should have. It is a loving, loyal letter—has a captivating swing: names some of the fellows; tells about them—Roden Noel, Rossetti, O'Grady, Tennyson. You will find it worth keeping as a Whitman memorandum!" He added: "It is a man's letter to a man. I like to be simply a man—taken so: one of them; not singled out as a professional. Dowden is quiet—hearty without being effusive: he has trained himself against effusiveness; a whole far-seeing, far-loving man. I have always felt as if, if I have any right to pride at all, I might be proud to have convinced Dowden that I am not entirely useless."

(*To be continued*)

SILVER AND THE NEW CHINESE FACTOR

JAMES S. H. UMSTED

WITH the recent conclusion of the Chinese loan, by which \$50,000,000 is advanced by American, British, French and German bankers, the reform of the Chinese currency system may be considered to have begun. How rapidly it will be carried out depends upon a most uncertain problem—the Chinese themselves; not because they are temperamentally devoted to the policy of *mañana*, but because their haste or their deliberateness of action will probably hinge upon their diplomatic or political purposes in dealing with the foreign civilization in regard to general matters. It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the proposed new system itself or the *modus operandi* of its complete establishment, but rather to suggest some of the consequences which are of high importance to the Western world—both to its traders and its legislators and economists. A brief description of the situation, however, may not be amiss.

From time immemorial the Chinese monetary system has been almost chaotic. Copper, however, has been the interior currency of the vast Empire and the poverty of the common people and the inequality of the classes have been well reflected in the diminutive value of the circulating medium known as "cash"—small discs with square holes in them by which they are strung together, 1,000 pieces being required to equal the value of a dollar. In its dealings with the "outer kingdoms" the nation has used silver (which has been its nominal standard), the Mexican dollars having the precedence in favor. But to the great masses of the 325 millions of people estimated by the Government itself in the census completed this year to live within the boundaries of the Empire, the copper coins have been their only currency. A domestic silver coinage exists, but it may be called nominal. The minting of "cash" has heretofore been a prerogative of the viceroys of the various provinces and the privilege has been used—according to competent Western observers—with

a view to debasing the currency and robbing the ignorant peasantry by every device that could be invented by unscrupulous mandarins having arbitrary and irresponsible power over the mints. The evils that attached to this monetary system—or, rather, lack of it—obviously were recognized by the Imperial Court and Government, for one of the early steps taken after the “awakening of China” had begun was to investigate the currency and monetary institutions of Western civilization and to decide upon a system based upon silver as the standard and the decimal system in computing the new currency. By the Imperial edict of May 24, 1910, the general principles of the monetary reform were laid down. An Imperial mint was established, the viceroys being shorn of their long-enjoyed coinage “graft,” the central powers at Peking to control the currency entirely. The coins authorized are the dollar, equalling 10 dimes; the dime, equalling 10 cents; the cent, equalling 10 “cash.” The new silver dollar will have a larger legal weight than the Mexican, and consequently its exchange value will be slightly higher. The Mexican dollar is quoted in New York around 45 cents. As is common—in order to prevent exportation—the Chinese subsidiary silver coins will be of lower silver quality; this also gives some seigniorage profits to the Government.

It will be some time before the new Chinese silver dollar obtains full circulation, so provision has been made for the valuation of existing Treasury silver in equivalents of the reform coinage. The question of vital interest to the “Barbarian” world is, first, the effect in the near future of the demand for silver to execute the new mintage; second, the ultimate effect of the introduction of system and strength into a condition that was confused and disordered, considering always the populousness of China and its gradual emergence from isolation into the industrial and political adventures of the modern world. Anticipation of the coinage needs of the Empire has been the backbone of the silver market for more than a year past. At Shanghai there has been a large accumulation of sycee silver to sell to the Peking Government. From November 7, 1910, when the supply was 12,038,000 taels (the tael being practically equivalent to an ounce), there has been an increase to about 29,000,000 taels this

summer. It is urged by some bankers (especially the British, for reasons that will be considered later) that the interior stocks of the white metal in China (sycee silver being the refined article in commercial bars or other shapes and forms ready for minting) will be ample to keep the Imperial mint and branches busy without drawing heavily upon outside supplies. There is no possibility at present of getting even an approximate idea of the amount of these internal holdings, but this much is self-evident: with the progress of the currency reform and the penetration of its advantages and benefits into the interior trade of the Empire, the demand for the new currency will grow to enormous proportions. Whether the silver be coined or, by subsequent decree, be held in Government custody against certificates issued, like our own silver certificates, the consumption of the white metal by so multitudinous a population as China's must be remarkable in time. To-day the total silver circulation in the United States (not counting subsidiary coins) is about \$532,000,000 (on August 1, 1911, it was \$72,225,849 in silver standard dollars and \$460,700,634 in silver certificates), which, on a total coinage, would call for about 412,000,000 fine ounces of silver. Six dollars is our *per capita* silver circulation. To reach a circulation of only one dollar a head in China (say \$325,000,000) would bring to the mints about 260,000,000 fine ounces of silver (the amount of pure silver in the new Celestial dollar being a trifle larger than in our own). Now, the world's production of silver in 1909 was only a little more than 200,000,000 fine ounces. The Director of the United States Mint has not yet obtained sufficient data on which to base estimates for 1910. The amount, however, has probably not been much in excess of the 1909 total, in the absence of any exceptionally stimulating influence. Canada's cobalt field is the principal contributor to expansion in output.

A "corner" in silver? The idea seems preposterous, and is, undoubtedly. But less potent stimuli than this factor of growing Chinese demand have at times in the past given silver prices a fillip. A long era of depression followed the breakdown of the ill-advised attempt of the American Government to bolster the value of the white metal through the purchases made under the

Sherman Act of 1890. May it not be possible that the new addition to the forces of consumption provided by China's currency will serve to provide a price basis for silver more remunerative to producers than the quotations of the last two decades—a basis fixed in response to the economic law of supply and demand? Current silver production and consumption cannot be far apart. In fact, statistics on their face indicate an actual overconsumption. The available data in respect of output and demand are given below. Reasonable accuracy attaches to the figures of production and to the coinage of silver by the different Governments of the world. But when we come to the extent to which the metal is used in the arts and manufactures, we enter upon a region still largely unexplored by statisticians. By diligent official circularization of foreign Governments and by a thorough domestic investigation, our Mint Office has secured information that serves for the most authoritative calculations with regard to this important economic and commercial factor. Using, therefore, the material prepared by the Director of the United States Mint (in conjunction with the work of the National Geological Survey), herewith are presented the statistics of the world's production and consumption of silver for a series of years:

FINE OUNCES

YEAR	Coinage	Used in Arts, etc.	Total Consumption	Production
1893.....	106,697,783	21,315,500	128,013,283	165,472,621
1894.....	87,472,523	25,791,700	113,264,223	164,610,394
1895.....	98,128,832	32,017,000	130,145,832	167,500,960
1896.....	123,394,239	29,844,900	153,239,139	157,061,370
1897.....	129,775,082	31,280,200	161,055,282	160,421,082
1898.....	115,461,020	35,022,600	150,483,620	169,055,253
1899.....	128,566,167	40,992,400	169,558,567	168,337,453
1900.....	143,362,948	41,060,200	184,423,148	173,591,364
1901.....	107,439,666	44,067,500	151,507,166	173,011,283
1902.....	149,826,725	48,516,600	198,343,325	162,763,483
1903.....	161,159,508	49,935,500	211,095,008	167,689,322
1904.....	136,518,406	57,377,800	193,896,206	164,195,266
1905.....	134,062,314	50,718,000	184,780,314	172,317,688
1906.....	120,339,501	85,196,100	205,535,601	165,054,497
1907.....	171,434,608	92,568,300	264,002,908	184,194,090
1908.....	150,582,664	91,835,000	242,417,664	203,186,370
1909.....	87,728,951	104,838,200	192,567,151	211,215,633
1910..... (est.)	90,000,000	120,000,000	210,000,000	220,000,000

In the last two years the world's coinage has been much below the average. The United States ceased to coin silver dollars in 1906. India's coinage of silver dropped from \$84,600,000 in 1907 to \$58,800,000 in 1908 and to \$9,250,000 in 1909. There have been large decreases in the silver output of the mints of Mexico, Germany, the French Indo-Chinese Colonies, the British Straits Settlements and our own Philippines. The coinage for 1910 may therefore be assumed to be about the amount of 1909. But, as the Director of the United States Mint has, in recent years, been including estimates, long ignored in his statistics, of the consumption of the metal in the arts and manufactures of the Far East, and as the use of silver in photography is enormously increasing (and herein that which is used is actually destroyed), it may be assumed that the figures relating to the industrial use of silver are greatly under-estimated rather than exaggerated. In the Mint estimates, only new material is considered. But in the returns under the head of coinage, the re-coinages of the world's mints are included. Deduction for this account would reduce materially the amounts given as to coinage. Yet re-coinage has gone down *pari passu* with new mint output. The value of the world's silver re-coinage in 1907 was \$63,400,000; in 1909, only a little more than \$20,000,000. But, offsetting this allowance, is the fact that in the process of re-coining abraded coin and, to some extent, worn foreign coins converted into domestic circulating media, a loss of about five per cent. is involved. Furthermore, to make an additional offset to the re-coinage deduction to be made as indicated above, we have the economic disappearance of coined material: the loss by abrasion and the destruction in fires, floods, earthquakes, shipwrecks and like disasters.

Leaving these various cross-currents to partisan estimate, one way or the other, we have in the foregoing table an apparent relation between supply and consumption as follows: The consumption in coinage and the arts fell below production from 1893 to 1896; it rose above production in 1897 by 630,000 fine ounces; it fell below in 1898 by 18,500,000 ounces; it rose above production in 1899 and 1900; it fell below by 21,500,000 ounces in 1901; it rose above the output from 1902 to 1908, and in

1909 it fell below by 18,700,000 ounces. The estimates for 1910 would show an excess of production of 10,000,000 ounces. The aggregate results may be summarized as follows, in fine ounces, the estimates of 1910 being ignored:

	Consumption	Production	Excess
Years excess production, 7.....	1,019,220,414	1,207,927,514	188,707,100 (P)
Years excess consumption, 10..	2,015,108,023	1,721,750,615	293,357,408 (C)
Total, 17 years.....	3,034,328,437	2,929,678,129	104,650,308 (C)

As regards the immediate outlook we have every indication of steady increase in the silver output of the Dominion of Canada, but the probability that the political situation in Mexico will interfere to some extent with mining operations in that country. On the other hand, there are no prospects, judging from recent official statements of the Government of India, that purchases of silver for coinage into the rupee will be resumed in 1911. That great dependency of the British Empire is itself undergoing significant and vital industrial and economic changes. Not only are the silver rupees that have been hoarded beginning to appear in general circulation, but there is a noticeable prominence of the gold sovereign in recent phenomena of the currency media. There is an important development of native coöperative credit institutions now going on in India and the use of modern machinery in commercial exchange is bound to increase. Yet even the remarkable prosperity of this Dependency and the material development of the country will call for increased use of silver currency so long as the Far East remains wedded in attitude and practice to the white metal. And now that the fiscal reform of the Chinese Empire has at last been started in earnest, the demand for silver looming up brings into view a most important consideration for the markets. Let it be remembered, also, that with any uplifting of the social conditions of both of the great Eastern bee-hives of humanity, the use of silver for ornament, common utility and manufacture is bound to reach limits not easily comprehended by the imagination.

As the producer of one-quarter of the annual supply of the white metal, the United States has a large interest at stake in the entire category of influences bearing on its price. But British India is a creditor nation on a large scale. While a small excess

of merchandise imports over exports in its trade with the United Kingdom and the other British Colonies has been maintained even in recent years (a late English Blue Book showing an excess of imports into India averaging \$35,000,000 a year in the last five years ended March 31, 1910), on her total overseas trade account India holds a large credit balance. Not to overburden ourselves with figures, it may be stated that, ignoring the movements of bullion, the British Empire created in name by Disraeli enjoyed the following excess of merchandise exports over imports in its trade with the world in the fiscal years named, only round numbers being used: In 1906, £39,000,000; 1907, £45,700,000; 1908, £31,600,000; 1909, £21,200,000; 1910, £47,000,000. For the calendar year 1910 this excess of exports was £56,700,000, against £38,000,000 in the calendar year 1909. As the London market is practically the Clearing House for the world's transactions in silver, it is to the interest of the British bullion merchant and dealer to buy cheap and sell dear, and hence he is rarely sympathetic with an advance in the white metal. Anyone whose business calls upon him to read the weekly and annual market circulars of London's leading bullion brokers can hardly fail to be impressed with the general attitude maintained—that of minimizing the factors of a nature to stimulate the price, and of giving full weight (if not a little more) to such handicaps as silver must assume at times under the rule of life which governs all commodities and all markets. To the British broker, therefore, the new potency of China's currency demands becomes vital: it may put a conservative check-rein on his operations in contracts for future delivery by which he has frequently balked a rising tendency developed by the condition of the New York market or those of Bombay and Calcutta.

We may be sure that the acumen of the Chinese Government will prevent the adoption of any course in connection with purchases of silver for the Imperial coinage which will unnecessarily "boom" the silver market or make its reform programme too costly at the start. Yet having entered upon this monetary project of magnitude, it will be contrary to Celestial traditions if its influence in the market for this commodity is not turned to home advantage and in the political relations of the Empire with the

outside world in every way possible. Manipulation of markets is a dangerous weapon for any Government to handle, but the temptation sometimes proves irresistible. In the case of China, a non-producer of silver, there is no motive of self-interest to lead her Government to attempt to sustain artificially the silver price, as was the inspiration for the misguided and disastrous efforts of the United States in the days before the free-silver crisis finally resulted in turning us back to the paths of sound political economy. But the merchants and bankers of the Empire, as they grow in the stature of influence in the trade and politics of the world, will undoubtedly extend their operations into the silver situation and also, without doubt, will direct them with a design to benefit Chinese interests. At times those operations, with a view to accomplishing certain ends, may be launched with a purpose of depressing the price. Even during the last year and a half the Chinese demand for silver has waxed and waned at times with varying stimulating or repressing effects on the London price. The improvement in her finances that must follow the substitution of order and system for the historic benightedness of her monetary position will, in itself, tend to add power and influence to her wealth and capital. Yet, from the circumstances of the case, the natural effect of this great reform in the Far East must make, other things being equal, for the strengthening of the commodity and the benefit of the producer.

With the great Mongol Empire actually established on a silver basis—its finances reorganized and its internal circulating media having a stability and uniformity never before attained—a condition will be created the influence of which is certain to be far-reaching into the future. China at present is a nation generally indebted to the world on her international trade account. But that position has been undergoing a change even in the last decade or so. The Washington Bureau of Statistics presents an interesting contrast between China's imports and exports in 1899 and 1909, as follows:

	1899	1909	Changes
Imports.....	\$189,560,000	\$263,440,000	Inc. \$73,880,000
Exports.....	140,182,000	213,565,000	Inc. 73,383,000
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Total trade.....	\$329,742,000	\$477,005,000	Inc. \$147,263,000
Excess imports.....	49,378,000	49,875,000	Inc. 497,000

We see here a great growth in total foreign trade, but only a small absolute increase in the excess of imports over exports. But whereas in 1899 the percentage of exports to the total volume of transactions was 42.52, ten years later it had risen to 44.77. So, if we take the latest available returns from English authorities we shall find that recent years have indicated larger relative progress. The balance of imports over exports in 1907 was £24,703,360; in 1908 it was £15,712,676 and in 1909 £10,307,976. The proportion of exports to the entire trade, however, which in 1907 was 38.83 per cent., was 41.22 in 1908 and 44.77 per cent. (as above) in 1909. A new item has entered into the country's foreign shipments in the demand for the Soya bean, a legume capable of use in many forms as food for man and cattle. It has been estimated by authorities that this article had added \$25,000,000 to the aggregate of Chinese exports—more than double the value in 1907. Moreover, China's wheat fields are being rapidly developed. In the four provinces of Shansi, Shensi, Honan and Sze-chuan, it is conservatively estimated that the area under cultivation for wheat is 6,300,000 acres, with an estimated yield of 189,000,000 bushels for 1910, or more than one-quarter as large as the big yield of the crop of the United States last year. The extension of railroads now building will probably throw open to commerce some 10,000,000 acres of the richest wheat lands in the world. American shipments of wheat and flour to China have almost ceased. Four years ago the value of our exports of those commodities was \$7,500,000. In recent years the imports of the Empire have been in increasing proportion from Oriental silver-using countries: the imports from the United States dropped from 41,245,704 Haikwan taels in 1908 to 32,606,549 taels in 1909. The imports from Great Britain fell in the same period from 72,560,000 to 68,229,788 taels.

The British Consular reports have now given the statistics of the foreign trade of China for 1910. They compare with 1909 as follows, £ sterling reduced to American dollars on a basis of \$4.8665 per £:

	1909	1910	Changes
Imports.....	\$268,440,000	\$303,838,103	Inc. \$39,898,103
Exports.....	213,565,000	249,523,232	Inc. 35,958,232
Total trade.....	\$447,005,000	\$552,861,335	Inc. \$75,856,335
Excess imports.....	49,875,000	53,814,871	Inc. 3,939,871

It will be seen that while the absolute excess of imports over exports was larger in 1910 than in the year previous, the proportion in 1910 of exports to the total foreign trade was 45.13 per cent. against 44.77 per cent. in 1909. China's exports in 1910 showed, with two exceptions, a general increase as regards both volume and value. The losses were in beans, due to a short crop and high prices and a strong domestic demand for beancake for fertilizers, and in wool, which fell off 42 per cent. owing to an overstocked state of markets in the United States. Values of imports were swelled by phenomenally high prices for foreign opium and heavy purchases of foreign rice. The entire foreign trade of China last year was handicapped by a collapse of the great crude rubber speculation in June, 1910, which led to failures of many native banks at the treaty ports and a great restriction of native credit in Shanghai. The Imperial Government is seeking to eliminate the opium-using habit among the people and imports of this drug ought to be much reduced in the future, while the country is rapidly expanding its shipments abroad of raw materials, notably silk, raw cotton, vegetable oils and mineral ores.

Be it remembered that China for months has been woefully smitten with a disastrous plague and yet, in spite of this, the industrial and commercial activity must have been on an immense scale to permit preparations for the currency reform, involving heavy purchases of silver from the West, to be carried on as they have been. As the Empire makes progress in its rehabilitation, as modern sanitary and curative processes invade the corners now in the darkness of ignorance, the control of such scourges as have devastated the population in the past will become better established. Irrigation, the multiplicity of means of rapid communication which permit rapid transmission of relief, the spread of knowledge among the natives, are reducing the virulence of famine and plague in India. A similar transformation in time will minimize the visitations of the same nature in the neighboring Celestial Empire.

Moreover, can it reasonably be supposed that as her wealth develops, as Western methods and science are adapted to local conditions and racial idiosyncrasies, as resources of the soil are

brought more and more into utilization, China will not create manufactures that will become competitive in greater or less degree with the producers of the white races? Will not the experience of British India be repeated, where cotton mills, jute mills and boot factories have sprung up, as Mr. Moreton Frewen, the well-known English bi-metallist says, like mushrooms, since 1880? Mr. Frewen, in the last few years, has been pressing upon the consideration of the thinkers and doers of the Occidental world this claim: that China possesses an advantage in her very position as a silver-standard nation dealing with gold-standard countries. Mr. Frewen, it is true, was mistaken in his views of a dozen years or so ago as to the economic damage threatened by falling gold production coincident with the demonetized status of silver. He has frankly conceded his error, seeking to justify himself by pointing to the leap in the gold output of the world from less than 10,000,000 fine ounces in 1896 to an annual average of nearly 21,000,000 ounces in 1906-09. But apart from consideration of Mr. Frewen and others of his school as safe guides to follow, it is apparent to any fair-minded man that if China develops manufactures applicable to Occidental use, her manufacturers, so long as they can employ labor on a depreciated silver basis and sell their goods to Europe or the United States on a gold basis, will hold an advantage over Western competitors. In time Chinese labor would wrest higher wages from prosperous employers and so tend to restore measurable international equality of cost, but it would be years before the workman would be educated to the point of revolt or acquire the power to drive a better bargain with his master: for a long period capital would be able to keep in advance of the share demanded by labor in the profit on the product. During the preliminary period the Chinese manufacturer might well be able to bring forth fruit of loom and furnace at so low a cost as to build up a favorable trade balance that would compel the West to pay tribute of many millions of gold to the Cæsar at Peking. Such practical business men as Mr. James J. Hill, the chief of the Great Northern Railway, and the late Mr. Harriman, of the Union Pacific, have commented, in recent years, upon the question of the Eastern exchanges and their potency of possible disturbance of

the industrial markets of the white race. There is now an urgent and insidious advocacy by British economists and statesmen of the adoption of the gold standard by the Chinese nation. Irrespective of the benefits that would accrue—all things being equal—of universal uniformity in the world's monetary standards, it may be surmised that this advocacy is inspired in part by a realization of the possibility that, once China has doffed the swaddling clothes of isolation and mediævalism and stretched forth all the mighty energies of her multitudinous people and undoubtedly vast resources, she might well become a giant dangerous to British commerce and industry.

To sum up: We have a position in silver that suggests an important reversal of the downward trend of the price of the commodity that has been so pronounced since 1859, when the quotation averaged two and one-half times more than it does to-day—when the bullion value of a United States silver dollar was a dollar and five cents against forty-odd cents to-day—coupled with the possibility that a new factor of indeterminate consequences will be introduced into the situation by the rehabilitation of the oldest kingdom of the world. There are influences *in posse* that may, in the course of a few years, bring the status of the white metal into the limelight of speculation, statesmanship and legislation as well as trade and industry. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. The sentinels of the white race and the gold standard cannot afford to sleep at their posts when the armies of the yellow race, military and industrial, are arousing themselves to fresh activity and aggressiveness.

WORK, THE CREATOR

TEMPLE SCOTT

“THE primitive steam-engine, as Newcomen conceived it,” writes Bergson in that remarkable work, *L'Évolution Créatrice*, “required the presence of a person exclusively employed to manipulate the taps by which the steam was let into the cylinder and by which the cold spray was injected to condense the steam. It is related that a boy employed at this task, and becoming very tired of having to do it, conceived the idea of tying the handles of the taps, by cords, to the beam of the engine. Then the machine opened and closed the taps; the machine worked by itself. Now, if an observer had compared the structure of this second machine with that of the first, without considering the two boys charged with looking after them, he would have found but a slight difference of complexity between them. That is, indeed, all we can see when we look only at the machines. But if we glance at the two boys we shall see that while one is wholly occupied in watching his machine, the other is free to play as he chooses, and that from this point of view the difference between the two machines is radical, the first holding the attention captive, the second giving it freedom.” The anecdote and the comment on it admirably illustrate the ultimate purpose of machinery. It is to set us free; to give us the opportunity to play, or to do anything else we choose to do. It is to emancipate us from drudgery; to give us back our lives in which to fulfil ourselves—in which to work, if we so will.

The genius for invention so splendidly manifested in these days, especially in the United States, is, if we look at it aright, the profoundest potential for civilization at our command. Its efflorescence in the marvellous machinery now used in almost every branch of industry, marks the present age as the beginning of a new era. From now on, civilization should be certain, because machines will enable us to free ourselves from Nature's enmeshing net of Necessity. We have conquered Space and mastered Time. We have made Time our servant, and henceforth,

Time must wait on us, not we on it. We have liberated ourselves from the drudgery of life, and we are now, for the first time in our history, in a position to enjoy Leisure—in a word, to live. We also now have the time in which to take the initiative; in which *we* will create. It was Nature's turn hitherto; she did what she liked with us. It shall be our turn now; we shall do what we like with ourselves. We hold the Book of Fate, and we can turn its iron leaves with our own hands.

We do not realize, it seems to me, this great blessing of machinery. If we did we should see how mistaken and short-sighted we have been in abusing and condemning it for taking the bread out of our mouths. It is not machinery, but we and our economic system, the outcome of our stupidity and selfishness, that are to blame for its baneful effects. We have misapplied machinery to individual ends instead of using it, as it was intended it should be used, for social ends. Think of it! It does almost anything and everything for us, from bringing bread into our homes to vibrating the earth's atmosphere with our thoughts. It clothes us, feeds us, heals us, amuses us, sings for us, transports us, thinks for us, digs for us, cleans for us, lights up our cities, warms our houses, and records our deeds. It is our servant in the completest and most satisfying sense. Half our lifetime might be saved for us by these household fairies of ours. We may recall the Southern negro who, when he first saw a freight train, exclaimed: "Well, de white man he done fust free de nigger and now he done free de mule!" But the white man has not freed himself. He is still drudging; still tied to the mortar-wheel grinding out a living. In spite of the countless time-saving labors machinery performs for us, labors we once had to spend our lives doing ourselves, we still have no time to spare, we say. No time to spare! Why, if we could but utilize this wonderful system of machines for time-saving purposes, as we have for money-making purposes, we should live to twice the span of our present number of years, and every added year would be a year of real living. Instead, we waste our genius and our lives in seeking after vain things. Surely, we have failed to read the open secret!

Machinery is man's application and utilization of Nature for

the purposes of communal welfare. This definition is not to be found in works on political economy or in treatises on Socialism; but it is the right definition, none the less. It is right, because it includes the lives of the people. If it did not there would be no application possible for any definition, since without a people machinery would have no meaning. It follows, therefore, that a community, highly endowed with machines, should be a community for which the necessities of life are most quickly and most cheaply provided. Where this obtains, the community is civilized; where this does not obtain, the community is not civilized; it is not well. It is working its own destruction. The swift-footed and expert savage was a blessing to his tribe because he assured the rest food, and the tribe honored him. If the same savage hunted to satisfy his own hunger only, the tribe dealt summarily with him, and he lost the tribal advantages. The inventor of a machine who uses it to make the necessities of life cheap is a blessing to his community, but the monopolizer is a curse to his community; he uses it to enrich himself by making the necessities dear. A community that does not deal with such a selfish monopolizer in the same fashion as the tribe did with its selfish hunter, has either lost its sense, or is the victim of some suicidal delusion.

Our patent laws are framed on some recognition of this right of the community to the benefits of inventions, but the limit of time permitted for monopolistic exploitation before the right accrues to the community, is far too extended. For we must never forget that, however valuable the invention may be, it is the community that gives it its value; it is we who use it; and the more valuable the invention is the more quickly will the inventor be enriched by it, and the more quickly, therefore, should the community own it. But our economists do not think on these lines. Indeed, in industrial matters, they do not think on social lines at all. That is the incomprehensible part of our methods in the business of governing ourselves. We actually encourage monopoly and, by permitting the few to grow rich and powerful at the expense of the many, put off indefinitely the day of communal welfare. We permit parasites to feed on our blood, and then wonder why we are debilitated and sick.

And the argument applies not to inventions only, but to every organization of a public-utility character; for such organizations are also inventions; applications of natural forces for communal welfare. City lighting, city watering, city transit, interstate transit, telegraph and telephone services, and public franchises of any kind—all these, when organized, are inventions for communal welfare. Their value has meaning only for a community. Instead of viewing them in this light we encourage private monopoly in them, and so keep dear those services to the community which ought to be as cheap as possible. The consequence is that we set in motion another force for the uneven distribution of wealth, and bring about other conditions which debilitate the community and make the general life burdensome and wretched.

We are so strangely illogical, with it all. It would seem as if we had premeditatedly set ourselves to do things in ways not according to common sense. We decide that a city shall supply its own water, but it must not supply its own lighting. We leave the lighting to be done by private monopoly. The result, of course, is that we, probably, pay twice as much for light as we fairly should pay. We conclude that the State may conduct our postal service, but we delegate to private monopolies the sending of our telegraph and telephone messages. The result also is that we, probably, pay five times more for our telegraph and telephone services than we fairly should pay. We encourage the growth of individual wealth among the few by maintaining a high protective tariff, but we do not encourage thrift by protecting the savings of the poor. The result, again, is that the few become inordinately wealthy at the expense of the many, and the poor man is kept poor by being compelled either to pay more than he can afford for a good article, or to accept a bad article for the price of a good one. This is, to say the least of it, neither fair play nor a square deal. Again, we pension soldiers and sailors, but we never even dream of pensioning poor and deserving poets, or rewarding and encouraging genius in art. The result is, that our pension list has grown to such an enormous size that we are compelled to tax the community to the point of imposition to meet its demands; and our poets waste

half their lives trying to make a living in the market-place with the rest. We do not think much of poets, of course; still, we are smilingly tolerant of them. If they are not producers they are harmless and, occasionally, amusing. So we put up with them. And yet they have not a little to do with communal welfare. I am asking myself what the soldier-pensioners themselves would say of them—the soldiers who chanted the Battle Hymn of the Republic, the soldiers who marched to the rousing music of patriotic hymns, and the soldiers, aye, and the sailors, too, who sing the songs that recall to them all that is most dear and most inspiring of their childhood days and the land of their fathers, and that touch “the mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this land.” It would be interesting to hear what they would say on the matter. As it is, we give poets our blessing, and pass on.

“ Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares!—
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays.”

But there is a far profounder meaning to the inventive genius than is to be deduced from viewing its products as mere aids to attaining industrial prosperity and superiority. Industrial superiority, when viewed as prosperity, is, at best, but a private advantage; it does not make for universal contentment. The deeper meaning of this inventive genius lies in that by means of it we are conquering Nature for our own purposes. It gives a realizable meaning to this world of ours. Here, in machinery, is the new expression of life in terms, not of language, but of thought-embodied things. It is the interpretation of the seemingly meaningless unrelated things we call the universe, a universe which, as interpreted by the logic of philosophy, has hitherto perplexed and baffled our poignant search. From this new point of view, it takes on the beauty of a scheme; it begins to have a real meaning and a real value, because it has meaning and value *for us*. The Truth is no longer a cloud-enshrouded, inaccessible Unknowable, but a daily friend who is walking with us at every turn of our life's march, and who is ready with his

service at every beck of our life's need. Looked at thus, machinery is the man-made embodiment of the Spirit of Life; the fire we have drawn from a real heaven and imprisoned to serve us on a real earth. We are Prometheans. If we will but unchain ourselves from the rock of economic superstition, we may be even freed, by means of it, from the bondage of drudgery, as we have freed ourselves from the slavery of oppression. But to do this we must have a new faith in a higher law than any we have as yet acknowledged.

What is this faith in the higher law? I suggest its nature in the phrase, Creative Work, the work that resolves and re-directs the forces of nature for the purpose of human happiness. Creative work is self-fulfilment. It is to will in order to endure. It is to express matter in terms of spirit by expressing spirit in terms of matter. It is to make things out of thoughts and to transform ideals into reals. Its two-fold expression is accomplished by two different powers which man possesses—the inventive genius on the one hand, and the organizing genius on the other. The one occupies itself with supplying the material necessities of life; the other more directly concerns itself with liberty and happiness. The combined result of both, at any period, is the progress made; it is man's evolution through self-fulfilment. To believe that our happiness depends on self-fulfilment by means of creative work is the simplest statement of this faith. Its higher law is that the work of our hands and brain is for the just enjoyment of all.

While there is private property in genius there is no private property in power. Power is a communal attribute. When genius is endowed by society with power, it is done for society's welfare, and without this endowment genius is a voice crying in the wilderness. The poet sings, the artist paints, the inventor embodies, each from the compelling impulse of his nature; but the song inspires, the painting exalts, and the machine serves *us*. Each of these has value and meaning only in that it is *for us*. Herein lies the virtue of genius—it obeys us, not we it. The genius is the man's, but the power of it is ours; for it is our power, the collective power inherent in a community by which genius is given its virtue—by which, indeed, it is even possible.

It follows, therefore, that this empowered virtue of genius if appropriated for private gain means depriving us of our strength. We understand this when we ostracize the doctor if he keeps to himself a discovery in medicine of benefit to society. We do this because we know his discovery is of general human value and may not, therefore, be exploited for private gain.

There can, furthermore, be no private property in the forces of nature. There can no more be private property in the wealth of nature than there can be in the love of God. In a profound and real sense one is the expression of the other; and a true science of economics will base its experiments on the hypothesis that one is the other. But as we have had intermediaries between ourselves and God who have monopolized God's love, even to the selling of indulgences, so we have now middle-men who monopolize God's bounty, even to the selling of pure air. The day of the ecclesiastical augur is almost gone; the day of the economic adept will soon be going. In the evolution of life which is of matter as well as of spirit, the least of us as well as the greatest are of the apostolic succession; and this we shall realize if we draw with our own hands, by means of creative work, the waters of life. In this enterprise the poet shall show us the way, for he in all times has been the true intermediary between us and the God of this universe.

Every invention for saving time, every organization for communal advantage and betterment, every revelation of the poet's seeing soul, are discoveries in the unknown realms of mystery. They are so many steps on the Stairway of Truth, so many solutions to the problems of existence. As such they are our very life. Monarchs, hierarchs, and plutocrats withheld from us the life-giving values of such discoveries. They denied to us the wisdom of statesmen, the blessed messages of saints, and the emancipating help of creative genius. Disobedience to monarchs sent us governing ourselves to the end that we are on the road to political freedom. Disobedience to hierarchs sent us thinking for and communing with ourselves to the end that we are discovering our souls and knowing God. Disobedience to plutocrats will send us working for ourselves to the end that we shall realize a life of happiness.

It is time we opened our eyes and took measure of our strength. Where are the ingenious sons of Tubal Cain, those workers in iron and brass, who are re-shaping the earth for our purposes? What is become of the Prometheans who chain the lightning and harness the horses of the sun to drive our chariots of comfort? I am afraid they are bound fast to the rock of dogmatism, and the vultures of capital and monopoly are very busy feeding on their vitals. What simple-minded Titans we are! We are so entranced with the joy of creating and so exalted before the revelation of beauty, that we know not when the fowler has ensnared us. But he lies in wait for just such rapturous moments of ours, and henceforward we are caged. When he allows us the liberty to go on creating, and permits us a tiny space of time in which to enjoy, we bow down in gratitude for his magnanimity. Then

“ obedience

Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves ”

of us all. We must change this attitude if we are to live as free men.

But before we take this step let us first make sure that we are of a mind in the faith; for it must be to us a faith not only worth fighting for, but worth living for. And let us also make sure that we set about our task in such wise that we shall not have to draw back once we set our hands to the work. It may have been proper for a Voltaire to cry: “ Écrasez l'Infame! ”; but it was deplorably improper for the bloodthirsty crowds of the Reign of Terror to repeat the cry. We, to-day, would not deserve, and could not keep, our lives obtained at such a cost. “ The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord,” not the torch of the Devil. True disobedience is not expressed in dire rebellion and bloody revolution; it is shown by obedience to a higher law than the one we disobey; and the right to make that is already ours. What we lack is a fine enthusiasm in the faith of creative work, a veritable ecstasy similar to the mystic's in his understanding of God. Such an ecstasy is not a cessation of our faculties, but a personal enhancement, an enriching of ourselves with the wealth of reality, a relating of ourselves to the whole of life.

Once possessed by such an enthusiasm, all the plutocrats and capitalists and monopolists on earth could not stand before us for one day. For it is of the nature of the spirit that it disarms obstruction by embracing it, and thus resolves it to its own higher purposes.

This, as I read it, is the mission of the United States. It is the meaning underlying its industrial passion and its enthusiasm for wealth. If industrial superiority be not viewed as private prosperity but as communal well-being, this gospel of creative work will be fraught with hope-inspiring messages. This also is the heartening message of this country as an individual democracy. Behind and beneath the attraction it exercises on the minds of the enslaved proletariat of Europe, is the feeling that here they have a chance to live and a chance to make good. Possibly, to some more exalted minds, here also they may solve by these very means the problems of life and understand the perplexing mystery of things. The feeling may be born out of the mere splendor of successful achievement; yet, though it be seen as wealth, it is really felt as self-realization. The impulse for creative work catches them by the throat, so to speak, and moves them to a desire to demonstrate their own ability also. And in the people themselves of this country, behind and beneath their striving for wealth-power and their poor worship of the almighty dollar, is the same ambition, the same unconscious pride urging them to self-realization. It may be that this very blind worship of the material and the unhappiness it causes, is the road along which they must travel ere they reach to a consciousness of what it is all for; ere they attain to a realization of the still deeper meaning of what it is they have accomplished; ere they succeed in precipitating the spiritual gold secreted in their so-called wealth of reality. And it may be also that in this precipitation of the spiritual value in creative work will be born a religious, a binding force, between man and man, which shall make for a true communal life.

But as matters stand to-day, they have freed themselves from one set of superstitions only to fall a prey to another. They have jumped from the frying-pan of theology and political dogmatism into the fire of political economy. The dogmas of sects

may have slain their thousands, but the doctrines of economic science have slain and are slaying their tens of thousands. There would seem to be some spell in the word "Competition." It is uttered with such Podsnappian unction, as if nothing more were to be said. But, indeed, there is a great deal more to be said. There is this, at least, to be said: that there is good competition and bad competition. The competition that cheapens things is good, but the competition that gambles with life in order to cheapen things is bad; the competition that vies to excel is good, but the competition in subterfuge and sharp practice is bad; the competition in high enterprises is good, but the competition that stakes the lives and happiness of others against profits is bad. But the economic dogmatist recognizes no such distinction. He treats human life exactly as if it were inorganic matter, and the formula becomes a very Procrustean bed. The result is that what virtue there is in the method is destroyed by its greater vice; the virtue is lopped off to fit the vicious system. So that competition means, in actual working, making the prices of things depend, not on the law of supply and demand, but on the cheapening of labor. In other words the cheapening of things is obtained at the cost of life, and therefore of happiness.

I wonder what these economists would say if it were suggested that we try the good competition—the competition to make things cheap and human souls dear? Even as I write the question I seem to hear a very Babel of voices crying out: "Oh, but that is Socialism! That would never do!" Well, we may call it by whatever name we please, we shall not alter its truth. But it is not Socialism; it is humanitarianism; it is democracy, if democracy mean anything at all. It is what the Declaration of Independence stands for; for it is what the founders of this American republic fought for—to make things cheap, and human souls dear, aye, priceless. Must we re-argue the matter? Surely, the whole thesis is indelibly writ in the annals of history, and the conclusion graven in the hearts of all high-minded democratic citizens! Where would the United States be to-day if its leaders had not been the priceless men they were? And why is the United States to-day not the democracy its priceless men fought to make it? Because its leaders are cheap men, men with

a price, men of a shameless plutocracy and a nameless ochlocracy. This is what political economy has brought us to—to sell things for gold and to buy human souls for a pittance. We have so far progressed in our science that we can actually compute the value of a soul in dollars. Nay, when I descend into the New York Subway, during the so-called “rush hours,” and see how, for the sake of a larger dividend, a railroad corporation carries home men, women and children in a way it would not dare to deal with cattle, I am forced to the conclusion that a human soul is worth even less than five cents. Truly, a splendid achievement! We have beaten Mephistopheles at his own game, and we can now jeer at him for being an inferior man of business. But Mephistopheles was not so profoundly versed in economic science as we are. He did not know the method. The method is simplicity itself. We open the competition market of labor, solemnly pronounce the magical *abracadabra*—“The Law of Supply and Demand”—and let it go at that. This is known among the adepts as the *laissez faire* sleight-of-tongue trick. Immediately a scramble ensues among the laborers as to which shall sell himself cheapest; for life is precious. When it comes to the competition market of things, we carefully close that, and employ another *abracadabra*. We do not say, or even whisper, “The Law of Supply and Demand”; but we roar at the top of our voices: “Protect home industries!” This is the patriotic trick. Immediately things become dear, and souls cheap. What a confession of weakness! As if the inventive genius of the United States still required that it be wrapped in swaddling cloths!

“Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness!” Where are the organizers and makers of institutions who shall weave these ideals into the fabric of our communal life? The ideals still lie imprisoned in our archives waiting for the wand of genius to touch them into living freedom. Surely, here, if anywhere, is a sufficient inspiration for our faith! What a vista of creative work spreads itself out before us at the mere utterance of the inspiring words! Shall we ever accomplish all that has to be done ere these words are fulfilled in fact? We take heart, however, as we touch hands with the inventor, with the man who is

making life less a travail; and, in good time, liberty and happiness will be ours also. Work, when it is no longer drudgery, no longer the mere driving of the wheels of the mills of chance in a bare hope of grinding some flour for bread, will then mean the concentrated willing effort of each man to be first in the race for the goal of self-fulfilment. In leisure he will plan the cities of hope and in leisure he will build them. But we must have justice first—not the perfect justice of the all-knowing spirit, for that we may never obtain, but the plain human justice of fair-play—the just balancing of our acts without the falsifying weights of selfishness, interest and passion in either scale. We are so constituted that we require to feel confidence ere we will permit ourselves to venture. If we know we shall have fair-play we will take the leap; otherwise, we hold back and hold fast to what we have by the meanest of subterfuges—the elemental animal in us comes to the top clawing for life. A people without justice is a people made desperate in dishonor, and with tooth and claw bared. With justice men will adventure in the highest of enterprises; and that is what they must do if they are to be free. Adventure is the prime necessary quality of a man's soul striving to fulfil itself. It demands constant activity; but that is the price of liberty and happiness. For these states of our life are never static. Over the full heaving tide of the communal life of liberty the individual waves of our happiness form and re-form as part of the swelling flow.

But freedom or liberty for what? Simply to realize ourselves by work. That is happiness. We have never known happiness because we have never been free. If we have been freed from feudal service we have not been freed from the drudging toil for "the altogether indispensable daily bread." If we have been liberated from tyranny we have been imprisoned by plutocracy. If we have been emancipated from oppression we have been degraded by poverty. Always have we served masters, other than the imperious commands of our creative souls. Always have we missed liberty, and always have we been unhappy. We have longed for freedom because our natures demanded the liberty to make good, and because we have always realized, unconsciously it may be, that this was the one way out of the

afflictions which beset us. God was in his Heaven; but it was not all right in the world. And our troubling problem has been how to make it all right in the world.

But if freedom be given us, what shall we do with it? Freedom in itself means nothing, it is an empty word, a mere fine-sounding term for logicians and demagogues to conjure with. Or it is a golden cup we have won with our blood in our race for life. But even the cup is empty! With what shall we fill it? There is still but the one answer—with creative work, which is the wine of life. The intoxicating draught of that is happiness. Craftsmen and poets and artists have known this in all times, and, indeed, it is to their labors that we to-day owe the hope which encourages us to look forward.

It is true the world still requires non-creative work, the drudgery of unskilled labor and menial service; but it will become less and less necessary for human beings to do this kind of work the more creative work is accomplished. It is degrading for any man born with a mind that he shall be compelled to drudge; for the real business of life is to be happy. When all shall be free to create, the working spirit will invent more and new machines to drudge for us, and organize newer and more fitting ways for living together. It will set itself to solve real problems: How to distribute the necessities of life to each home and family as we now deliver our mails; how to police our cities and erect fire-proof homes and buildings; how to regulate railway traffic and railway transport; how to systematize medical service in every block of a city's area; how to establish and uphold courts of justice so that all may seek redress freely and obtain it quickly; how employment for a living wage shall be regulated and conducted with strict regard for the comfort and the health of the employees; how wealth shall not be grossly accumulated to the disturbance of the communal balance; how to establish municipal self-government; how to prevent political power centring in single groups to the undermining of public confidence and to the sapping of communal fidelity; how to replace party politics by a living expression of the people's will; how to build cities where disease shall find no soil in which to take root; how to control our railways so that commutation shall

be available to the poorest workman, for at least a fifty-mile radius from his place of work; how a school and a green playground shall be built and upkept in every square mile of a city's space; how food shall be pure and cheap; how exclusive privilege shall be made impossible; how the ways, and the means, for doing all these and the numberless other necessary things which must come up for doing as we go on living, shall be found and organized and utilized to the utmost advantage. All these are matters for creative work; for the leisure-endowed free men and women of the near future who are going to be happy in thus making good. It is not dollars we want, but wealth, the wealth of the coöperative willing energy of brave and high-spirited, decent-minded citizens. All the money in the world, without such coöperative wealth of minds and hearts, will do nothing. Indeed, it will do worse than nothing, for it will only make temptation possible to the unfaithful and the untrue. We do not want more laws; we have too many already. We might accomplish a large good if we simply abrogated all the existing laws which were made by privilege to safeguard itself. Legislation is never salvation; it is more often exploitation and enervation. The upright man lives his life almost unconscious of laws. We want more than anything else a brave private opinion and a high public spirit. And in order to obtain these the organizing genius must set itself to create a new machinery for formulating that opinion and that spirit as a genuine national expression, to take the place of the tyrannical and degrading party machinery with its caucuses, which has robbed the citizen of his mind and is destroying democracy as "the supreme refuge of human dignity." *

No man dare count himself wealthy, though he were possessed of ten thousand times the income of a Rockefeller, if he can be brought face to face with one fellow-citizen who is a pauper; that pauper may rightly charge him with a crime. And every man may consider himself wealthy if he has no fear of poverty, and if he be free to use the best part of each day's life for self-fulfilment. There is no necessity for poverty. It will be the business of creative work to demonstrate that proposition.

* See Ostrogorski's *Democracy*, vol. ii, p. 741, ed. 1908.

The poor do not ask to be helped and to be poor; they ask for fair-play and a square deal. And their demand goes deeper than for mere temporary relief; it goes down to the very foundations of our economic system. They also want their chance to make good. And, in this country, at any rate, they have a right to the chance; for the right is graven for them on the tables of their law. They await the organizing genius who shall show them how to apply that law.

Invention and organization—these are the two directions in which creative work shall exercise itself in the future. The one to bring down the fire from God and the other to realize the spirit of God. The former to set free men's and women's bodies from degrading and time-robbing toil; the latter to set free men's and women's souls from the misery of sterility. Evolution is fruition, and any force that denies fruition to any living thing is a destructive force, and must be diverted or overcome if life is to mean anything at all. Fruition is the beginning of wisdom and the end of destiny; for it is "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

I lay this stress on invention and organization because, to borrow a suggestion from Bergson, the human intellect is more at home with tangible objects than it is with emotions and ideas. It is through its experimentation with these that the intellect arrives at the spiritual value underlying them. So that the more absorbed we are with things and their right uses the more likely are we to distil from them the value of life. In that sense Mr. Charles Ferguson's paradox states a profound truth: "Complete objectivity," he says in his *University Militant*, "is pure spirituality." But this is not evident to us while working with our intellects only. The revelations of the spirit come only indirectly by means of invention and organization. They come directly from quite another source—from the poetic genius; the genius that knows without ratiocinative processes. And this genius is most vital for us in our communal life.

I am aware that what I have written on this subject of Creative Work offers but a fresh opening in which the scientific economist will thrust the dagger of his life-taking syllogisms. That is his only method. He thrusts and thrusts to trace the

nerves of our communal body to their very sources, and tells us that he is thus looking for its spirit. But he finds nothing; and he leaves of the living beauty only a slashed corpse. It is not with the scalpel or the microscope that we shall lay bare the eternal secret springs of the wonder that catches us and the desire that impels us. Put these instruments by, says the poet, better without them may man see

“ Stretched awful in the hush’d midnight,
The ghost of his eternity.”

He who shall enlighten us and enhance us in the enlightenment is the poet whom we now neglect and despise, even as Homer enlightened and enhanced the people of ancient Greece. We come into the world and stare about us in mute wonder at the beauty and the moving splendor of it, and know not what to say. When we have lived long enough to ask ourselves: Why are we living in the midst of this beauty and splendor? What is this life of ours to express?—our souls within us are lifted as by a secret power; but we still remain mute. Then the current of life draws us on and in our efforts to keep afloat we forget our questionings, until some untoward dangers ahead of us bring them back to our minds. But some few who find joy in the mere swimming in this current and drinking in the beauty and the splendor of the world, see and understand what the rest do not. They see that it is all beautiful, all splendid—the struggle and the strugglers, the effort and the doers, the battle and the fighters; and to them it takes on the harmony of a glorious symphony. The spirit of poetry masters them, and they sing the epic of life. And by their song is precipitated the national soul. This is what the Bible did for the Jews; what Homer did for the Greeks; what the Sagas did for the Northmen; and this is what the poet will do for us also. A great epic is the precipitation of a nation’s soul in its efforts to free itself from the physical conditions of life toward a realization of its spiritual aspirations. We await the poet who shall so serve us. He, with his songs, will tell us what we, with our science, may never know. And we shall understand him because he will sing to our hearts. And

we shall know that we were not born for misery, sorrow, and the man-making ills of life.

We have great need of poets, greater need of them than we have of statesmen or organizers or inventors. We are suffering from having forsaken the gods of our fathers without replacing them with gods of our own. Poets, by their creative work, keep alive the high reachings of our souls which are necessary to the making of gods, by immortalizing in nobly-moving language the great deeds of our great men and great women. Our fathers revered great men, revered even the simple relics associated with their names; they worshipped what to them was a living God because He personified the best impulses of their hearts; their conscience was touched to the quick at any base act or thought, whether in the world of affairs or in their social intercourse with each other. They had a splendid history behind them, of a mother-country which linked them to a wonderful Past of a national life. The spirit of Numa sanctified their homes. To the eighteenth century gentlemen of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts and even New York, the heroes of Elizabeth's day—the Drakes, the Gilberts, the Hawkineses, the Grenvilles—were their heroes also. They sought and found high inspiration from the Bible of King James, the literature of the country of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton. They were of England with all Englishmen, and its glory was their glory. They leaned on this national spirit and took heart from its great exemplars, and so recovered themselves in times of desperate stress. It stayed them, and made them the men they were to resist tyranny and oppression and base injustice even from England herself. And they did nobly and well.

But we, of the United States of America to-day, have determined to cut ourselves adrift from these traditions and to deny ourselves the refreshing strength of this national spirit. Our children, whether at home or at school, are no longer taught this Past in any vital sense. We are a nation of our own, we answer, and rightly answer, with a splendid history of our own. Let our children, we say, draw inspiration from the heroes and masters of men and conquerors of the earth who made the United States what it is to-day. But who is to draw for them

the refreshing waters of this life? Are we to expect from underpaid schoolmasters and pedagogues and academic professors the genius of the epic poet? Surely history does not warrant us in such an expectation. It is the poet we want; the poet who shall precipitate the national spirit which is behind and at the foundation of the wonderful achievements of the people of this country. We have many volumes of Commemoration Odes of quite respectable literary quality; but we look in vain for an epic of the War of the Revolution which might fill each one of us with the heroic spirit, and bind us all in that living union of great-hearted humility which is the supreme national pride. We look in vain for an epic on the Great Civil War, with one of the greatest of all life's soldiers as its hero; nor do we find immortalized in *Æneids* those wonderful expeditions across this continent—the travels of Lewis and Clark—the settlement of the 'Forty-Niners, the opening up of Alaska, the reclamation of the deserts, and the founding of Texas. How otherwise than through poetry are our children to possess the beauty and the glory and the spiritual grandeur of the saga-figures who founded this marvellous union of States; of those heroes who "highly resolved" and so highly achieved? It is true, Walt Whitman chanted the song of democracy; but his chant is a magnificent prophecy of an ideal—it is an exhortation, not a poetic manifestation. The spirit that strove and is striving toward a realization of this democracy is best caught when exemplified in the lives and deeds of the men who lived and fought, who conquered and died fighting, moved by this spirit. This is the creative work of the poet we await. He has not come as yet, because we have not called for him. We have not prepared a place for him.

But the wonder of this country, its achieved desires and its still unrealized ideals are not for one poet, but for many. I find a parallel in the past to the United States of the present, in Ancient Greece, at that period of its history before Athens had become the great centre of Hellenic civilization, when Greece was still in the making, so to speak. It was the *Iliad* that precipitated a national spirit out of the separate cities and made the glory of Greece. "The intensity of imagination," writes Professor Gilbert Murray in his fine analysis of the rise of Greek

Epic Poetry, " which makes the *Iliad* alive is not, it seems to me, the imagination of any one man. It means not that one man of genius created a wonder and passed away. It means that generation after generation of poets, trained in the same schools and a more or less continuous and similar life, steeped themselves to the lips in the spirit of this great poetry. They lived in the Epic saga and by it and for it. Great as it was, for many centuries they continued to build it up yet greater. What helped them most, perhaps, was the constancy with which the whole race—to use a slightly inaccurate word—must have loved and cherished this poetry. . . . They are like the watchwords of great causes for which men have fought and died; charged with power to attract men's love, but now, through the infinite shining back of that love, grown to yet greater power. There is in them, as it were, the spiritual life-blood of a people." Here is work for American poets if we will—" the infinite shining back of that love" from the mirror of their poetry, a love that founded and built and fixed this great nation as the highest expression of communal civilization.

The people of this country are compounded of the descendants of many gods. Deeply secreted in the sympathies of their hearts are impulses springing from Sinai and Olympus, from the Seven Hills of Rome and the Pillars of Hercules, from the Norwegian fiords and the sand dunes of the Baltic, from the Balkans and the frozen steppes of the Caucasus, from the hills of Wicklow and Kerry and the chalky cliffs of Albion. And all these impulses are surging and flowing and forming the great cataract of life we know as the United States of America. It would seem almost hopeless to expect any man to find in this world-shaping torrent what we might feel as beauty. And yet that is the poet's work, and peculiarly the work of the poet of this country. But if it is for the poet to focus all these life-rays into one " infinite shining back of that love " which men felt for great causes, it is for us so to cherish the hope of his coming that our hope will create even " out of its own wreck the thing it contemplates."

HOME

WITTER BYNNER

YOU ask me why I give him all
My earnings and luck-money too,
And sin and suffer for his gain—
I'll answer you.

A lilac grew not far from home,
The way we children always went—
He beats me if I buy or borrow
Lilac scent.

THE TRIBUTE

W. C. & A. M. ESTABROOK

As Spruance came into view of Woodcrest, the country place of the Medhursts, he hesitated, urgent as was his errand, a sense of almost unpardonable intrusion upon him, his mind balancing the probabilities of the success of his mission.

The stucco house gleaming creamily, like old ivory, its casement windows set wide to the breeze, crimson flowers in glowing splotches against its walls, vines throwing themselves over it in waxy greenness, the great trees about it, the garden beyond, all perfectly expressed that passionate joyance of nature which thrilled in everything Mrs. Medhurst had written.

That she would write no more, that the vibrant tableau of her life was ended, seemed incredible.

Medhurst also was dead. But with Spruance, as with the world at large, the predominant calamity of Mrs. Medhurst's demise overshadowed the lesser tragedy of her husband's death in much the same way that the brilliancy of her career had eclipsed his gray and undistinguished life.

Spruance had never known Medhurst, but as he paused inside the arched gateway of Woodcrest, he recalled what manner of man common report had made him, and his heart kindled with fresh pity for Eleanor Medhurst that she had been thus incongruously mated. The clop-clop of humanity had always thrilled her. Her step had been timed to the music of the throng, and with flushed and charming triumph she had walked at the head of the generation's mighty column.

It seemed to him monstrous that the march should have terminated for her so suddenly, so over-soon. To his magazine, *The Great American*, her death was a severe blow. *Port of Call* was running serially in it, and the last instalments had not arrived when she was killed. Were they written? In his anxiety to ascertain, he had journeyed to Woodcrest. Surely, he argued, the magazine quite apart, the interest of the public justified his coming. For Mrs. Medhurst's intimacy of vision

and tenderness of interpretation had made her an eagerly awaited and a more than ordinarily beloved writer.

Miss Medhurst, a repressed, middle-aged woman, as consistently prosaic as a member of that side of the family should have been, greeted him in the serenely lovely drawing room. She knew nothing of the manuscript, but finished or unfinished it was certain to be in Mrs. Medhurst's desk in the library.

She met his wavering indecision with: "Oh, we shall not be prying! The desk contains only such things as pertain to her work. Her private papers are all in her own apartment."

It ended in his agreeing to undertake a cursory search.

As they entered the library he paused before the portrait of Mrs. Medhurst which hung on the eastern wall. A brilliant, graceful thing it was, yet in rendering her singular attractiveness it held no suggestion of that rare sympathy which had been her most remarkable attribute.

It came to him, as it had not done before, that she herself had shown small trace of it; that the coruscation of her genius had been dazzling rather than revelatory.

"What an extraordinary woman she was!" he exclaimed aloud.

"Success was inevitable with her," Medhurst's cousin replied. "She had all the inherited instincts of the self-maker."

His eyes smiled grimly. So this was how they regarded her, these stolid, plodding Medhursts. This was how they failed her in appreciation and subtler comprehension. He remembered that he had often heard it said that had she been less resolute, less fine, her racing soul must have been tripped by her husband's ineptitude.

As he seated himself at her desk he was newly amazed that she had contrived to keep her vision clear and her spirit blithe under such benumbing conditions. That her genius had remained unblighted increased his already staunch respect for it, and for her.

Adjusting the blinds, Miss Medhurst excused herself for the moment, and left him to his search.

When she returned he sprang up excitedly to greet her, a sheaf of loosened papers in his hand.

"I am amazed to find that Mrs. Medhurst had a collaborator!" he cried. "Who was it?"

"Her husband," Miss Medhurst said quietly.

He checked his exclamation of incredulity, of sheer disbelief.

"But I did not know Mr. Medhurst wrote!" he exclaimed.

His tone and look made the blood mount slowly to her faded cheek.

"No one knew," she observed. "Neither my cousin nor his wife called it collaboration, nor thought of it as such. Mr. Medhurst was merely first to see things, to feel them. He had none of her aptitude for fine writing, however, and details made him very impatient, so she took his unpolished things and ground them into gems that sparkled enchantingly. But the fire in them was his. It could never by any possibility have been hers."

Spruance considered her from beneath brows slightly drawn and irritable, yet that she spoke with the ring of passionate sincerity he could not doubt.

Reading his look, she said, not giving him time to speak: "I am saying things I never expected to say! But I've seen her living so long on his mental spontaneity, I've seen her snatching so greedily at his impressions and making off to market with them, that I forget myself. I know how Mr. Medhurst was regarded by his wife's admirers, by the world in general. He knew it, too, but he was big enough not to care. The deepest elements of his happiness were safe. He lived in a curious, contented calm, his happiness escaping all blight of jealousy. But *I* am jealous for him!"

She was rushing on now, this repressed, spare-speaking woman, like some battling creature that has lost its feet and cannot regain them in the full fury of midstream.

"He tilled the garden of his mind, and she gathered the flowers and offered them as her own," she protested vehemently. "To be sure, she changed them from the tight, unlovely bunches into which he bound them, to graceful, exquisite sprays. But they were his; every one of them."

They faced each other, there in the shadows of the room

where Eleanor Medhurst had lived and worked. Above them hung her portrait, her tranquil eyes quietly regarding them. Spruance seemed to feel them fixing him with challenge.

"It is difficult to make this thinkable," he breathed.

"I'm not underrating her art," she cried, her voice charged with entreaty. "She was clever, oh, *very* clever! But—she had no depths, except of ambition."

When he did not speak, she continued, with a quivering smile: "But perhaps it doesn't matter, after all. He was content. He wanted none of the things which the world showered upon her. Outward shows and demonstrations bewildered him. The radiant peaks she attained did not tempt him. He loved the quiet valley roads where so many things grew to his allure. And—to do her justice—he always said that no matter how brave a leit motif he had, it sounded as if it were played on a banjo, while with her there was the full orchestration, the big rounded melody. He argued that if she had not taken his themes and orchestrated them, as it were, the world would never have heard them. But I don't believe it. I believe their very simplicity would have won them recognition. She gave them resonance and color. But the soul in them was his."

Spruance turned bewilderedly to the desk and replaced the sheaf of simply done stories, the little tell-tale stories, with always the impulse of restraint in them that had shown in Medhurst's life—the fear of exhibiting all he felt lest he seem extravagant and absurd. He thought of the stories as the world knew them to-day, glittering, brilliant, arresting.

"You must try to forget what I have said," Miss Medhurst was pleading. "The matter must remain between us. *He* could never forgive me if he knew that I had told you; could never forgive you if you hinted it to the world."

He went away from Woodcrest an hour later with the remaining chapters of *Port of Call* in his pocket, the chapters which would add by just so much to Mrs. Medhurst's fame, and spell—or so the world would believe—a fit and worthy *Finis* to all that had gone before.

He was not thinking of them, however. Stopping at the gate he looked back on the grounds with the early shadows of

evening over them. Through the interspaces of the trees he saw the house, and beyond it the garden, with its holly-hocks and its gray shouldered poplars, a drench of purple twilight over it all. The whole place was of breath-taking beauty, and as individual as a picture. It had not surprised him in parting with Miss Medhurst to learn that Medhurst had planned it.

He seemed to see him here among the things he had cherished, a gentle fellow with ambling step and heart of dream. The new fact of his genius was strong upon him.

He bared his head. His soul acknowledged the man who was dead. It was all the tribute Medhurst ever got, but he had neither asked nor cared for tribute.

RICHARD STRAUSS

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

MODERN art means self-expression. That may well sound like a truism settled by the crystallized conviction of ages, the labors of generations of inspired workers. But, wonderful as has been much past art in its revelation of the personality of the artist, it yet remains true that the domain of self has boundaries which modern art is widening and enlarging, not slowly and progressively, but by great leaps and bounds. In the world of art, it is the great personality which counts, which "tells"—to use the happy phrase of the day. The new figure appears—staggeres the world with his novelty, his heresy, his barbarity. The ancient custodians of the sacred altar of art cry out in horror against the defilement of the sanctuary. The public awakes to a new stimulus, and slowly begins to heed the new voice, at once so strange and so surpassing sweet. The critics potter about aimlessly in the struggle to adjust themselves to the new conditions; begin to find rare and haunting beauties in the new art, amidst the welter of barbaric novelty; excuse, elucidate, then analyze, appraise, appreciate, praise, laud. Then at last the miracle is wrought, and the new artist is secure in his greatness. Once secure, nothing can dislodge him—not even the indifference of a waning public, or the depreciation of the iconoclastic critic who seeks to win for himself fame or notoriety by prophesying and so accelerating the downfall of one of the masters of reality.

The curse of modern life is the passion for novelty. To be recognized, to become "great," the artist must be "different"—he must strike out along a track unnoticed or abandoned by his predecessors. Even with such innovation, the modern public is not satisfied. For their idol must not only surpass others—he must continually surpass himself. Each new work must, to impress the contemporary, reveal certain traits of genius hitherto unsuspected or at least unrealized. Versatility—ability to achieve momentous results in widely varying forms of art—is

the keyword of success. Many men, many women, achieve a certain sort of notoriety, even eminence, by excelling in some particular and limited detail of work—the writer who can achieve excellence only in the short story, the novelist who succeeds in portraying to the life the traits and characteristics of a peculiar people or a circumscribed locality, the painter who can only make portraits or project “nocturnes,” the sculptor who can only make busts or figures. The artist who would achieve greatness to-day is he who would go a step beyond perfection in a single phase, and exhibit perfection, or at least mastery, in many phases of his chosen element of work.

Lastly, in order to achieve preëminence in the art world of to-day, the artist needs a last—a fundamental—quality, which in reality dominates all the others. George Meredith never swung the public off its feet, never created that profound popular and international impression, to which his ideas, if not his works, so justly entitle him. But he understood the quintessential traits of the modern temperament and the modern mind in the most tremendously significant way. In the expression of his convictions, he had the writer of fiction and perhaps of poetry principally in mind. But the ideas to which he gave such elaborate and such exquisitely lucid expression are, in truth, the ideas which most completely mirror the characteristic features of our time. For he realized, as perhaps no one before him had realized—certainly vastly more succinctly than had been expressed before—the imperative necessity of animating modern art with thought. He gave a conclusive expression of that unique trait of modern art which seems stamped in bold image and superscription upon its front. The day of mere narration in fiction is past; the day of mere portraiture in art is past; the day of mere passion expression in music is past. Under the new dispensation, the modern artist must be a thinker as well as a craftsman, a philosopher as well as a creative genius. Passion undirected by intellect, emotion uncontrolled by intelligence, has already played out its rôle for the generations of to-day. The hero of modern art is the thinker, the philosopher, who fires his genius with the fuel of brain-stuff.

Whatever his faults and deficiencies and indeed tremendous

failings may be, Richard Strauss fulfils in a curiously striking and detailed way the demands of the modern temperament, and the modern taste. For step by step he has been widening the domain of his power, reaching out after more themes for the exhibition of his astounding virtuosity. As each new achievement laid its hold upon the public and startled them with the conviction that here, in fine, was the "last word in music," he must have smiled with the consciousness of the possession of a vast store of powers yet untapped. Soon the new work would appear, and again the public would have to alter and revise its former appraisal—realizing again that here was "something new" under the sun. Now, once more, we are forced to take a new inventory of the genius of Richard Strauss in the light of his latest work, *Der Rosenkavalier*, on the book of Hugo von Hofmannsthal. That the author of *Salomé* and of *Elektra*, the musical interpreter *par excellence* of morbidity and monomania, should turn to the lightness of Viennese frivolity, should respond to the blandishments of the waltz, is the most unexpected and incredible surprise in the history of contemporary music.

Recently I have heard, in succession, *Salomé*, *Elektra*, and *Der Rosenkavalier*, and so have been enabled, in a peculiarly specific way, to compare and appraise the qualities, so varying and so infinitely surprising, of the composer. Interspersed between these performances came Wagner—Wagner early and Wagner late; Humperdinck and Debussy; and many others of the modern and contemporary schools. And the mental and emotional reactions from the varying and evolutionally developing types of modern opera were set to converging upon the genius of Strauss, and forced me to consider why it was that Strauss stood out, among them all, so unique, so individual, and so preëminent. Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* gave me intimations of a very subtle and very refined genius—a musical temperament so peculiarly plastic and adaptable that he seemed, in very truth, to be the voice of Maeterlinck himself speaking in music. These eery strains, caught as if on the verge of an abyss of other-world harmony, seemed instinctively felt for expressing the fateful sadness of the poem. The characters, in a wholly French cast at Covent Garden, uttering their dolorous

plaints with the delicate nasality of the Gallic timbre, move as if in a dream through the scenes of their predestined fate—with a hopelessness, a sad sense of imminent misfortune incomparably poetic and tragic. There was no confusion of thought here between the evocation of the poem and the message of the music—the two were one. Such collaboration is nothing short of a miracle of art.

I have spoken of Debussy because he has, in common with Strauss, that strikingly modern faculty: the genius for rendering temperamental nuances and emotive complexities with convincing and convicting reality. The preëminence of Strauss, if I may so put it, arises from a deeper foundation of technique and a more spontaneous barbarity and naïveté. I remember the very peculiar impression left upon me by watching Strauss conduct his own *Elektra*. I will not say that I have never seen an orchestra respond so instinctively to the slight movement of the baton. This quality was not outstanding in the conducting of Strauss—and, indeed, I have a number of times seen a closer accord, a more sympathetic *rapprochement* between conductor and orchestra. Strauss impressed me so much with his fiery, yet chiefly calm, mastery of his instrument, the orchestra, and his evident identity, in every fibre of his composition, with the minutest phrase of the music, that I found my attention continually wandering from the stage to the rostrum. With one hand, Strauss would hold in subjection one portion of the orchestra, while with the other he would let loose a perfect frenzy of repressed exertion, his whole arm, the hand, and even each separate finger working convulsively. Strauss is the impersonation of disciplined, controlled passion. To see Strauss conduct an opera like *Elektra* is to realize much about his music—the restraint, rather than the much lamented abandon, of his fiery genius, the latent powers of discipline and control which he has at his command.

That quality of Strauss's genius which seems to subsume and embody the quintessence of his art is the gift for packing his musical subject with the utmost of emotive content. Much may be said for the Strauss of the earlier manner—the tone poet, the conveyancer of grave and stately moods. Much may be said for the Strauss of the earlier operatic manner—of *Guntram*

with its march of vaguely stately import, of *Feuersnot* with its own simple *motifs* and somewhat juvenile controversiality. It is, really, not until we encounter the Strauss of *Salomé* that the supreme novelty of his genius, the differentiating trait which gives him his preëminence to-day, first starts into full and active life. Tolstoy deplored the unreality of opera for the great mass of humanity, its inadequacy and ineffectiveness as a great art-medium in a modern democratic civilization. And how much justice there is in his plaint! Let any person, however clever or ingenious he be, seek to realize, without previous careful and thoughtful study of the book and story, the meanings of the operas of the past—or even of the present. Amidst the welter of silly stage-trappings and all the unnatural conventions of gesture and posture, he will be able to disengage from the music itself no coherent meaning and philosophy. He will be totally deaf to all the extravagantly lauded “descriptive” passages of the music—haphazardly guessing at times, perhaps, that this phrase may represent the bleating of sheep, the singing of birds, or the galloping of a horse—but actually losing the key, the mystic *Open Sesame*, to all the inner content of the story, the musical expression of which furnishes such ready excuse for the highly imaginative rhapsodist already familiar with the book. This is the Achilles heel of opera, or, to change the figure, the viewless and opaque barrier which removes it so subtly from the crowd-consciousness of the masses. It is a fault, an almost insuperable fault, as true of Mozart as of Bizet, of Wagner as of Humperdinck.

I dare to say that *first* decisively in *Salomé*, and later with splendid conclusiveness in *Elektra*, Strauss has wrought the miracle of writing opera which is its own commentary. The music and the story are identical and co-existent; the music, the action, actually “convey” the story without the necessity for printed explication. It is conceivable that in some opera of the past, the fable and the music are thus mated—but I do not know its name. The explanation of this strangely novel and unique phase of Strauss’s art may be easy to find; but I dare say it is easy to find a wrong reason for this unquestioned fact. If it be urged that Strauss has chosen fables which carry their meaning on their very

face—stories which have already become legends of world-consciousness—that leaves unexplained the fact that no one, in any even approximately similar measure, has ever done the same thing before him. The real explanation lies where one would expect to find it, and springs from the meaning of Strauss's peculiar genius as a composer. Richard Strauss is a thinker in musical episode. In music, his is the genius of the short story. The single theme, the isolated passion, growing steadily in intensity, becoming absorptive in the process of development, and finally devouring everything—this is the supreme and perhaps characteristic feature of his genius. Every gesture, every cry is indicative—focally convergent to a fore-ordained and pre-determined end. Richard Strauss is a genius of monomania.

I have never been of those who deplored the *Salomé* of Richard Strauss—though I have frankly described as pervasively decadent in origin, the poem of Wilde. But as *Salomé* dances madly before Herod and pours out the ravings of her innocently acquired degeneracy in her last passionate swan-song of abandon, one cannot but feel that Strauss means to herald the dawn of a new era—to signify the destruction of the forces of evil which make such a consummation as *Salomé* forever impossible. The same great intent, in vastly greater volume and intensity, speaks with unexampled directness in *Elektra*. In the exquisite and larmoyant tenderness of the recognition scene, we feel, aye, we know the beauty of the woman's soul; and the first horror excited by her murderous fixity of purpose yields to a conviction of her nobility of aim—the nobility of aim of one who recognizes the instrument of fate and rejoices in the predestined work of purification that must be done.

Orestes! Orestes! Orestes!

List! No man stirreth! O let mine eye gaze

But on thee, Vision, than which lovelier

From heav'n ne'er came to gladden mortal eyes!

Holy, ineffable, thou god-like countenance,

Abide with me!

Then follows that duet of mad supplication and feverish consent, concluding with *Elektra*'s final burst of frenzied energy.

Blessed is he who can his deed accomplish!

Blessed, whoso longeth for him,

Blessed, whoso seeth him,
 Blessed, whoso knoweth him!
 Blessed, whoso feeleth his touch.
 Blessed, whoso diggeth the axe from the earth for him!
 Blessed, whoso holdeth the torch for him!
 Blessed, blessed, whoso openeth the door!

In his fine essay on Strauss, during a controversy with Ernest Newman, Bernard Shaw expressed the significance of Strauss and Elektra in a magnificently conclusive passage.

"What Hofmannsthal and Strauss have done is to take Clytemnestra and Ægistheus, and by identifying them with everything that is evil and cruel, with all that needs must hate the highest when it sees it, with hideous domination and coercion of the higher by the baser, with the murderous rage in which the lust for a lifetime of orgiastic pleasure turns on its slaves in the torture of its disappointment and the sleepless horror and misery of its neurasthenia, to so rouse in us an overwhelming flow of wrath against it and ruthless resolution to destroy it, that Elektra's vengeance becomes holy to us; and we come to understand how even the gentlest of us could wield the axe of Orestes or twist our firm fingers in the black hair of Clytemnestra to drag back her head and leave her throat open to the stroke. . . . That was a task hardly possible to an ancient Greek . . . And that is the task which Hofmannsthal and Strauss have achieved. Not even in the third scene of *Das Rheingold*, or in the Klingsor scenes in *Parsifal*, is there such an atmosphere of malignant and cancerous evil as we get here. And that the power with which it is done is not the power of the evil itself, but of the passion that detests and must and finally can destroy that evil, is what makes the work great, and makes us rejoice in its horror.

"Whoever understands this, however vaguely, will understand Strauss's music . . . That the power of conceiving it should occur in the same individual as the technical skill and natural faculty needed to achieve its complete and overwhelming expression in music, is a stroke of the rarest good fortune that can befall a generation of men. I have often said, when asked to state the case against the fools and money changers who are

trying to drive us into a war with Germany, that the case consists of the single word, Beethoven. To-day, I should say with equal confidence, Strauss. That we should make war on Strauss and the heroic warfare and aspiration that he represents is treason to humanity. In this music drama Strauss has done for us just what he has done for his own countrymen: he has said for us, with an utterly satisfying force, what all the noblest powers of life within us are clamoring to have said, in protest against and defiance of the omnipresent villainies of our civilization; and this is the highest achievement of the highest art."

It is with something of regret that I must confess to a sense of disappointment in Strauss's latest opera. I journeyed to Dresden the other day solely to hear *Der Rosenkavalier*, to discover this new Strauss of which so much—so many stupidities—have been said. The book of Hofmannsthal is a great disappointment; and to me, personally, its prevalent note of eroticism—that note which characterises the new school of Young Germany—is repulsive and abhorrent. After the splendid world-spirit which animates and fires the deed of Elektra, the petty intrigues and bestial sexualities of *Der Rosenkavalier* seem to cheapen and degrade the art of Strauss. In the story there is nothing elevating, inspiring or enfranchising—its eroticism is of the demoded, vulgar type in spite of its bright, attractive coloring, its novelty of setting, its profusion of useless incident and its gay Viennese tone. One cannot but feel that Strauss has identified his art with an unworthy medium, and chosen a trivial and ignoble theme for its exposition. Strauss has condescended, one cannot but feel it. And yet, the lion still lives—but it is the lion at play, not the lion in action. Strauss is a master of complexity—he is the most wonderful interpreter of complex and vivid emotion, through the medium of music, now living. But it is a pre-requisite for the full display of his genius that he shall have a story which, in emotive complexity and tortuous undulation, shall furnish a fit setting for that genius. The music is, in detail and in phrase, charming, light and graceful—but "there are too many notes." Or, more accurately speaking, Strauss has too much to say, and says it. The music of the Silver Rose is exquisite, and glorifies the opera; whilst the

duet between the Marschallin and Octavian in the first act, and the final trio between Sophie, Octavian and the Marschallin in the last act are memorable and of high lyric quality. The real "moments" of the opera are the conclusion of the first act, when the Marschallin tenderly laments the tragedy of the passing of youth; and the entrance of young Octavian in the second act, dressed all in white satin and bearing the silver rose. Again and again, Strauss falls into the *valse* time in the Viennese manner—*valse*s full of delicacy, humor and lyric beauty. But so complex is his mood, so intent is he upon packing his theme with emotional content, that he slights his waltzes and robs them of the significance their real grace and charm abundantly deserve. Again and again a beautiful melody is sung into our ears, but only for the moment—for we are snatched away to some new phase of expression, and our beautiful *valse* is lost—"Lost and gone forever," like the classic Clementine. The "Basso," Ochs von Lerchenau, is a Falstaffian part, but alas! a Falstaff *manqué*, without humor—only gross sensualism, a heavy-handed sensualism that, while grateful to Dresden, would be *mal à propos* in London and New York. Yet Strauss amply displays his genius in the final unmasking and humiliation of Lerchenau—in a scene ringing with all the hurried and mad stress of a comic situation piled mountain high with tawdry and insatiable jeers. The fundamental error of Hofmannsthal is only too apparent in the development of the plot—for the Marschallin wins and holds our sympathy to the end, while Sophie von Faninal is utterly colorless and inane, wanting in the indispensable charm needed to divert the fancy of Octavian from his erstwhile love, the Marschallin. And so the opera, despite the numerous and many-hued allurements of Strauss's over-scored music, ends on a note of inconclusiveness.

And yet, it must be said that, once again, Strauss has displayed a versatility, a power of mastering an untried medium, that excites one's wonder and admiration. Let him but find a more significant librettist, let him but temper his exuberance of virtuosity to the lyric simplicities of a more modern and representative theme, and we may expect from him the greatest comic opera of our day and generation.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF CUBA

SYDNEY BROOKS

CUBA of late has come in for a good deal of attention, not all of it by any means well-informed, at the hands of the American press, and many alarmist rumors have found their way into print. We have been assured, for instance, that the spirit of faction was rapidly undermining the Republic, that the people were excited by tales of the enormous wealth their rulers were said to be amassing through the sale of franchises to foreign speculators, that an insurrection was brewing, and that the United States had made preparations for another intervention. Secretary Knox on July 18, in order, as he said, "to put an end, once for all, to unwarranted political innuendo," issued a statement explicitly denying that the subject of intervention had even been under consideration by the American Government; and since then this particular item of gossip has somewhat lost its savor among the quidnuncs. There remains, however, an ill-defined but disquieting suspicion that all is not well with the Cuban Government, that "General" Acevedo's attempt at a rising early in August, farcical as it was, was none the less a symptom of a deep unrest, and that while there may be nothing to which one can definitely point as likely to justify the American Government in taking an active hand in the affairs of the island, the general run of events is against the probability that a self-governing Cuban Republic will be able to maintain itself much longer. I venture, therefore, as an Englishman who has recently toured from one end of the island to the other, investigating at first hand its political and economic conditions, to set forth some of the conclusions and impressions formed during my visit.

The first thing that strikes one on journeying through Cuba, in towns and villages alike, is that few countries have an external aspect of greater health and cleanliness. The Cuban death-rate as a matter of fact is the lowest but one in the world and it was almost bewildering to be forced to realize that Havana,

with the terror of whose name all Europe and America have rung for three hundred years and more, is to-day no longer a fever den, but one of the favorite health and tourist resorts of the West Indies. American energy and example and Cuban docility and good sense have to be thanked for a transformation that is nothing less than a medical and sanitary miracle. If Americans had never done anything else for the island they would deserve its lasting gratitude for having put the fear of dirt into the Cuban people. It is not the Platt Amendment that keeps the Cubans scouring and flushing their streets and installing water supplies and sewage systems. It is simply that they have learned that such things pay for themselves a thousand times over. Yellow fever has become not merely obsolete but virtually impossible and I do not believe that any questions of sanitation will ever again oblige the United States to intervene in Cuban affairs. In tracing yellow fever to its source and showing how it could be prevented the Americans made the most important contribution to the science of public health since the discovery of vaccination. It was a contribution not made in vain. The Cuban people have assimilated and appreciated its incalculable blessings and it has now become second nature with them to preserve and extend them.

On this foundation of minute and scientific attention to the problems of modern sanitation, the Cubans, since Spain relinquished the island, have built up a commercial prosperity that is little less than marvellous. "No better field for the expenditure of capital could be wished for," wrote Mr. James Bryce after visiting Cuba a few years ago; and I have no hesitation in subscribing to and repeating his statement to-day. The island presents some remarkable contrasts that in a sense are the measure of its possibilities. It is one of the most accessible spots on earth, and yet one of the most neglected. It is situated on one of the most crowded and famous of trade routes, and yet capital and modern science are only just beginning to explore its resources. There is perhaps no territory of its size in the whole world so richly endowed with potential wealth, yet only about one-fifteenth of the island is under any sort of cultivation, and its population hardly numbers more than two millions. In the

eastern provinces especially the disparity between the enormous storehouse of natural wealth that only waits to be unlocked, and the scarcity of men, money and highways to unlock it, is palpable even to the most careless traveller. Only a few years ago Havana was better known than Cuba, the average visitor rarely got beyond Matanzas, and the eastern end of the island was almost as much an uncleared wilderness as it was in Columbus' day. But the energy and daring of Sir William Van Horne in driving his railroad through the heart of the country, and in opening up districts that were previously as remote from one another and as inaccessible as though they had been separated by continents instead of kilometres, have changed all that; and it is now beyond question that the agricultural and industrial future of Cuba lies in its eastern provinces, and that Nuevitas and Antilla on the north coast and Santiago on the south will one day seriously dispute the ascendancy of Havana. Already it is open to any well-organized concern, exercising no more than moderate intelligence, to establish itself on the virgin, humid and incomparably productive soil of the eastern parts, and in five or six years to build up a great and flourishing industry in sugar, timber or fruit. The thing has been done in at least half-a-dozen instances that I could give, and it will be done oftener still as settlers multiply, means of communication spread, credit becomes plentiful, the latifundia are broken up, and titles to land are clothed in a greater security. These are the crying needs of the island in the sphere of economic development and legislation. The question of promoting the right sort of immigration; the question of inducing or forcing the owners of vast estates that now lie derelict, impassable and unimproved, and that are of no present benefit either to their proprietors or to the community, to bring their land into the market or develop it themselves; the question of placing a tax on unimproved land and devoting its proceeds to the construction of highways; the question of clearing up the tangled obscurity that surrounds titles; and the question of furnishing a supply of cheap credit—the present rate of interest in Cuba averages 10 per cent.—are all problems that will have to be settled before the island can attain to a prosperity commensurate with its resources.

It is safe to say that no one as yet has any idea of the wealth

the "Pearl of the Antilles" is capable of producing. It is only now that its resources are being systematically surveyed, and the work of exploiting them has hardly more than begun. Yet Cuba in 1910, with a sugar crop considerably smaller than that of the previous year, handled a foreign trade, exports and imports combined, of over \$250,000,000. The rise in the value of real estate all over the island, the opening up of the Eastern Provinces by the Cuba Railroad, the seemingly inexhaustible fertility of the soil—Cuba has scarcely yet found it necessary even to experiment with fertilizers—the disappearance of yellow fever, the growing volume of tourists and immigrants, the nearness and permanence of the American market which Cuban produce enters on preferential terms, the capital and energy that are pouring in to develop the sugar industry by consolidating existing mills and plantations and by laying down newly-cleared soil in cane, the opportunities that almost daily force themselves upon one's notice for the planter, the small-holder and the promoter to extend the area under crops and to equip the cities with modern conveniences—all these are the tokens or causes of a prosperity that seems to me to rest on the strongest, because the most natural, foundations. Some \$500,000,000 have been invested in Cuba in the past twelve years, mainly by Americans and Englishmen. My impression decidedly is that twice as much could be invested without over-stimulating the productivity of the island. Consider, for instance, the position and prospects of Cuba's greatest industry, sugar. Practically all the sugar that Cuba produces goes to the United States, and the consumption of sugar in America is increasing in a faster ratio than that of any other land. The United States now uses some 3,350,000 tons of sugar a year. Less than a decade hence she will require over 5,000,000 tons. Where is it to come from? Hawaii, Porto Rico and Louisiana seem to be reaching the limit of their production; the growth of beet sugar in the Western States, owing to the high price of labor, a scarcity of suitable lands, and the competition of more profitable crops, proceeds very slowly; in the Philippines exceptional and hitherto insoluble difficulties have to be overcome before cane sugar can be cultivated at a profit; and it appears therefore reasonable to expect that the United States will have more and

more to depend for her supply of this staple commodity upon Cuba and that Cuba alone is capable of the development that will be needed to cope with American demands. The soil and climate of Cuba are as admirably fitted for the cultivation of sugar as of tobacco; there are many parts of the island, I believe, where without irrigation or the use of fertilizers, the cane has been raised profitably and unintermittently on the same piece of land for a hundred years; there are many other parts where no replanting is necessary more than once in ten years; the supply of labor is ample, tractable and traditionally skilled; ten thousand square miles of Cuban land suitable for sugar are reported as awaiting development; and the last few years have shown that joint stock companies working in Cuba on a large scale, with plenty of capital, modern scientific methods and machinery and expert managers, can produce the best and cheapest cane sugar in the world, and, if put to it, could even undersell their beet rivals in the markets of Europe. That is a good instance of what I meant when I said that Cuba's prosperity seemed to me to rest on the strongest, because the most natural, foundations. And it is far from being the only one. In the extension of the railroad system, in the furnishing of the cities with the accessories of an up-to-date civilization, such as telephones, electric light, hotels, transportation services and so on, in tobacco growing, stock raising, the lumber industry, fruit and vegetable cultivation, and the utilization of the native supplies of sponges and textile plants—in all these directions there are great opportunities awaiting both the large capitalist and the small one.

The material future of Cuba, in short, may be taken as a thing assured. But unquestionably the pace at which it develops will be affected by the course of politics and the internal tranquillity or otherwise of the island. How do matters stand in that regard? Will the Cuban Republic endure or will it follow in the familiar footsteps of most Spanish-American experiments in self-government and perish in the morass of corruption, faction and disorder? Is the Cuban Government making the mistake that Diaz made in Mexico—granting concessions too lavishly, paying too much attention to the development of the country by foreign capital and too little to the economic needs and social

conditions of its own people? Is it secure against the familiar peril of a *pronunciamento*? Is it, as many American journals are constantly assuring the world that it is, so wasteful and extravagant or so permeated with the spirit of graft as to be sowing the seed of a financial crisis that will precipitate its own downfall and necessitate American intervention? Does the Platt Amendment further or obstruct the aim and hope which I believe practically all Americans have at heart—that Cuba should manage her own affairs in her own way and that so long as she conducts herself with what Mr. Roosevelt used to call “decency,” she should be free from American interference? These are all questions that demand an impartial and sympathetic investigation. I regret to observe, however, that they are but too frequently treated by the American press in a way that is neither impartial nor sympathetic. Americans, indeed, as it seems to me, are heavily handicapped in their efforts to see the Cuban situation as it really is by the fact that some powerful American interests in the island openly desire and work for another American intervention, that their views and wishes coincide with those of the correspondents who furnish the American papers with practically all the cable despatches from Havana, and that the Cuban news which the ordinary American reads is thus colored by hopes, prejudices, ambitions and prepossessions that inevitably tend to give the island what the French call “a bad press” and to make its conditions and prospects appear far gloomier than they really are.

One of the first things to be noted in considering the political position of Cuba is that from two at least of the principal causes of Spanish-American turmoil the island is permanently immune. Cuba cannot go to war nor can she indulge in the financial caprices that have earned Venezuela and Nicaragua a noxious immortality. She has no neighbors to go to war with and the Platt Amendment, in default of the natural good sense of the people and their rulers, imposes a limit on her bonded indebtedness. Then, again, the United States retains the right to intervene “for the preservation of Cuban independence and the maintenance of a Government adequate for the protection of life, property and individual liberty.” With such a power as the United States in

the near background, vitally concerned for commercial, financial, strategic and sanitary reasons in Cuba's good behavior, prompt to suppress disorder, and with an ultimate veto power over her financial conduct, it would seem as though the experiment of self-government were being tried under more promising conditions in Cuba than obtain anywhere else in or around the southern hemisphere. Nevertheless in the nature of things a Cuban Republic cannot be other than an experiment. To take a people one-third of whom are negroes and two-thirds illiterate, who have but just emerged from four centuries of political torpor and servitude, who have never had a chance of training themselves in the business of government, who have an inherited disposition, intensified by their lamentable history, toward faction and indiscipline, and who live in a climate which, while delightful for a transient visitor, must in the long run have an enervating influence on physical energy and will power: to take these people, and after holding them down for four years under a stunning cataract of ordinances and reforms, to present them with a republic and a constitution, and expect them to work it on a basis of universal suffrage—this, surely, is a proceeding such as only our own sublime age of faith in machinery could have conceived or witnessed. Yet that is how the Americans treated the Cubans and that is how the Cuban Republic came into being. In judging its failures and successes, its genesis and the material it has to work upon must always be remembered. It is preposterous to expect from Cuba in her present stage of development the same political methods and principles that one looks for, without, however, always finding, in English-speaking countries. Such a test is much too severe. The Cubans have a realistic sense of nationality, they prize their independence, they are doing their best to make that most difficult political venture, a self-governing Cuban Republic, succeed. But their efforts must be weighed in the light of their past and by comparison with other Spanish-American countries. To expect them, with all their limitations and temptations, wholly to evade the scourge of political corruption which has fastened on communities far older, more experienced, more highly civilized and more homogeneous than theirs, is to expect the impossible. What, however, I do feel able to assert, and

with some confidence, is, first, that such graft as exists in Cuba is smaller and not larger in amount than any man of experience would anticipate; secondly, that in spite of it, and partly no doubt because of it, the island is going rapidly ahead; and thirdly, that it would have to be far more extensive than it is before it became a menace to the stability of the Republic.

The Cuban Government is undoubtedly an expensive government. But the government of any country of great actual and greater potential wealth, which has long lain derelict and unimproved and is now for the first time being brought into the movement of the world's capital and powers of development, must necessarily be expensive. There is the neglect of centuries to be made good and the temptation to attempt too much, to develop too rapidly, is hard to resist. Nor, I may add, did the Americans do anything during Governor Magoon's administration to convince the Cubans that the temptation ought to be resisted. On the contrary, they threw the money about with an amazing prodigality, and the Cubans can hardly be blamed if, at a humble distance, they follow in the footsteps of their friends and deliverers. Apart from the sums voted with compulsory generosity to pay off the soldier's claims, I cannot see that Cuba has been extravagant in incurring loans or that the yearly expenses of her Government, under all the circumstances, are excessive. Economists would no doubt point to the fact that 70 per cent. of her revenue is raised indirectly as a blemish, but they would also admit that for many years to come the Cubans will probably be well advised to raise the money needed for carrying on the Republic in the ways that rouse the least popular antagonism.

It is extremely difficult for a casual visitor like myself to determine how far the innumerable tales of graft and corruption with which he is regaled in Havana rest on any foundation of fact. Some that I examined with great thoroughness proved to be devoid of any but an imaginative basis. Others no doubt had a substratum of truth; and the rough conclusion I came to was, that while it would be absurd to deny the existence of graft in Cuba, it would be easy to overestimate its extent, and that Havana habitually does the latter. The Cubans have never trusted those set in authority above them, whether they were

Spaniards, Americans or their own people. They take it for granted that all politicians and officeholders are feathering their own nests and that all franchises and concessions represent jobbery and bribery of some kind; and unquestionably it would be difficult, solely on the ground of public interests, to account for some of the concessions that have recently been granted to foreign, principally American and British, syndicates. But one must remember, first, that the gossip of the Havana cafés, while a vociferous, is a restricted, phenomenon and does not reach, or if it reaches, does not greatly interest, the people at large; and secondly, that, as I have already said, the taint of corruption will have to go much further than it has yet advanced in Cuba before it begins to rot the body politic. It is a danger, but not yet a menacing one.

Politics in Cuba, so far as I was able to diagnose them, seemed to be very much what one would expect—a struggle, that is to say, not of opposing policies, still less of opposing principles, but of the Ins and the Outs, and full of personal and factional contentiousness: an affair of deals and accommodations on a basis of a division of the offices and spoils. There are always perils in such a state of things; and if a powerful ring were to seize the government and were to display a regrettable, but not inconceivable, “hoggishness” in the matter of emoluments and perquisites, legitimate and otherwise, the results might be very serious. But at any rate since the last American intervention this has not happened and the probabilities are that Cuban, like Spanish and Portuguese and most South American, politics, will gradually adjust themselves to a system of rotation in office, which will give each of the principal parties a fair turn and maintain the outward forms of democracy at least as fully as they were maintained in New York in the palmy days of Tammany control. It complicates both the economic and the political situation in Cuba that most of the land and practically all the railways, industrial enterprises and trading establishments in the country should be owned by foreigners—Americans, Englishmen, and Spaniards chiefly—whose concern in affairs of state is limited to their material interests and is mostly of a backstairs character; while the Cubans themselves, playing a subordinate part in the commercial

and industrial life of their country—being, in fact, employees in the service of aliens—are supreme only in the field of politics, a province which they are not particularly well qualified by education, experience or training to occupy. The result is that the Cuban Government finds itself powerfully solicited to become a Government of “the interests” and not of “the people,” and that many influential corporations believe that only American intervention will give them the security that is the ultimate condition of all commercial progress.

I often heard it questioned in Cuba whether the Republic could survive a long-continued period of commercial depression. This, and the possibility of a political feud leading to a rising, are apparently the dangers that locally are most feared. That the army or the rural guards would ever turn against the Government and overthrow it by force, very few people believe. It must be remembered that the American right of intervention operates in one way very harshly. A discontented politician has only to take to the woods with a handful of followers, and destroy a few sugar mills or blow up a railway station or two, to make it appear as though a case had arisen under the Platt Amendment for American intervention. On the other hand, there is nothing the Cuban people so heartily dread and detest as another occupation and government of their island by the Americans; and the fear of it acts as an abiding restraint on their domestic contentions. Moreover, Cuba is admirably policed, and the present Government has shown that it has both the will and the means to repress disorder. But the greatest safeguard of public tranquillity is the material prosperity of the island. Outside of Havana, which in many ways is as unrepresentative of Cuba as is Paris of France, I found no one who did not utterly scout the idea of another “revolution”; and the final impression I brought away was that, with all its pretty obvious shortcomings, the Cuban Republic was faring as well as any rational man could expect, that it is the form of government which the vast majority of the people prefer, and that it has done little to forfeit, and much to deserve, the sympathetic support of the American people.

THE GARDEN OF RESURRECTION

BEING THE LOVE STORY OF AN UGLY MAN

E. TEMPLE THURSTON

BOOK I

CHAPTER XVII (*Continued*)

“**Y**OU forget the story,” I said, “the story of Clarissa and the gown of canary-colored satin. Your sitting here now with me is a proof that he was the man I saw. Don’t deceive yourself into any belief to make yourself happy for the moment. Give him up—he’ll only make you miserable; he’s only thinking of marrying you because of what he will get by you. Give him up, go back to Dominica, break your heart for a month or two if you must. It’ll heal again. You’re in love with love, far more than you’re in love with him. You don’t know it perhaps. How should you! Are you twenty yet? Twenty and a day—not more. How should you know who’s worth loving and who is not? Every girl and every boy falls in love with love, and many a lover must come and go before a girl shall learn which one is worth the beating of her heart. Go back, my dear child, to that home of yours in the sun, where you can dress yourself in all those colors that make you happy; go back and love your love, with an aching heart if you like, until there comes along some better man than he is. You don’t know him—you don’t know anything about him. In that little island of yours, I’ve no doubt he seemed a hero for Romance. But there’s no Romance about him here. All that I say comes coldly from my head. You are only thinking with your heart and, of course, you don’t believe a word I’ve told you. But think again, am I not a far better judge than you? Think again and keep on thinking. I know, but you only feel.”

What I had feared then, came suddenly. She buried her face in her hands, and her shoulders shook to the sobs that were trembling in little broken gasps between her fingers.

I confess it, I looked helplessly about me. The bright light of the sea had grown suddenly somehow gray. Brilliance had gone out of everything. I wished a thousand times to Heaven I had never told her, yet knowing, every time I wished it, that nothing, not even the certain knowledge of her tears, could have stopped me.

At the sound of her crying, Dandy had looked up.

"What is it?" he asked me with his ears.

"For God's sake don't cry like that," said I and, scarce thinking what I did or said, I laid my hand gently on her shoulder and whispered again, "Don't cry like that. It makes me feel so contemptible. I know I have no right to come over all this way just to tell you things that will make you miserable. But I couldn't let it go. Everything seemed driving me to do it, because you were rushing blindly toward such a ghastly reckoning. You don't know the world that he is offering to show you. You think it's all a garden where things grow beautiful; but London, where he's going to take you, is not like that. It's very difficult to find the things that grow beautiful there. Every effort they make in London is not to find the beautiful things, but to forget the ugly ones. The man who sees beauty in a great city like that is called a sentimentalist. They all laugh at him. If you wore your canary-colored satin in the streets, you'd have a crowd of little boys jeering after you. Men and women would laugh into your face. Oh no; do go back to your island of sun and love your love, even if your heart should break. A broken heart need never be a broken spirit. A broken heart can be a brave and a noble thing. And sometimes—remember—it mends. But in London they'd break the spirit in you, as they're trying to break it here—break it so that nothing will ever mend it again. And then you'll begin that awful struggle towards forgetfulness, —a struggle to forget that your spirit is gone, that the world is ugly with sin and shame and misery. And oh, they'll make it so difficult for you to forget. They'll wave placards in front of your eyes telling you that there have been murders in the East

End, that women have died of starvation, that children have been killed at their birth. They'll scream to you from the house-tops that the world is an ugly place. You will go to the theatres you speak of and there they'll tell you that men and women are unfaithful. They'll keep driving into your ears that truth and beauty are at opposite poles of the earth. Never, never for one moment, if they can help it, will they let you forget. You will find those who have even passed the desire of forgetfulness, and that is the last and the worst stage of all. For there are people in London now who only want to remember that the world is ugly. They go to the divorce trials and the murder trials; they rush in crowds to see a horror in the streets. Oh—my dear child—go back—go back to your little island and don't look for the ugliness of the world he wants to show you. Go back, and one day you'll come to learn that I was a friend—the best you ever had.”

How it was, I don't know, but all this time my hand had been upon her shoulder. Suddenly then she shook it off and, brushing the tears from her eyes, rose quickly to her feet.

“I don't believe you!” she cried, and there was that note in her voice as when you try to drown the things you feel with the things you say. “I don't believe you!” she cried again. “You have some reason for saying all this—some reason that I can't see. You want to do him harm—you hate him—I can see you do.”

That struck strangely on my ears, for it was strangely true. She was quite right. I did hate him. I knew then that I did. But I had not come to Ireland because of that. When first I had heard that story, I had been indifferent to him—wholly, almost elaborately, indifferent. It was the injustice, the impending tragedy, that had moved me. But now—I hated him. And how had she found that out? Not from anything I had said. I had not shown it there. Then how——?

“You don't say no to that,” she went on, impetuously. “Why do you hate him? Oh—I suppose you would not tell me—”; and now all that warm blood of hers was lighted in her veins. If, like those girls along the coast of Lombardy, she had carried a dagger in her garter, I should have found the

warm steel of it in my flesh by then. As it was, only her eyes stabbed me, one blow swift after another as you stab the thing you hate.

"So do you think I'm going to listen to a single word you've said? I can hate, and hate more than you. And I hate you for coming to pour those lies into my ears. If I had seen your face that night on the cliffs when you gave me your letter, I should never have come. I hate to look at you. You're ugly—you couldn't tell the truth."

Words failed her then—they choked in her throat. She tried to speak but could not. The only words were in her eyes, and they were glittering like the sun upon a dancing blade of steel.

"Was it necessary to tell me that?" I asked. "I know it so well."

Perhaps it was the quietness of my voice after the storm of hers—whatever it may have been, her eyes were suddenly dimmed. No longer rapier points were glittering there. In place of them came forth a flood of tears. I stepped quickly to her side, whereupon she looked up at me once more.

"Don't touch me again!" she sobbed, "don't touch me again! And never say another word to me as long as you live. Nothing you have told me makes any difference. I love him better than ever—better than anything in the world."

And as she said this, all I can remember thinking was to bless her heart and wonder from what thrilling book in yellow covers had she learnt her words, her love or hatred.

I could have said it aloud, but that moment she had gone. For an instant, too amazed, I watched her climbing the little narrow pathway up the cliff side and then I hurried after her.

"Let me help you up," said I, imperatively. "You can't get up here alone."

So I climbed before her and stretched down my hand which, without question, she took confidingly in her fingers. And I clasped them, saying nothing. I had touched her once more. It is never wise to let a woman know how human she is.

The moment she reached the level path once more, I found my hand empty. With a sudden movement she had drawn her

fingers away and, without a word of good-bye, had turned her face toward Ballysheen.

"Had you better walk back alone?" I asked.

"I came alone," said she, over her shoulder.

"You would rather I did not come with you?"

At first I thought she would not answer that, but suddenly she whipped round, showing me the anger in her eyes once more.

"I shall ask God to-night," she said, "that I shall never see you again."

Against my will that made me smile. She would ask God! Indeed, she was just one of those little creatures who in their loves or hatreds would ask a Deity to help them.

I sat down then by the path's edge. At my side sat Dandy, and together—just as once we had looked after the little nursery maid—we watched Clarissa out of sight. When at last she turned the corner and disappeared, I leant forward, my elbows on my knees, staring at the sea. It was not the sea that filled my eyes. All that I beheld was a picture of Clarissa on her knees, asking God that she should never see me again.

CHAPTER XVIII

It must be by the light of a great confidence in himself that a man rejoices in fatalism. As I walked along the cliffs that morning to meet Clarissa, the beating of my heart was high. For that one hour I had believed in Fate, in the imperishable reason in all things. But as I saw her pass round the distant corner and vanish out of sight, the whole order of the world was plunged in chaos. I began to ask myself what freak of circumstance had sent me out upon such an errand of folly.

By the very movement of her body, the very temper of her step, as I watched her walking back to Ballysheen, I knew that I had awakened in her a living despot of determination.

Women are like that. Nothing will alter them. It proves to me conclusively how little I know of their nature when I brought reason and a spirit of logic along with me to urge Clarissa to the sacrifice of her romance. For it is not with women that

they are unreasonable. To be reasonable, one must know what reason is. Now I would swear that, as a sex, they do not know the first meaning of the word. Their intelligence is of another, perhaps a higher, order altogether. Reason, with a woman, only aggravates her to determination. Intuition, on the other hand, with a man, aggravates him to obstinacy. That is why I think—and maybe I am wrong—that the order of a woman's intelligence is higher than that of a man's. Determination is the better part of obstinacy.

Now I had aggravated Clarissa to determination. In those few moments of her anger she had left all her timidity, all her childlikeness, behind her. So far from increasing the doubt of him, which I know must have been already in her mind, I had in one simple movement—the relation of my story—swept it utterly away. She believed in and loved him then more wholly and completely than she had ever done before, and, as I thought it all out, point by point, along the rigid line of logic, I came to the conclusion that God and my mother had not qualified me for so deft and delicate a business as the meddling with a woman's heart.

“Dandy,” said I, presently, “we'd better get back to lunch. We've made hopeless fools of ourselves. It's not losing a woman to see no more of her. We should not have lost, we should have won her, if she'd gone back to Dominica. But we've lost her utterly now. Unless—unless——” the hope of it leapt suddenly into my mind—“unless he never marries her.”

It was one of those things too great and generous in circumstance to count upon. No sooner did it enter my thoughts, than back came the picture of Clarissa—a child by her bedside upon her knees—praying God that she would never see me again; at which, when I had contemplated it for a moment, I rose quickly to my feet.

“Dandy,” I said again, “we'd better get back to London.” Therefore, taking the tone of my voice, he fell behind disconsolately to my heels and, in silence, we walked back to Ballysheen. Only once did I look round at him. It was when a rabbit scurried across the path in front of us. Then I turned my head.

"Did you see him?" said I.

He stood still and stared up into my face.

"I did," said he, "but I didn't want to."

I know that feeling so well. I was quite aware I had to go back to lunch. God knows I did not want to.

CHAPTER XIX

There is something in common between Bellwattle and Dandy. I cannot easily describe it, but I find a strange resemblance. It lies, I think, in their powers of intuition, for whereas Dandy takes the color of his mood from the subtlest tone of my voice, it is with Bellwattle that she knows my mood before I have so much as uttered a single word.

As I walked up the drive—a broad shingle walk, so called because it enables Quin's car to come immediately to the front door—I was thinking of all that had taken place that morning; trying to justify it in my mind with any reasonable scheme of things, however remote. To what purpose had I heard that story in the restaurant? With what object had that poor child of ill-fortune been induced to shelter in the very doorway which I must pass? Or, granting that as reasonable enough, why had she spoken to me—and, speaking, why had she appealed to me for charity? There were many things she might have said, less calculated to catch my sympathy than to ask me for her cab fare home—things at which I should have hurried by rather than hear. But no—she had caught the moment's speculation of my mind, and, out of my conversation with her, had grown the belief that I was meant to save Clarissa from destruction.

Lunch was not yet ready, for I could see Cruikshank still in the garden, wherefore I stood there for some minutes in the drive, trying to puzzle it out, to fit it into some logical order of events upon such lines as you might expect so complicated a matter to be planned. But it would not go. A set of beads there was, a thread too whereon to string them. But with all the wishing in the world, I could not make a pattern bringing the faintest understanding to my mind.

I knew, as truly as the Fate which had brought them to-

gether, that nothing but misery and disillusionment could come of Clarissa's union with that boy in London. But I had failed to persuade her to go back to Dominica without him. How utterly I had failed, no one but I, who know how truly I had hoped for it, can ever realize. Then why had the little nursery maid ever induced in me a mood? Why had my mood been played upon by that story in the restaurant? Why had the story been visualized to me by the meeting with that little creature in the doorway? In a word, why in the name of God, had I come to Ireland at all?

What I can have done as I put that final question to myself, I do not know. Some gesticulation I must have made; some movement which had betrayed my thoughts and the utter despondency of my mind. Whatever it could have been, I was made suddenly conscious of Bellwattle's voice calling to me from the window of her bedroom.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

I looked up, and found her standing at the window drying her hands.

"What should be the matter?" said I, and I came to take my stand below the window, looking up.

"Why that terrible sigh?" she inquired, "on a day like this?"

"I wasn't aware of it," I replied.

"It's all the worse for that. Is something the matter?"

I tried to read her face. It was not quite inscrutable. I had that irritating sensation of believing I was very near to the knowledge of her thoughts; near, yet far enough away to be utterly unable to translate them. It was almost safe to suppose that she knew I had been to meet Clarissa. But how could she possibly realize all that had happened? So I stood there silent for a moment, waiting while I considered how far I could decoy her from the truth. I did not know then, so well as I know now, that the truth itself is the only thing with which to mislead a woman's intuition. All that lies behind deception she can so easily detect. It is the truth behind the truth which confuses her.

"Is anything the matter?" she repeated, gently; and then

I was forced to such strategy as I was capable of. How could I tell her what had happened? God knows I had been fool enough to try; but my folly, now that I had failed, was not the sort to be softened by sympathy. A fool and his money may soon be parted. It is his folly which clings to him, and not the gentlest fingers in the world can ease him of his load.

"There's nothing the matter," said I. "Perhaps I'm tired. I got up early this morning."

She looked down at me with those generous, straight eyes of hers, and she said: "Then you won't tell me?"

"If there were anything the matter," I began, "I can think of no one——"

I looked up to conclude my sentence, but she had gone. The window was empty. Over a matter of this sort evidently she would waste no time. No doubt she was quite right. My saying that nothing was the matter meant that I had no intention of telling her and, it being only men who throw time away upon curiosity—and that mainly by asking questions—she had let me talk to myself rather than listen to my useless evasions. So, at least, I understood her sudden departure, therefore I, too, turned away, and Cruikshank joined me.

"After lunch," said he, "I shall begin bedding out my stocks."

"After lunch?" said I. "In London they only think up to a meal. I don't think I'll have any lunch at all."

He took me by the arm.

"Appetite going?" he inquired, sympathetically.

I suddenly remembered his surprise at my empty porridge dish, realizing that here he imagined he had discovered the first starvation symptoms of an unrequited passion. That was more than I could stand.

"Oh—I'll come and eat with you," said I. "There's nothing the matter with my appetite. Getting up early has given me a headache—that's all."

So we went in to lunch together, when Bellwattle was quite wonderful. No longer did she treat me to her sympathy. Instead, we heard from her some of those wild schemes and fancies which take possession of her mind, I suppose, in such moments

as when she gazes into far distances, or in the strange hours of her day when she is alone and talks in animated conversation with herself.

And so she talked on all through that lunch-time. I could never have dreamed, from the rippling stream of her conversation, that she had ever been curious to know what was the matter with me. But then, when in a sudden silence I announced that I must be drawing my visit to a close her eyes lit up with a burning fire of questions, not one of which she asked. For the moment she was content and clever enough to let Cruikshank interrogate me. At first he refused all hearing of it.

"But you forget," said I, "I can't live on here for ever. Next Friday makes my fifth week."

"It might make your fiftieth," said he. "We don't care."

I laughed. These dear people are too hospitable to know what hospitality means.

"I'll wait till the end of the week," said I, "then I must get back."

"That's only three days!" they exclaimed in a chorus of disgust.

"It'll be more than five weeks since I came," said I. "No—I must be off by then."

"Is there anything—?" began Cruikshank, and then Bellwattle interrupted. I could see she did not think it safe to let him continue any longer. In matters of judgment where the heart is concerned, men are not to be relied upon. They thought, no doubt, that I had been disappointed in my little love affair, wherefore, Bellwattle demanded that I should be left to her, and under the table she kicked Cruikshank meaningly upon the ankle. I happen to know that, because it was my ankle which received the blow. When, then, he took no notice of her signal, she came to the conclusion that as a race, men were the most obtuse animals God ever thought of, and rising from the table she asked me to smoke a cigarette with her in the garden.

"What are you going to do with me?" said I.

She made no answer till we came to the little nut walk at the bottom of the garden. Then she turned and looked me in the face.

"Is this decision unalterable?" she asked.

I nodded my head.

"When you're miserable do you always want to go and be alone?"

In the tone of her voice I felt the shadow of what was coming. She was going to make this the last and most determined bid for my confidence. I was no less determined to tell her nothing. What good could it do? There may be a certain beauty in sympathy which makes any abasement worth while, but so far as I am concerned it is a quality in human beings I have done without for so long, that a childish sense of dignity has double its value to me.

Now it would have been most undignified to tell any one of the folly of my adventure, or to seek to gain their sympathy because it had failed. The real tragedy of failure is not its want of success; it is the knowledge that you may not tell it to a soul. Therefore, I said boldly that I was quite happy, and not so far below my breath as that she might not hear, I hummed the catchy fragment of a tune.

"Then, why are you suddenly going?"

"Because," said I, "there is a difference between a visit and an infliction. I want to be asked again. I don't want to stay on until you really will be glad to see the last of me."

"Why do you talk nonsense to me?" she inquired. "Do you think I forget things? Do you think I've forgotten what you said to me on the cliffs that day we went to see the cottage?"

"What did I say?"

"'It's not good for man to live alone.' I don't know whether you invented it yourself, but you said it."

"No—that's not mine."

"But you said it?"

"Oh—yes."

"Then, why are you going back to London and leaving us?"

I looked all round the garden and, upon my soul, for the moment I wondered why the deuce I was doing it myself. There was the arabis in blossom, the deep purple tulips, with strong, straight shafts of green, were standing in their rows in orderly array, as though a Roman emperor were passing down their

lines. The faint breath of a wandering breeze just caught them and, as they bowed, I heard the sound of distant music in the emperor's train. But that was only fancy, and it was not for a fancy alone that I marvelled at myself or wondered how I could bring myself to leave it. There was the whole breadth and length of the sea, the whole vast arena of the sky, the great sweep of the cliffs, which no line of purple tulips could compass, with which no snow of arabis could compare. And for the cramped spaces in a city, no matter how immense, I was going to leave it all—all consciousness of freedom, all remembrance of my heritage of life—just that I might pursue that bitter pleasure of forgetfulness.

"Don't ask me," said I. "I suppose when they say that you hear London calling to you, there's something in it. It has a voice—you can't deny it."

"Yes—and who was it who didn't put wax in his ears, but got his men to tie him up so he could hear the women singing?"

"It was Ulysses," said I; "but it doesn't apply in my case. The song of London after this is a raucous melody to me. It's here the voices sing."

Her eyes were full of tenderness as she looked at me. I was getting my sympathy after all, and that without any expenditure of my childish dignity. Oh, women are generous creatures! If they cannot make a bargain with their hearts, then they offer them in both hands—and for nothing.

When I saw that look, I had the audacity to take her hand.

"Don't ask me anything more," said I, "let me put the wax in my ears and get back to my little theatres. I shall be happy enough when I take my seat once more in the Park and see the play begin. Next year perhaps I'll come back for a week or two, when there are not so many fish as we've caught in the last few weeks."

I said that for her to laugh at, but she did not even smile. Instead, she took her hand away from mine and her lips set firmly in determination.

"Very well," said she, "tell me nothing. It's not the way to treat a woman when she really wants to know. But you'll learn that as you get older."

"I shall never learn anything about women," said I.

She shrugged her shoulders and began to walk back to the house.

"Was that a threat?" I called after her.

"It was whatever you'll find it," said she.

I ran down the path and caught her up.

"What do you mean?" I asked. "What are you going to do?"

"You don't understand my tone of voice, I suppose?" she replied.

I admitted I did not, whereupon she made a statement that I shall carry back with me to London and remember for the rest of my days.

"Every woman," said she, "has her little idios-an-crazes"; and she walked on into the house.

CHAPTER XX

For a little while that afternoon I watched Cruikshank bedding out his stocks. He has evidently been warned to be very careful what he says about my going. I gather that from the fact that he leaves the subject severely alone. It shows a discretion on his part which, while it may be the better part of valor, has an irritating way of defeating its own ends. I can imagine all they have been saying about Clarissa and myself, while Cruikshank, hiding his head under the sand of silence, is patting himself on the back in the belief that I cannot see all he knows.

It was thinking of this hidden head of his that made me ask him did his back not ache over the labors of a garden.

"When I began," said he, "I used to think I was an old man. I don't notice it now."

After a pause, during which he never stopped working, I inquired when the stocks would blossom.

"Late June—July—August—part of September."

It was saying just as little as he could, and I am not surprised, for all true gardeners hate interruption. It was saying so little, but, my heavens! it was saying so much. Late June—July—August—part of September. What abundant, what extravagant

generosity! The only other living things in the world as generous as that are women.

"Do you remember walking round the Quad," said I, "and talking about women?"

He looked up quickly over his shoulder. Of course, the question was a startling one to him. He had not followed my train of thought.

"Why? Why?" he repeated.

I turned away on my heel.

"Why? Oh—I don't know. We thought we knew so much about them, didn't we? All of us begin as teachers in the temple, and the best of us end by being clowns in a booth."

I looked back at him once as I passed out of the garden. He was standing up, with the tiny root of a stock in his hand, and his face was a picture of bewilderment.

Before I had decided upon any direction to follow, I found myself down by the long, low curve of strand marking the bend of the bay of Ballysheen. From the first moment that I saw it, it reminded me of Browning's *Night and Morning*:

A mile of warm sea-scented beach,
Two fields to cross till a farm appears.

For there is the mile of sand as though it had been measured to his pen. There, too, are the low-lying fields and the long white farmhouse with its roof of thatch. Whenever they put their lamp in those farmhouse windows as the evening light draws in, I think as well of "the quick blue spurt of a match," of the "two hearts beating each to each."

The farm belongs to one named Power, whose land, some fifty acres of pasture fields and corn, stretches inland behind and around the house. It was there, through all his fields, I wandered, letting my feet take me as they wished. It seemed I had no intention left in all the world, except that I was determined upon one thing. I would not return to the house to tea. They might suppose what they liked about my appetite, but I could bear no longer the thought of keeping silent to the generous inquisition of Bellwattle's desire for my confidence. There were all the reasons in the world, I know, why I should tell her everything;

but that fear in me of being thought a fool, added to the knowledge of that which she had already told Cruikshank, would be more than I could stand. Of course, she would think me a fool. Any woman would think so of a man who undertakes knight-errantry with such equipment as is mine.

When, therefore, it came to tea-time, I sat down behind a tree of hawthorn, white with blossom, just looking into the heart of the country which I knew I should not see again for many a month to come.

It was then as I sat there, that I saw the figure of General Ffrench approaching. Another instant and Dandy would have been alongside of him, master at once of those ceremonies of friendly overture which he knows so well how to conduct. My hand upon his collar came not a moment too soon.

"Lie down, you young devil!" said I, below my breath, for the old gentleman was following a beaten track through the field from which, if he did but continue it, I should escape his notice. For four weeks I had avoided hearing of the old queen's reception in Dublin, and it was not in my mind to listen to it then. So I held Dandy severely by the collar and he passed us by. It was not the sort of treatment Dandy appreciated. He has a passionate curiosity about human beings. Never a man can pass along a lonely road but what he must go and speak to him. He sniffs in a tentative way at his legs and then, if satisfied, drops his voice to a confidential whisper, whereupon the man always turns and looks at me with a kindly smile in his eyes, which vanishes no sooner than he properly has sight of me. I suspect it is that Dandy is endeavoring to persuade him what a splendid fellow I am, which, apparently, he has every good intention to believe, until he turns to find me as I am.

When, then, Dandy found himself a prisoner, compelled to watch this strange two-legged creature go by without any of his customary amenities, he twisted his head first this way and then that, till I thought he would wring his own neck in his collar.

"Keep still, you little fool!" I whispered.

He looked back piteously over his shoulder into my face.

"It's a man," he whined.

"I know that," said I.

"But he's got a gun."

"He's only got one cartridge," I replied with triumph. "You watch him."

And we watched—Dandy breathlessly, I, with that calm confidence born of a superior knowledge. It was Dandy who expected him to raise his gun at the slightest provocation and blow the very heavens to pieces, when, collar or no collar, he would have been off into the fields, dancing here, there and everywhere without the faintest conception of what he was doing. But I knew better than that. The old gentleman moved slowly and stealthily, as one who is following the subtle and intricate workings of a trail. Just to see him made me think of the days at school with a Latin grammar outside the desk and the story of Sioux Indians within. To manipulate the reading of the one with an apparently engrossing study of the other, is no mean feat. First, your face assumes that consternation which comes with the sudden remembrance that you have forgotten something—up goes the flap of the desk—but what does it matter? It was all so very long ago. I don't suppose I could do it now for five minutes without immediate discovery. It was of a Sioux Indian, anyhow, that the old general reminded me. He had that way of walking. There was just that watchful poise of the head. You might have thought, to see him, that he was close upon the tracks of a giant grizzly instead of some poor little rabbit, which must sit up motionless for at least a minute before he would consent to shoot.

It was the sight of this old man, sparing and ever sparing his last cartridge, that made me feel the poverty of Ireland more than any roofless cottage or empty mill. I compared it for the instant with the men at Monte Carlo, blazing away their cartridges at the frightened pigeons, jerking the empty cases with easy callousness on to the ground. I had no doubt this old fellow would take home his empty case and keep it on a shelf in some lumber cupboard, looking at it reminiscently from time to time, rejoicing in the remembrance of the many days of sport it had brought him. You may be sure this was not the first time he had come out with that cartridge which the money for those tomatoes

had acquired for him. I can imagine there is plenty of sport in such a case without firing a single shot.

He certainly found enough to keep him alert that afternoon. Times out of number he raised the gun swiftly to his shoulder. There were three breathless moments when he steadied himself as he took aim; but either it was that the rabbit did not sit still long enough, or he knew that he had lost that cunning of his younger days; whatever it was, the world was quite still; the heavens were not blown to pieces. He never fired once.

For an hour I think I must have sat under that hawthorn bush with the everlasting expectation of a sudden thunder of sound. It never came. And then, as I rose to my feet to return home, he appeared once more in sight. This time he saw me. There was no escaping him then. Dandy rushed back to meet him; sniffed suspiciously at the barrel of his gun; asked him in as many words all about it. On this occasion, I imagine he said not a single word about me.

"Any sport?" I asked, as he came up with me.

He shook his head.

"Not a single rabbit anywhere," said he.

You see, everybody has his little sense of dignity. I am not alone in the possession of it when I will not tell Bellwattle what a fool I have been. Four times at least before he had passed out of sight I had seen him raise his gun to his shoulder, ready to fire at a rabbit sitting peacefully within twenty yards of him. Then, without a blush to his face, he assures me he has not seen one. But this is the common instinct of a man. He will not be thought a fool. God alone knows how completely he may be one.

"I'm glad to find," said I, "that you're not one of those men who blaze away for the mere sake of shooting."

He took my arm at that.

"You noticed I didn't fire a shot?" said he.

"I should have heard it," said I, "if you had."

"I think," said he, "without flattering myself, that I'm one of those men who have an unusual amount of self-control."

But the moment he had said it, Fate played her pranks with him. There came a rabbit out from the undergrowth to sit blandly on the beaten track in front of us. Up went his gun.

"Keep still!" he muttered, in a horrible whisper.

And then, whether it were by mistake that his finger pulled the trigger or, happening on some odd chance, he thought he had found the sight at once, however it was, he fired. Immediately the rabbit darted back into the undergrowth, and Dandy leapt forward, barking and jumping wildly as though he were responsible for the whole affair. The poor old gentleman blew the smoke disconsolately down the barrel of his gun.

"Must have hit him," said he, "but I can't understand how the deuce he got away."

So firmly, moreover, did he believe it that he tried to set Dandy searching for the poor little beast.

"Fetch him! Fetch him!" said he, and Dandy jumped around from one rabbit-hole to another till he almost made me giddy.

"It was not an easy shot," said I, for I must confess I felt sorry for him. I knew he would never have fired that last cartridge had it not been for me.

"No, it was not easy," he agreed. "I had to be very quick," and then, sorrowfully, he took out the empty cartridge-case. I watched him secretly as he slipped it into the pocket of his coat.

We walked on together up to the village, and all the time, as I knew to be inevitable, he entertained me with his story of the old queen's reception in Dublin. At his own gate we parted, though to this day I scarcely know how I escaped. His desire that I should meet his sister, Mrs. Quigley, was expressed in such inordinate terms of flattery as to make my refusal tantamount to an insult. It was only the fixed determination in my mind to see Clarissa's prison once more before I left Ballysheen that made me adamant.

Why this determination had come to me is more than I can explain. I wanted to catch a last glimpse of her between those white muslin curtains to assure myself perhaps that, complete as my failure might have been, I had not shirked the duty which an unreasonable Destiny had so plainly pointed out to me. I had done my best; moreover, there was yet the slender hope that the wisdom of my words might plant a seed of doubt within her. She might yet refuse to marry him.

But there was a bitterness in that hope for me. If such an event did happen, she would never come to me in gratitude. And it is gratitude from a woman, I think, which makes a deal of difference in the color of the world. For that I had envied my electrician, because, when he gave the little nursery maid his narcissus, she must have said "Thank you." In the same way it is not because I have the faintest shadow of an idea as to how a woman should be dressed, that I would like to clothe her from head to foot. It is to see her strutting before a glass like some peacock on a garden wall, to catch the gleam of perky pleasure in her eye; it is to see her suddenly turn the last of all her peacock little thoughts to you, to hear the sudden rustle of the skirt you have bought, to feel her hand in the glove that you have paid for laid swiftly on your arm and then to hear the voice which only God and a great heart can give her, saying, "You dear old thing, and I'd nearly forgotten to thank you."

I believe she always does forget, just at first. And judging by the men whose faces at such moments I have watched, it must be so much nicer that way. She would not be human if she remembered straight away.

All such gratitude as this then from Clarissa I had lost. Through the dim light behind those white muslin curtains, the utmost I could imagine of her was that she was down upon her knees, praying God that she might never see me again. And when I did reach the house, it was just this picture and no other that my mind painted for me.

Why had I come into her life? But I did not put it that way. I asked myself why she had come into mine. And what is more, I knew that I could answer it. It was because of the terrible loneliness which hemmed her in on every side. That it was which had made its appeal to me. She was more beset with the utter solitude of life even than I. I at least had Dandy. There was Moxon, too, who, if it came to such a pass, would willingly serve me for nothing rather than leave me to myself. But this poor child had no one, and as I gazed up at the cheerless window staring out across the sea I felt that, were it given to me—disfigured as I am—I could bring her nearer to

that mysterious secret of content which needs no qualities of possession to make it clear.

"But that," said I to myself, "is the talk of a child."

"Out of the mouths of babes——" began an urgent voice within me.

"That," said I, emphatically and aloud, "is the talk of a child." To which the voice within me had no more to say.

It was at this moment that I turned away and simultaneously saw the figure of Bellwattle emerge from the front door, hurrying away toward home.

In a dozen steps I had come up with her. Suspicion was working quickly in my mind.

"What have you been doing in there?" I asked.

"Seeing the Miss Fennells," she replied, promptly.

"The Miss Fennells," said I, "are in Youghal, and will not return till late this evening."

"Why did you ask, then?" she replied, and there was the suggestion in her voice that it was I who should be blamed for leading her to tell the lie.

"I asked," said I, "because I wanted to know."

"When you tell a person nothing yourself," she answered, "that's the very worst reason you could have"; and after that I could get her to say no more.

CHAPTER XXI

I am consumed with the belief that something has happened. On the assumption of her instinct alone Bellwattle had taken matters into her own hands. Her visit of the evening before last to the Miss Fennells' house had for its intention a talk with Clarissa. Whether she saw her or not I cannot rightly guess. Somehow it would seem that she did.

After breakfast yesterday morning she called me out into the garden and begged me to stay over the week-end till Tuesday or Wednesday at least. No sooner had she made this request than I turned and faced her.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because we want you to."

"You've said you wanted me to stay an indefinite length of time. But why Tuesday or Wednesday?"

A distressful look came into her eyes as she sought for inspiration to give me answer.

"Must you always have a woman's reason before you grant the favor she is asking?"

"It's good policy," said I.

"Yes—but what's the good of being political with a woman?"

"It needs more than politics," said I, smiling, "if one's going to get the better of her. Can't you tell me why you want me to stay?"

"No—I can't."

"Well, now, that's a reasonable answer," I replied, "for now I know."

"You can know as much as you like if you stay until Wednesday, and then I'll tell you how wrong you were."

So I have agreed, and here it is Sunday morning. As far as is possible I know it has something to do with Clarissa. Beyond that I am absolutely in the dark.

At about eleven o'clock Bellwattle asked me to come out with her for the last time to see the cottage in the hollow, and as we walked up the boreen on our way to the cliff I determined, at the expense even of my honor, to try and surprise her into the truth.

"Being a woman," said I, suddenly, "you really have a greater sense of honor than I have as a man."

She glanced at me oddly with that one suspecting eye.

"You don't think that," she said.

"I'm going to prove it," said I. "I'm going to betray a confidence which was betrayed to me, if you will promise not to turn round and betray my confidence in you."

"Say that all again," she asked.

I repeated it, slowly and simply, word for word.

"And you expect me to keep my promise of secrecy when you and somebody else have broken yours?"

"If you make the promise," said I, "yes. I've said that, being a woman, you have a greater sense of honor than I. I'm

going to prove that I believe it, by putting myself in your hands."

She gazed steadily in front of her. The charm was working well. I could see it in her eyes. After accepting that, there is not a woman in the world who would have given me away.

"Go on," she said, at length.

I paused for a moment to let my words get weight, and then, suddenly, I had it out.

"Why did you tell Cruikshank," I asked, "that I was coming to live in the cottage next year?"

She knew she was in a corner, and she sought to gain time.

"When did he tell you that?" she inquired.

"Some little while ago in the garden. Only after he'd mentioned it did he remember that you had told him not to speak of it. Had he wilfully broken the confidence I shouldn't have said anything about it. But no blame can attach itself to him, and I want to know."

She looked at me for a long time before she answered, after which there came from her one of those little flashes of wisdom wherewith at moments she surprises you so much.

"When a woman hopes for a thing very much," she answered, "she always says that it is going to be. Every woman can bear disappointment. She has to bear it all her life. But you kill her when you take away hope. Men always say the reverse, because they know they can never bear the disappointment. That's the sort of reason why I told Cruikshank you were coming here next year."

That was all the success I got out of my surprising her, an expression of sympathy and appreciation for myself so delicately conveyed that it robbed me of all power to wonder whether it were the truth. She wanted me to come and live there. I wondered then if, when I got back to London, she would accept from me the present of one of those Victorian sun-bonnets to wear when she walks about on these cliffs. On the spur of the moment I asked her.

She laughed out loud, and said I was the oddest man she had ever met. It did not seem so odd to me.

"Will you let me send you one?" said I.

"Of course."

"And you'll wear it?"

"I shall love it."

"Then, when I come next summer," said I, "I shall see you in it."

We were laughing about it after we had reached the cliffs when suddenly there came the figure of a man along the winding path. He was alone, and even though I knew but few of the people in Ballysheen by sight there seemed to me something familiar in his presence there.

"Who's this?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"I've never seen him before," she replied.

But as he came nearer a memory seemed to quiver in my mind. I had seen him. But where? Where? It was as he passed us in silence that I remembered. For in that moment his eyes looked with recognition into mine. In the flash of that moment it all came back. In the restaurant—that night at supper—talking to that woman over their coffee and liqueur—Clarissa's lover—the man I had come to hate.

"My God!" I muttered, when he had gone by, and as I looked up into Bellwattle's face her cheeks were quite white.

CHAPTER XXII

On Sunday it is Cruikshank's custom to rest from his labors in the garden. The custom is not one of hypocrisy. He does it, not that he may be seen of others, but, as I fully believe, because there is a depth of religious sentiment within him, which one would never suspect. This does not absolutely deter him from those little attentions to his flowers and his rose trees which no gardener, however religious his scruples may be, would ever describe as work. That knife with the handle of horn is forever within reach in the pocket of his coat—a little tangle of bass is always ready to hand should a drooping plant or an overweighted stem demand it, and with these little accessories before the fact, he wanders up and down his garden paths, his mind in such spirit of contentment as I would give my forty years of idleness to possess.

"It's the number seven I like," he says. "I like the idea of an omnipotent power moulding a massive world, hammering and chiselling it, never allowing it a moment of stillness in which to set, keeping it always moving, always in the making for six mighty ages and then, upon the seventh, with tired hands, leaving it to its well-earned rest. The Sabbath in its relation to dogma means very little indeed. It's what it means in its relation to work that I like. It can't honor God that for one day in the week we do nothing. What honors Him is the work we have done in the six which makes the seventh of necessity a day of rest."

And as he says all this, Bellwattle watches him with admiring eyes. I think she marvels a little at his accurate use of big words. She would like herself to be able to say—omnipotent—and to say it as he does in the right place. Wherefore when he has finished, she turns to me with a gentle expression that expects my approval.

"I think he's quite right, don't you?" she asks.

Whereupon I bend my head and Cruikshank moves away down the herbaceous border, with an end of bass sticking out of the corner of his pocket.

"What does the Rector say about these opinions?" I asked her one Sunday.

"I don't think he understands them," she replied. "Cruikshank did say something about it once and the Rector jumped down his throat. 'My dear Townshend,' he said, 'if everybody held your views, we shouldn't be able to keep a church open. Everybody would be doing just what they like on Sundays.'"

"And what did Cruikshank say?"

"He asked him whether he thought it was better to make them do the things they didn't like."

"And the Rector?"

"He never said another word. He went straight back to the—what do you call it?—the Rectory or the Victory?"

"In this case," said I, "not being the victor, you call it the Rectory."

"Well, that's where he went," said she.

My last Sunday in Ballysheen was no different to the rest, no different unless I count as an integral part of it the news that was brought to us that day.

Every moment since our meeting with Clarissa's lover on the cliffs, I had been working my mind to arrive at some understanding of his coming to Ballysheen. From the look in Bellwattle's face as we passed him, I felt assured that she knew who it was and, instinctive though her knowledge must have been, I could not but feel she had some ground for her belief. It was no difficult step from such assumption to connect her knowledge with that visit which she had paid to the Miss Fennells' house. Had she then seen Clarissa? Had Clarissa told her he was coming? But if she had known so surely as that, why was her face so white? The sight of him had startled her. Why should it, if she had known?

I determined that Sunday afternoon to make an end of mystery and question her myself.

In the morning it had been raining—those sudden intermittent showers which April lends to May, when the great clouds roll up the blue highways like the dust of a vast army on its march. From the window in his little study whose walls are lined with books that talk of gardens the great gardeners have made, Cruikshank watched each shower with the happy delight of a child. Then, as the rain drops began their gentle kettle-drumming on the pane, he would look round.

"This is fine—we wanted this badly."

"It'll make tea out of doors impossible," said Bellwattle.

But Cruikshank shook his head.

"It'll have cleared off by lunch-time," he replied. And he was right. As we sat down to lunch, the bright white sun, looking as though the passage of those clouds had burnished it, rolled out into the strip of blue which so anxiously I had been stitching into Dutchmen's trousers all the morning. When the meal was over, we walked out into the garden.

There is such color in Ireland after rain, as you will never see in any other country in the world. Blues, purples and greens, deep as the dyes they knew of in Tyre and Sidon, spread far away into every distance that your eyes can find. Across the Bay of Ballysheen, as we stood there then, the purple cliffs of Helvic Head sank nobly down into a sea of emerald. On the

far horizon rose the misty mountains, blue as the light of moonstones in the sun.

"And this is what I am going to leave behind," said I.

Cruikshank laid a hand affectionately on my shoulder.

"You've only to say the word and I'll get Tierny to go up to the cottage in the hollow to-morrow morning."

I shook my head and tried to laugh. It was so like his goodness, and seemed so impossible to me then. So he turned away and strolled down by the beds.

"You've really made up your mind?" said Bellwattle.

"I'm afraid so," I replied. "I don't think you know what it is to be alone." I waited then to get a pause, and after it I turned to her suddenly and said, "Did you know who that man was we passed yesterday?"

"No," she replied, nervously. "Who?"

"Clarissa's lover—the man she's going to marry."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely."

"How do you know she's going to marry him?"

"For that matter," said I, "what do you know about it at all?"

It was then she told me everything. For this had been the meaning of her visit to Clarissa. It seems on that day when I had returned from the cliffs, that my failure had been written in my face. She assured me she had read it there. And so, when I announced that I must bring my visit to a close, she made certain in her mind of all that had taken place. But it is not only that a woman has instincts in these matters; she acts upon them.

"Upon a slender thread like that," said I, "you go to see Clarissa?"

"Why not? I knew I was right."

"You knew you were right? Without asking me for proof of it?"

"Proof doesn't help," she replied. "It doesn't make things any more real."

And in that one sentence I received a clearer view into the subtle reasoning of a woman's intuition; for reasoning there is in it, an unconscious reasoning from impressions rather than

facts, whereby she needs no proof and shuns the sharp edges of a fact lest they should destroy the sensitive surface of her mind.

"So you go straight to Clarissa?" said I.

"It's never any good saying anything to a man," she answered. "I could hear in your voice, when you said you were going back to London, that you had made up your mind. Talking won't do any good to a man when he's got as far as that. I went to Clarissa."

"Where you found that all your suppositions had been wrong. You found that I had never met her before. You found that I am not in love with her. You found that she hates the very sight of me. Weren't you surprised?"

"Not a bit," said she.

Now what is the good of one illuminating sentence against an answer so complex and incomprehensible as this? As surely as a woman gives you the key to her nature, so surely will you find the barrel of it stuffed with wax. She had learnt that she was wrong on every point and she was not surprised.

"You expected, then, to have all your beliefs dashed to the ground?" I said. "You knew, when you thought I was in love, that you would find you were mistaken?"

"No, I didn't."

"Then why no surprise to find you were—all at sea?"

"But I didn't find that. I didn't find I was mistaken. I found I was right. One thing did surprise me—I must admit that. I thought you must have met her before. But I quite expected to find that you were in love with her and that she hated you. So why should I be surprised?"

"My God!" said I, "can't you talk seriously about a matter like this? You know the truth now—you know just how much of a fool I've been. Why go on talking about my being in love with Clarissa? It's ridiculous. I'm not a romantic little boy. You must know how useless it would be for me to let myself drift into an affection for any woman. Women take no violent fancies for me. I don't blame 'em. So for Heaven's sake, when I go and make a fool of myself on a woman's behalf, don't imagine that I'm in love with her. What did you do? When you'd found everything as you say you'd expected it—what did you do?"

She sat down on the seat beneath the nut trees and she motioned to me to sit beside her.

"I gave her my advice," said she.

"What was that?"

"I believed that every word you'd said about him was true."

"More than true," said I.

"So I told her what to do. I told her to write to him."

"Saying what?"

"Saying that she could not wait for him any longer; that if he did not come and marry her at once, she would go straight back to Dominica."

"My God!" said I, "and he's come!"

"I know, but that doesn't mean he is going to marry her."

At that moment I felt almost contemptuous of her intelligence. I knew what folly she had done.

"When a man is after a woman's money," said I, "he's said good-bye to the faintest sense of honor. He'll marry her right enough. She wrote, of course?"

"She said she would."

"Did she say anything about me?"

"Nothing at first."

"But she said something?"

"Yes—she wanted to know why you had come all that way to tell her what you did."

"Well——"

"I told her it was because you were different from every other man I had ever met except one."

"Who?"

"Cruikshank."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. I believe Cruikshank would have done the same before he married me."

I laughed—bitterly.

"There's no more resemblance between Cruikshank and me," said I, "than between a Chinee and a Red Indian. We're at opposite poles. At the 'varsity he was mathematics, I was classics. There's the difference in a nutshell."

"We won't argue it," she replied. "I know what I mean

and that's what I told her. She asked me if you had not done it out of spite."

"What did you say then?"

"I just took her little face in my hands and I kissed her—she is so pretty to kiss."

And then Bellwattle paused.

"Yes—yes——" said I—that pause frightened me. I wanted her to finish her sentence.

"I kissed her," she repeated, "and I told her that when she was a little older she'd know that there are only three things that make a man move out of a spot where he's comfortable."

"You're a clever——" and then I stopped. I remembered how the word "woman" had silenced her once before. "Go on," said I; "what are they?"

"Work—fresh air—adventure."

Now there is a lot of sense in that. I know a man who would have said, "Wine—women and horses." And not only would he have thought it sounded well, but he would have believed it to be true.

"Did you convince her?" I asked.

"I don't know. One never can know. A woman's convictions are things that grow in the dark. She never knows whether they have blossomed until she suddenly has to take them out in the light. I told her that you were the best friend she could possibly have. I told her where you lived in London—that you lived all alone with your dog—I told her——"

"Good Lord! You didn't tell her I was in love with her!"

"No—of course, I didn't. Because you're not."

"What then?"

"I told her that if ever she was in trouble she was to go to you."

"You think she will go to London then?"

"No."

"Then why did you say that?"

"To show her that I expected she would. I don't know women who do what you expect them to."

I was just about to laugh at that, when the gate upon the

drive opened, and through the golden hedge of barberry we saw the Miss Fennells walk up toward the house.

"What have they come for?" I asked.

"They often come on Sunday afternoons," she replied, easily. "They won't stay long—you needn't be afraid. They have to drink five other cups of tea at five other different houses."

A moment later came the tea with the Miss Fennells demurely following.

"It almost looks as if they'd brought it with them," said I.

They came on chance, they said, but the tea belied them. I saw Cruikshank raise his head, like the guardian of a herd, as he caught the sound of their voices, then on tip-toe he crept through an opening in the hedge that gives access to a path leading to the farmyard. I suppose he had tea with the farmer. He never appeared again till they had gone.

It was as they rose to leave that Miss Teresa held out her hand, and said: "I wish you could have met our nephew, Mr. Bellairs. It would be so nice for you to know each other in London. I would have told him to look you up there, but I didn't know your address."

I thanked Heaven from the bottom of my heart that she did not. It would be difficult to know the best thing to do with that young man if he came round to Mount Street.

"Where does he live in London?" I asked, politely.

She gave me the address of his rooms in Chelsea, and I made a mental note of it.

"He's gone already, then?" said I, with a wild hope rising in me.

"Oh, yes—he went yesterday with Miss Fawdry. They're to be married from my sister's house in London directly they get over."

There may have been more said than that before they actually departed. I cannot recall a word of it, for after that I knew my failure was complete. She had gone to learn the bitter lesson of forgetfulness, and I was powerless to help her now.

"You needn't come to the gate," whispered Bellwattle in my ear; so when I had shaken hands with them I sat down again on

the seat under the nut trees trying to see one faint glimmer of hope where there was none.

It was then, as ever he does when life is offering me of its blackest, that Dandy came and, sitting down at my feet, stared, full of comprehension, into my face.

"Well, old fella," said I, "she's gone. It's all over. It was never suggested—where all these things are arranged—it was never suggested that I should help a woman in distress. They won't take it from me—they don't think I'm capable of telling the truth because I'm so damned ugly."

Why he did it then I cannot for the life of me understand; but he repeated a trick that I had taught him when he was a wild, young puppy, all energy and no manners—a trick he had never taken to because it hurt his dignity. When he found that he could get all he wanted in life without it he gave it up. I had not seen him do it for two years or more; but he did it then.

"I'm so damned ugly," I repeated.

Whereupon he sat up on his hind paws and begged.

(To be continued)

SOCIALISM

LOUIS V. LEDOUX

A HUNDRED cities sapped by slow decay,
A hundred codes and systems proven vain
Lie hearsed in sand upon the heaving plain,
Memorial ruins mounded, still and gray;
And we who plod the barren waste to-day
Another code evolving, think to gain
Surcease of man's inheritance of pain
And mould a State immune from evil's sway.

Not laws; but virtue in the soul we need,
The old Socratic justice in the heart,
The golden rule become the people's creed
When years of training have performed their part;
For thus alone in home and church and mart
Can evil perish and the race be freed.

EDITORIAL NOTES

WHY is it that in America public opinion, which should be all-powerful, is almost impotent? One reason, of course, is the difficulty of focussing the sentiment of the great cities, so widely scattered and with such varied local interests and traditions. New York is the recognized metropolis; but the influence of the wonderful city with the wonderful skyline does not extend beyond the glamour of Broadway and the Wall Street maelstrom. There is no community which bears the same relation to the United States that London does to England, or Paris to France—the undisputed centre of the complex political, financial and social systems. America is a continent, rather than a country. The feeling of responsibility is diffused, not centralized. Another reason may be found in the generally defective educational methods. Our children are trained in prejudices, instead of principles. As the boys grow to manhood, and exercise the franchise, they have little conception of the dignity of citizenship. The loyalty that should be given to the city or the State is attracted to some political organization based on self-interest and crude materialism. Half of the electorate regards its vote, not as a trust, but as a grafting asset; and the leaders who should enlighten and uplift them set an example of effrontery and shamelessness. So, though the press is doing more and more to aid in establishing higher standards, the effect is scarcely perceptible. Results will come: no movement so sincere and vital can fail. But the majority of the people resent at present any attempt at serious and plain speaking; or their code is so vitiated that the most definite and powerful denunciation is received with indifference and forgotten with the facility of constant habit. Charges, any one of which should be sufficient to ensure political annihilation, are reiterated and emphasized; but the accused organizations go placidly on their way, secure in their control of the public purse, and, it would almost seem, of the public conscience. The few clean men in politics are regarded as faddists. Idealism is ridiculed, as incongruous in a practical community. It must be the work of the universities and colleges to send out a

constant stream of men whose faith in their country shall be supplemented by deeds; men intolerant only of littleness, and incapable of accepting conditions which they know to be cancerous and ultimately fatal.

* * *

THE spectacle of the President of the United States negotiating treaties which he is powerless to ratify must draw attention to the anomalies of our Constitution, based on outmoded principles and unresponsive to the political experiments and progress which have made parliamentary government, as it is practised in Europe, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, a far more sensitive and reliable medium for expressing the will of the people. The members of the Cabinet should be on the floor of the House of Representatives, ready to answer legitimate questions and explain their policy; and it should not be possible for a Chief Executive who retains the confidence of the people to be overruled by any irresponsible and autocratic body. It is not too late to learn from the experience of other countries and to revise a Constitution which in its inception showed a distinct and memorable improvement upon the monarchist institutions of the time, but which is now too rigid and cumbersome for effective action in the foremost Republic in the world.

* * *

THE action of the Senate with regard to the arbitration agreements is incomprehensible and inexcusable. It is a blunder, and a crime. It is difficult to believe that the reasons ostensibly given were intended to be taken seriously. The greatest forward movement for a hundred years was almost accomplished. It has been arrested by the nation which claims to be the pioneer in all progress: or rather, not by the nation, but by those who misrepresent the nation. If there had been any virility behind the action—a sincere, if stupid, preference for brute force and bloodshed—an avowed enmity for one of the nations concerned—the decision would have aroused less contempt; but the meaningless and trivial objections which have satisfied the Senators will not satisfy the country. Even valid

impediments could well have been brushed aside to secure the realization of an idea so fine, and so finely received by the people and their true leaders. It remained for the little men and the little minds to interpose their little obstacles. A body so hopelessly out of tune with the spirit of the age, is out of place in a country which believes in progress. It is time that the people considered more attentively the record of this irresponsible stronghold of every selfish interest and reactionary movement. The Senate must be educated, and the first step will be to ensure that the real power is exercised by the popularly elected House, here as in all other civilized countries. The Senate as it is now constituted is an anachronism inconsistent with the general welfare; and it has itself provided the strongest arguments for its reform.

* * *

HOME RULE for Ireland comes nearer: the writing is on the wall, the long struggle is drawing to a climax. Next year will see the conclusion. Prejudice and passion will again be evoked, no doubt: it is easier to revive animosities than to discard traditional viewpoints. Half of the injustice in the world is due to misunderstanding, rather than to ill-will or indifference. A clearer view of the past history of Ireland would give emphasis to the present, and moderate the bitterness of the coming campaign. There was a time when Famine and Fenianism were the dominant ideas in an Englishman's consideration of Ireland; and he did not comprehend the significance of either. That time has passed: there is wider, though still incomplete, knowledge. But the electorate is no longer content with unreasoning opposition or denunciation, and the policy of the Government will be endorsed by the people.

* * *

WHATEVER may be thought of his administration, of his personal ability and fitness for public office, the Mayor of New York City has established at least one claim to remembrance, as the consistent advocate, if not the inventor, of the ostrich-policy. He deserves the confidence which he reposes in himself, for he has rendered himself immune to criticism by the simple process

of transferring it to its originators. His invariable method is to assume that only the evil-minded can imagine evil: whosoever looks for the truth and records it faithfully, is merely a slanderer of the fair fame of the purest of all possible cities. There is no vice in New York: it exists only in the imagination of the vicious who "befoul the fair fame of the city" because of their own inherent depravity. There is no grafting, because only a dishonest man could conceive such a ridiculous idea. There is no understanding between the police and the thieves and exploiters of white-slaves, because the Mayor attends very strictly to the Police Department, and changes the Commissioner frequently. There is no systematic corruption by Tammany Hall, because, really, the Mayor does not know anything about Fourteenth Street except that, presumably, it is below Fifteenth Street. The proper way to govern a city is to shut your eyes, and bury your head in the sands of oblivion. Then you will be quite unlikely to see anything that will distress you. And if anybody else has the misfortune not to be afflicted with blindness, it is quite easy to assure him that he must be a very prurient person, if he can see and recognize what is thrust upon him. It was written in the New Testament: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear": it has been written by Mayor Gaynor, frequently: "He that hath ears to hear, or eyes to see, let him be deaf and blind." The ostrich is not confined to South Africa.

* * *

MR. TOM MANN, the chief organizer of the recent gigantic strike in England, was a well-known figure in the labor world twenty years ago, when Mr. John Burns, unconscious of Cabinet honors and Court dress, was the leading light. While Burns gradually became more cautious and conservative, Mann became more vehement. For some time he combined labor propaganda with the keeping of a saloon in London. Then he went to Australia, but was regarded as a firebrand and received without enthusiasm by all but the extremists. He returned to England, and commenced to develop the idea of industrial solidarity or syndicalism. He realized that the older methods of trade unionism were restricted too severely by financial conditions: there

could be no struggle without a big war chest. He saw fully the possibilities of the new movement, based on concerted action by the men, and capable of achieving more in one week through the principle of solidarity extended over a wide area, than could be done in a year with unlimited money, but without solidarity. The definite aim is to reduce poverty and ultimately abolish it by perfecting industrial organization, and employing the method of a general strike, whether over a small or a large area. Undoubtedly, the method can be made effective—too effective for unrestricted use. If Governments are to retain anything but the mere name and shadow of authority, they must inevitably intervene to regulate the development of the new force. For if a few men can concentrate in their own hands the power to paralyze the industries of a whole country, they become the real governors of that country. The political machinery—legislative, administrative and judicial—must yield to the dictatorship of those who can at a few hours' notice plunge the nation into disasters more extensive and ruinous than those of civil war. The mob-spirit is now a sinister characteristic of every strike, small or large. Let loose on a nation-wide scale, it becomes a menace which no Government can tolerate. Civilization is still in the making: evolution will have its way. But forethought and wise counsel will prevent many a struggle compared with which the Jingo wars of the past would seem trivial.

* * *

SOME improvement is necessary in the methods of many of our police courts. The ability of the majority of the magistrates is unquestionable: in difficult conditions they have to discover truth and administer justice with the smooth celerity of a machine. But though familiarity with misfortune or criminality may not breed contempt, it does result sometimes in impatience, irritation, or an autocratic habit. Apart from any forebodings or excitement, a court room has a disconcerting effect on most of those who enter it, unwillingly or of free choice. Here the vague majesty of the law is made manifest and a trifle ominous. The mere daily routine, which leaves *habitués* unaffected, has its influence on the occasional visitor. He is not in a position, usu-

ally, to do himself justice. He needs, and is entitled to, all reasonable assistance. Any browbeating, therefore, whether of suspected culprits or of witnesses, should be avoided. The law can be vindicated without loss of temper, real or simulated.

* * *

THERE was an astonishing leader not long ago in a prominent New York journal. Gravely and decorously, the paper congratulated the reporters of the city because in certain instances they had refrained from inventing bogus interviews—in other words, from telling deliberate lies to delude the public. That this has often been done, we know. The public has been treated as it desired—as a gullible, uneducated mob, indifferent to truth, and eager only for cheap sensationalism. But that a responsible newspaper should pride itself on a temporary rectitude, even considered as a happy augury for the future, is significant. Imagine the head of a hospital congratulating his staff because they had not falsified the records of their cases, or a general praising his officers because their reports were actually truthful! The press has too long been associated with unworthy methods, with special pleading, falsehood, pandering to degraded tastes; and it has lost much of its influence in consequence. The newspaper world has many honorable men, with keen, fine brains: but it needs more; and it needs a code of ethics which will prevent it from boasting because it has managed to tell the truth, in spite of all temptations to invent sensational rubbish. The public has come to believe that it is interested in the most trivial details of the personal life of anyone who happens to have emerged from obscurity, through the mere possession of wealth, or any other cause for notoriety. Millions of readers will follow the stupid rumors of a society engagement, elopement, marriage or divorce; reporters cluster round average, uninteresting people, and try to transform a private residence into a house of glass. A callous murder provides mental food and stimulus for all classes, and a vapid country youth or characterless girl is given nine days' international celebrity. Thus is vindicated the dignity of the press, the great modern Prometheus; thus is signalized the march of education and the uplifting of the

masses. And so a leading paper, worthy representative of the public to which it appeals, solemnly announces that reporters are not always and entirely unbelievable. Credit to whom credit is due.

* * *

THE brilliant success of Marquard, the New York pitcher, once more points the moral of perseverance. Like many other good men, he was handicapped at first by the great reputation which he had built up; and the enormous check which had been paid for his transfer hung round his neck with the restraining effect of its equivalent in silver dollars. Those who came to applaud him, remained to jeer; and the deal was regarded as a painful and expensive mistake. But the sagacity of McGraw has been proved again, as usual; and the man who was supposed to be over-rated has come triumphantly to his true place. As Mathewson, though still a great pitcher, has not maintained his own exceptional standard, the appearance of the new star was especially welcome. Without Marquard, the Giants would not now be so closely concerned with the struggle for the pennant.

* * *

IF there were only one case of lynching in the United States annually, there would still be one case too many. A false impression has been created by the conventional picture of a band of determined men riding with sombre faces and close-shut lips to avenge an intolerable wrong:—yet not merely to avenge; but to prevent repetition by a policy of terrorism, by the certainty of immediate and torturing death. No one would care to discuss fine ethical points with a husband, father or brother who went forth in the primitive way to seek blood atonement for irretrievable outrage, as men rode during the Mutiny in India, with such memories as few, happily, must endure. But no one can in cold blood consider without disgust the degrading scenes that so frequently take place, when a howling, de-civilized mob watches with applause the torments of a man who may be innocent of the crime that has led to the wild-beast hunt. There is an element of savagery, of barbarous blood-lust, that is ominous: human-

nature at its worst can give some distressing exhibitions. If the law is not strong enough, or sure enough, to enforce justice and secure respect, let it be strengthened and vitalized: the people have the remedy in their own hands. But until a few lawless lynchers have been taught that murder remains murder, even though demanded by a mob, the spirit that delights in wanton savagery will have its way. The contempt for law, the distrust of its effectiveness, so prevalent in America, can no longer be tolerated. The argument that we are a young nation, and that we have made astonishing progress in a short time, is specious, but disingenuous. After all, we began where other nations left off. We must be measured by our own standards.

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THE alarming lists of persons seriously bitten by dogs since the beginning of the year make it clear that unlicensed and stray dogs must be eliminated from our cities. However fond one may be of animals, however little one may yield to stupid outcries, the fact remains that even apart from the menace of hydrophobia, the risks incurred through ownerless and uncontrolled dogs are too serious to be permitted any longer. It is distressing to realize the excessive number of children who have paid with mutilation and pain for the carelessness or ignorance of the authorities and of the public generally. Unfortunately, the friends of dogs are too often as rabid as their extreme opponents. It should be recognized by both that rational preventive measures are possible and necessary.

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WHATEVER may be the outcome of the Franco-German situation, the world has received a valuable object-lesson in the importance of arbitration. If the two countries had been pledged to submit their differences to a judicial tribunal—as one would expect as a matter of course in a civilized era—there would have been no war-clouds and no revival of race-animosity. The mere reference of the matter in dispute to an impartial committee, with its dignified and deliberate procedure, would remove one of

the chief causes of conflict—hasty action in response to excited, but temporary, popular clamor. After all, the opposition to arbitration can be traced down to the small-boy outlook—the attitude of the undeveloped politicians in each country who fear that they might not get everything that they covet on every occasion; that the decision, being based on justice, and not force, might sometimes be in another's favor. When will these stupid mediævalists be estimated at their proper worthlessness?

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IT has been amusing to hear the discussions about the proposed new charter for the more thorough misgovernment of New York City; the semi-serious debates, the attacks, the stereotyped rejoinders of the Mayor. Why this elaborate criticism? It is a Tammany charter. Everything has been said. The rest is action.

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THERE are some thinkers whose discoveries are valuable not only because of their originality, but because, in addition, they help to crystallize whole currents of progressive thought. Such a thinker is Professor Sigmund Freud of Vienna, whose theories concerning dream interpretation were set forth in *THE FORUM* some months ago. The immediate aims of Freud are curative, and he deals particularly with certain psychic disturbances that do not come under the head of actual insanity. But his investigations, and the conclusions to which these have led him, are much more universal in their scope and tendency. It has been said, and certainly not without reason, that Freud is preparing for the formulation of an entire new psychology. But in so far as it is new, this formulation overlaps and complements similar efforts emanating from men like Bergson, for instance.

There are two points in Freud's system that stand out most conspicuously. One is his tracing of all sorts of psychopathological phenomena to the self-preservative tendency in the human system to repress and eliminate all ideas that are painful because of their implied suggestion of inferiority. The other point is

the emphasis he places on our racial instincts as causes of such ideas. It is this second point which, when properly understood, places him most closely in touch with parallel theories that may, at first glance, seem widely separated from his own. What he tells us is, in fact, that our emotional life has one of its principal starting points in sex and its promptings, and that our intellectual life to a large extent serves to give symbolical expressions of our feelings. Thus, from the first vague stirrings of sex life in the child to the logical reasoning of the mature man, there runs an unbroken chain of cause and effect, and it is only by the tracing of this chain that we may find remedial explanations of certain phenomena that otherwise must seem mere capricious freaks of life.

Those who are inclined to rebel against the importance which Freud applies to our racial instincts should remember, however, that while our emotional life seems to have begun in those instincts, it has ever since been striving to grow beyond them. This process of development is sometimes spoken of as "the spiritualization of love." But even more is involved in it. Through the establishment of complementary sexual distinctions the organism had one of its poles removed beyond its own periphery, so to speak, and by this division it was gradually lured away from that complete self-centration in which it began, and by which, if persisted in, it would for ever have been precluded from any disinterested knowledge of the surrounding world. Out of feeling, thought was gradually segregated. Out of love has grown knowledge. And when we retrace the course travelled so far, and seek, at the hands of Freud, to rediscover the humble origins from which our present rich soul-life sprang, then we are also drawing nearer to that source of all being, the Life-Urge, in whose hands, according to Bergson, we are only so many instruments.

THE FORUM

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THE PLACE OF BEAUTY IN AMERICAN LIFE

WALTER M. CABOT

"The defect of modern institutions is that they do not speak to the imagination. By that alone can man be governed; without it he is but a brute."—NAPOLEON.

FOR many years I have watched with keen interest the gradual change of attitude of Americans toward things æsthetic. On the earlier of my visits to various parts of Europe and of my own country I seldom met a fellow-countryman who did not appear to believe that the enjoyment and appreciation of art and beauty were matters of real moment only to the professional artist. To have suggested otherwise would merely have provoked a smile. Now, on the other hand, it is not uncommon to find business men who speak of art and beauty as seriously as of stocks and bonds.

In spite, however, of this obvious change of attitude, the progress that has been made toward a better understanding of their value and function in life has, after all, been slight.

I should like here very briefly to suggest what, in the light of recent æsthetic theory, seems to be the essential meaning of beauty, and its use to society, especially to American society.

When we compare the pleasure which beauty gives us to other kinds of satisfaction, to sensuous pleasure for example, we find that the latter pleasure, however intense it may be, seems vague, fleeting, incomplete. Æsthetic pleasure, on the contrary, however mild, seems self-sufficing, stable, finished. This is because æsthetic pleasure is organic, whole, while ordinary pleasure is not. Sensuous pleasure is formless. Give it form, organization, unity, and you convert it into beauty. Its interest

is no longer, like that of the single note in music, vague and fleeting; but, like that of melody, definite, stable, complete. On the other hand, if you take form from beauty, it reverts to brute sensation; it becomes once more an indefinite feeling seemingly more "inside one" than "out there."

The pleasures of play, like those of sensation, if properly organized become æsthetic. The interests of ordinary play are fleeting, disjointed, unreflective, incomplete, changing their character with the more or less haphazard change of activity. When, however, these interests are grouped so as to produce a satisfying whole, they produce beauty. When, as in the dance, a child coördinates the pleasurable tossings about of arms, trunk, and legs in such wise as to create a unified experience, interestingly varied yet essentially one, it has found beauty. It has found something more than vague and passing pleasure; it has found the spirit and perfection of life itself.

Man, in the presence of beauty, is transported for the time being into a little world where his own pettiness and imperfection are lost sight of in the enjoyment of harmonious and complete living. Hence, when we wish to describe the most completely realized good, we use the word *beautiful*. "The goal sought by ethics," as Professor Herbert Palmer says, "is set by æsthetics." We tend to identify ourselves with what is beautiful, and to love it, since it embodies our ideal of what life should seek to be. In fact, when the element of feeling dominates our æsthetic interest we use the word *lovely* in place of *beautiful*, as in speaking of a child. On the other hand, formal perfection, when viewed with love, becomes æsthetic; the engineer who is fond of his machine calls "her" "a beauty."

Such adjectives as *impersonal*, *disinterested*, *objective*, *complete*, *harmonious*, *reposeful*, *self-sufficing*, *spiritual* derive their appropriateness from the fact that beauty—applying to beauty in general the fine old words in which Sir Thomas Browne describes the effect of music—"is a sensible fit of that harmony, which intellectually sounds in the ear of God. It unites the ligaments of my frame, dilates me out of myself, and by degrees methinks resolves me into Heaven." Ordinary pleasures, on the contrary, just because they lack integrity, are not, even at the

moment of enjoyment, quite satisfying. We cannot find rest in them, because we are aware, even if but subconsciously, that they are only the raw material of life and remain essentially lifeless until given form and meaning through subordination to life's fundamental principle, organization.

For similar reasons, the interest of art the aim of which is to depict a horrible or depressing aspect of life, momentarily fascinating and worth while as it may be, leaves one desirous of a form of experience which by being more whole shall be more wholesome, more fundamentally true. Only, therefore, when art refreshes, enhances, exalts, as well as stimulates; only, in short, when it satisfies all the modes of our being, making pain, like discord in music, a means to a richer perfection, a larger unity, can it attain beauty.

But form implies something formed, some material to be moulded to significant and spiritual ends. To spiritualize life is not to rid it of its material elements; but rather by combining these in their right relation, to discover their full and true significance. Suppose, for instance, that two men are looking at a bunch of grapes and a glass of wine. The one, as his eye rests now here, now there, enjoys this or that direct or indirect sensory stimulation. In him the pleasure which the grapes and the wine afford is that of sense, and little more. His friend, however, although he has before him the same objects, derives from them not only something more but other than pleasing sensation. He, too, indeed enjoys the various pleasures afforded to the senses of touch, taste and color; but he, not the pleasures, is now the master. Instead of their grasping him, he grasps them. Through his ability to compare and relate these pleasures, to see them as one complex whole, he has made them objects of thought and of a new kind of unselfish interest. He has won from the harmonious little group before him what the saint and hopeful philosopher have won from the world regarded in its entirety—a spiritual meaning. Out of sound has been born a melody, out of light a star. It is the essentially spiritual quality of beauty (the presence of that which "cannot be seen by the eye but by which the eye sees") which makes the pleasure given by the simplest Greek torso, or drawing by

Millet or Michael Angelo, seem of another world than those delights which, however keen, lack integrity and meaning.

While it is true, then, that when we dwell on sensations we tend to lower ourselves to their level, it is correspondingly true that when we organize them in the interest of wholeness, of beauty, we create what is in a very real sense holy.*

This, I believe, is a truth which we Americans have too long failed to appreciate. We have also failed to realize its corollary—that, since what does not work for the spirit is bound, however slowly and subtly, to work against it, the material and outward manifestations of life, the innumerable experiences that flow in upon us from the outside world through our senses, cannot with impunity be allowed to remain spiritually unredeemed. Our Puritan inheritance, as well as the conditions of modern American life, has tended to limit our spiritual interest to the “big things” in life, with the result that our treatment of it in its scarcely less important, every-day aspects has been too exclusively practical. The habit of regarding things as tools merely has weakened our ability to appreciate their intrinsic spiritual worth, their beauty. All kinds of exaggeration and false emphasis are inevitable when there is lacking the sense of proportion, and comparative worth. The whole of a thing gets represented only by the part that looms large, that glitters. Thus volume comes to stand for value, prize-winning for sport, money-making for success, a college course for culture, expensive pictures, etc., for art and beauty, steam heat and the latest “improvements” for civilization.

Regard for the outer connection of things rather than for their inner, spiritual meanings not only tends to harden and materialize life, but, through the encouragement of superficiality, to breed an insidious restlessness of mind and body. Movement and busy-ness rather than poise and leisure are sought and admired. The chronic nervous fatigue which this helps to create makes all synthetic thought and feeling, on which æsthetic pleasure depends, irksome and difficult. But if attention—that pre-

*The fact that the words health, wholeness and holiness all spring from the same root is significant. “There is no health in us.” “Thy faith hath made thee whole.”

liminary step to winning integrity, meaning, beauty, recreation from one's environment—is a distress, distraction becomes the only source of relief. Yet distraction unhappily, when overdone, distracts the whole man.

The unwelcome invasion of Europe by three American institutions—the “quick lunch,” the “American bar,” and, more recently, the “Coney Island,” or “Luna Park,” form of amusement—supplies only too good evidence that there exists this unwholesome tendency in American life. The “quick lunch” is expressly for the people who are too hurried to take proper time for their food; the “bar,” for those who want sensation and nerve stimulation unadulterated; and the outdoor variety-show, for those who find that the quiet but more or less complex interests of scenery, literature, music, and painting put too much strain upon the attention and too little thrill into the tired nerves.

This tendency—I speak here, of course, of tendencies merely—to neglect in our hurry the latent suggestions, the deeper meaning, the spiritual significance, the refreshment and beauty, that may be won from even the simplest and most practical aspects of existence, betrays itself in our treatment of both our play and our work.

Play satisfies man's energies and some of his most fundamental organic needs. It also relieves nervous tension and initiates him into fresh, inspiring, and delightful experience. It involves in various degrees struggle and skill as well as pleasure; and it develops amongst other things courage, self-control, the power of quick and accurate judgment and of coöperative activity. These are some of the qualities which make it of prime importance in the education of youth. But play that is to fulfil all the needs of the mature man must do something more. It must be so ordered as to suggest to some degree that harmony, wholeness, beauty, which we find present in all genuinely satisfying activity. Only thus, as the Greeks well knew, can it be preserved from the taint of brutality and be made to complete its usefulness by helping to attune the soul as well as strengthen the body and character.

Now, while in Europe this organic conception of play has been kept more or less generally in view, in America it has been

too often disregarded. The American is apt to seek in play chiefly excitement, struggle, the winning of a prize, the "licking" of an opponent. The European, on the other hand, views it in a larger, soberer way. The spirit of the answer given by a Scotch golfer to an invitation to visit America and its links illustrates what I mean by a "larger way."

"Laddie," said he, "I could na' leave the links here. The smell o' the sea, the sheep bleatin', the wee ba' running in and oot o' bunkers fashioned hundreds of years syne, na, na, I'm goin' to gowf in Scotland till a' dee." The same difference is exemplified in other sports. To us, for instance, the sport of jumping means little more than the clearing of an unequalled height, the breaking of a record. To the European, however, it presents a combination of pleasures, a series of movements, each of which, like the notes in a melody, contributes something to the total interest of the sport. Again, while we have given Europe some of her best jockeys and our racing seat—useful on the race track alone—Europe has given us her riding master, to initiate us into the pleasures and art of handling a horse. The reason is obviously similar; to the European, horsemanship is an art, an art compact of subtle pleasures and perfections, while to the American it means chiefly the ability to hold on and to win a race.

It is this narrowness, this incompleteness, of our play interest which represents to us as dull and purposeless such simple and wholesome forms of recreation as bicycling and walking. Unlike the European, we see little *in* these forms of play and so we get little *out* of them.

The same weakness is observable in our attitude toward plays of the mind and imagination. Ideas with us are not often approached in a thoroughly disinterested spirit. As a recent visitor observed, we seem to have little desire to carry them much beyond the labelling stage. That is as far as our practical interest usually takes us. To pursue an idea to the point where it may reveal something genuinely unique, significant, beautiful, would seem to most of us a mere waste of time. This habit is indicated by our contentment with the use of words which are both vague and narrow, with the use of all kinds of

slang expressions. We are like those visitors to a picture gallery who, once the subject of a painting is discovered, pass on, leaving behind them its real message and beauty.

Much of the playing in our theatres suffers likewise from an unbalanced and incomplete treatment of the subject, not only by the playwright, but by the players and audience alike. Sensations, feelings, and emotions which, under proper artistic handling, would be held in check or even transformed, as in a beautiful painting of the nude, evils and vices that in a lovely play would but help, like the discords in a melody, to emphasize the beauty of the reigning harmonies, are given a false emphasis which makes them subtle poisons for the immature and unbalanced mind.

The same unwhole, hence unwholesome, treatment is often carried into the field of our more serious concerns. When a college student is led to regard the reading of Shakespeare as a lesson in comparative philology, and Greek as an exercise in grammar, and study in general merely as a means to some future practical efficiency, and that efficiency but as a handle to some further skill, there seems to be little place left for immediate and thorough appreciation, for the study and enjoyment of intrinsic values, or for the development of enthusiasm and of ideals. But the cultural interests of the college youth, those various orders of worth and possible modes of self-realization which it is the function of literature, philosophy, history and art to reveal, receive at least some kind of attention, even if our instinctive shyness in the presence of values that dare to become actual here and now tends to make our treatment of them too incidental and narrow. On the other hand, until recently, we have done little or nothing outside of a certain amount of manual training to help to vivify and enrich the practical interests of that vastly larger body of men, the manual workers. Unlike the Germans, we have made no real attempt to create through broad and thorough instruction a feeling of respect for the manual arts. Their potential dignity and beauty have been neglected. And yet we wonder at the careless work of the American workman and at his lack of interest in all but the mere money-making aspect of his calling. That our science

and our business also should have suffered in one way or another from the effects of such a narrow, purely utilitarian spirit was inevitable, for action, no matter what its nature may be, can never be entirely successful, or thought complete and profound, unless pursued in the spirit of free, yet disciplined and harmonious play, which is the spirit of beauty.

It is not to be wondered at that these narrow and superficial views of utility and worth should have checked in us the development of the sensibilities and emotions, and that our emotional poverty should reflect itself in the monotony and dreariness of our cities, in the general insignificance of our manners and in the for the most part unimaginative, uncreative aspect of our faces—in what a critic has termed the sharp and rather dry “outside” look of the average American man. Nor is it strange that the disregard of the life of feeling should foster an “outside,” superficial view of the realities—a view where knowledge becomes identified with knowledge of fact, and where to tag a potential experience is to possess it.

It is an old psychological truth that feeling, to be discovered and perfected, must be expressed. In order to heighten and enrich our emotional and spiritual life, we must embody it, the best of it, completely, beautifully. To make our cities, and our outer life generally, eloquent of spirit rather than matter, of beauty rather than ugliness, is to do a service to each of two classes in the community. To the emotionally dumb Anglo-Saxon, in whom reason tends to outrun feeling, it means an enrichment of emotional life; to the man of sensibility, the immigrant Latin and Slav, it means the expression of points of view and of ideals in a language he can understand. It is largely, I believe, because of our failure to make our customs, streets, and manners eloquent of the finer, more beautiful side of American life that so many immigrants regard America merely as a money-mine. This point of view, which, it need hardly be said, is little conducive to good citizenship, is one which unhappily becomes the more confirmed when the immigrant discovers, as he is likely to do, that those objects, those points of view, and those feelings which to him are the special signs of

the spiritual and beautiful are by the majority of the men he meets considered of little account, if not actually despised.

But one cannot expect wholesome ideas and interests to spring up spontaneously in an unwholesome atmosphere. Much of the crime of our cities is, I believe, due to the fact that street and tenement, billboard and newspaper, offer almost continuously to that most sensitive of instruments, the human organism, the suggestion of physical and mental discord. Yet, in the case of the child at least, we seem to believe that a few hours' schooling (chiefly at second hand from books) will wipe out such suggestions. Social play, dancing, acting, pageantry, and music, conducted educationally in the interest of our unsatisfied desires and racial impulses, are the only forms of teaching the appeal of which is as primal and direct as that of the streets. Yet it is only recently that we have begun to realize what these lessons in coöperative, harmonious, beautiful activity can do for our immigrant youth.

The profound and thorough German, in his diligent search after the meaning of beauty as well as of other things, has been among the first to realize the importance of making the centre of modern activity, the city, a lesson in healthful, orderly, and beautiful, rather than discordant, living. He realizes that just because of the increased difficulty of preserving poise amidst the disturbing complexity and strain of modern existence, he needs to-day more than ever before the soothing, steadying, and uplifting influence of beauty, especially in its simpler and more vital forms.

It may be objected that the defective habits of American life and thought of which I have been speaking are natural to youth and therefore not serious. Natural for the most part, I believe they are; but unimportant only if fully realized and promptly opposed. Confirmed bad habits are not easily cast aside. That we are becoming conscious of a value, a quality in the best European life which is lacking in ours, is shown in no more striking way than by the enormous increase in European travel of the more serious sort. We are also slowly discovering that art and beauty are largely concerned in this element of

distinction. Yet we find it hard wholly to rid ourselves of our old characteristic æsthetic prejudices and to realize that such interests are really organic. We are still too apt to feel that beauty at best is ornamental and hence superficial and therefore, like a plaster, to be superficially applied. That the museums, art schools, musical academies, imported pictures and statuary which are making themselves evident on all hands are clear signs of a new attitude toward art and beauty is certain. Yet in our characteristic haste to be doing, to give outward and visible evidence of our change of heart, we seem inclined to take these signs of beauty for beauty itself.

But we certainly know better than this. We know that the materials of beauty are not primarily statues, palaces, pictures or poems, but the impulses and yearnings, the forces and joys of life which are projected by the mind upon the outer world as beauty when allowed to realize themselves organically, harmoniously, completely. That wholeness, unity, and harmony which we found to be essential to beauty is thus, as far as it goes, our wholeness, our unity, our harmony. What we therefore really seek in beauty is the freeing, ordering, and perfecting of our life. Hence—and this is the truth we most need to realize—it is as beauty that our profounder and more organic life is revealed, and only as beauty can it be sought and won. What we seek in æsthetic enjoyment is truly to find ourselves, if only for a moment, in the world which nature and our activities are continually creating for us. This—to express ourselves so that we may realize ourselves—is the true æsthetic goal. Hence to create beauty out of the simplest materials of our life is a greater æsthetic achievement than partially to relieve, through some alien work of art, the insights of another.

It is sometimes maintained that such beauty as the ordinary man is likely to discover or create is so petty in its range, so limited in its spiritual and moral appeal, that it is liable to hurt rather than help our spiritual and moral vision. That there is a danger to a certain type of mind in the narrower forms of æsthetic perfection I readily admit. But not for us Americans. We are too vital, practical—and, when all is said, deeply (if dumbly) spiritual—ever to become unduly absorbed in the pur-

suit of the smaller personal and primitive perfections, of the lesser and more material aspects of beauty. The danger is rather that in our love for mere activity and life, we forget to give it shape, meaning, beauty, at all.

The presentation of goodness and perfection in every-day concrete, vitally realized form, the frequent summing up and precipitation of the significance of our active life in shapes of beauty is, therefore, of special importance to us. This is the more true, I believe, because our ideals of life and our social organizations are just now in a state of transition. Finding the old views and ways of living too narrow, we are making all kinds of experiments. This process of expansion opens the way for a dangerous playing with experience. It is in keeping us from straying into the sloughs of sensationalism and materialism in our search for a wider and richer life that beauty can be of special help; for while it welcomes all that adds richness and variety to our lives, it does so, as we have seen, on the condition only that it be organized, that it contribute to some inner purpose, some spiritual meaning, some idea.

I have tried to indicate a few ways in which I believe a true realization of beauty can help to overcome uncertain national weaknesses. I have also tried to suggest how, by ordering and satisfying the more fundamental desires and needs of the human organism, such a realization helps to bring insight and serenity into the narrow or distracted individual life and so to further in a general way the health and harmony of society. But it would be to leave the keystone out of the arch were I to omit the direct and special service of beauty to man as a social animal. For beauty, just because of its appeal to the primordial—*i. e.*, to the emotional—as well as to the intellectual part of man, is one of the profoundest and most direct modes of communicating feeling and spreading human sympathy that we know. It is beauty which gives us most of our insight into the life and ideals of alien nations remote in time and space. It is the beauty and glow of a new ideal which make it socially contagious, which give it its power to appeal to the hearts of a whole people. The creator of beauty, the artist, is indeed seldom interested in the give and take of social life—in fact, he may appear to be a

selfish recluse; but, in spite of his apparently unsocial nature, he is exerting a tremendous social influence, for he is helping in a very vital way to make the world conscious of its deeper common sympathies and interests.

If, then, we Americans can but firmly grasp the true meaning of beauty, if we can but remember that it is not something imposed on life, but life itself coming to its own; that while it therefore means joy, it means no less the discipline by which alone true joy is produced; that this discipline means the subordination of the part in the interest of the whole, of the smaller perfection in behalf of the larger—if we can but remember these things, there would seem to be in these days, when the temptations to vulgar, partial, trivial, materialistic views of life so heavily press upon us, no human interest more deserving of our study and our love—none of more practical value. For, to make beauty serve life is to make life more beautiful and to make life more genuinely beautiful is, as I have tried to show, to make it more completely good.

The words which the great scientist and friend of humanity, Pasteur, caused to be inscribed on his tomb are worth remembering.

“Heureux celui qui porte en soi un Dieu, un idéal de la beauté, et qui lui obéit; idéal de l’art, idéal de la science, idéal de la patrie, idéal des vertus de l’Évangile! Ce sont là les sources vives des grandes pensées, et des grandes actions. Toutes s’éclairent des reflets de l’infini.”

THE MONROE DOCTRINE IN THE BALANCE

JULIUS CHAMBERS

THERE are amendments to the Constitution of the United States that never have been ratified by a vote of the States and yet they are as binding as they are revered: one of them is popularly known as "The Monroe Doctrine," which pledges non-intervention in European affairs and forbids further extension of European territory on the western hemisphere.

Italy has seized Tripoli. Africa is now partitioned among the nations of Europe to its last acre. Whither shall the land-hungry powers turn for new fields of expansion? South America—is the answer. Some one among them is destined, at an early date, to assume an attitude toward that Continent that must demand the attention of the United States. In short, a test of the Monroe Doctrine cannot be long deferred.

Most timely, therefore, is a consideration of this document and of the obligations to which our Government will find itself committed.

The Monroe Doctrine is dear to the American heart. Although it has never received the approval of Congress, it is as sacred to the people of the United States as any statute. This reverence may be due to the fact that the original suggestion of the policy was made by Washington in his Farewell Address, was later outlined by Jefferson from his home at Monticello, and was given final official character by Monroe, as President of the United States. Regarded as a law, it is defective, because it defines and forbids an aggression but fixes no penalty to the aggressor. It never had an international status. It is a threat against unnamed parties, over which the United States can have no control unless they trespass upon its territory. More curious still, the United States never has given the slightest pledge to any South American State to uphold and defend it by force of arms. Every American understands the meaning of the Monroe Doctrine; and he knows that Washington urged

the avoidance of entangling alliances with Europe, while Monroe expressed aversion to the extension of European colonial possessions upon this hemisphere. One policy was the antithesis of the other, but Monroe correlated them. An examination of every document relating to this supremely important subject fails to disclose a specific assertion that the United States will go to war to drive a European trespasser from American territory. An alleged historian, in a flippant reference to the Monroe Doctrine, said: "It is no stronger than the United States Navy." He might have said the same of the Constitution itself. Every treaty is predicated upon the possession of sufficient power to enforce it.

The influence of the Monroe Doctrine upon the destinies of this Republic has been far-reaching. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty, ratified July 4, 1850, by which England and the United States pledged themselves to respect the neutrality of a proposed ship canal across the Isthmus, was thought by many able men to be a concession on the part of this Government to England's right of dictation in the affairs of this continent; but that controversy was disposed of by the abrogation of the treaty.

The act of Napoleon III in sending Maximilian to Mexico, when the United States was divided by civil war and unable to aid a neighboring republic, was a confession that, if at peace, this nation would have resented such an invasion. After the surrender at Appomattox, General Grant urged the creation of a new army of Federal and Confederate soldiers to uphold the Monroe Doctrine by marching into Mexico and expelling the invaders; but the Mexicans forestalled intervention by executing the Austrian Grand Duke.

The purchase of Alaska, at the close of the Civil War, was a tactical move by Secretary Seward to strengthen the Monroe Doctrine, rather than to extend the area of the United States—the Russian frontier question having loomed large above the political horizon at the time of the original pronouncement by President Monroe.

The Doctrine was invoked in the Venezuela controversy of 1896, but the less said about it the better. Although this country, through its Chief Executive, intervened between Great

Britain and the South American republic and appointed a Commission, most Americans overlooked the fact that this body never officially reported its findings. Premier Salisbury ignored an affront, but acquired all the Venezuelan territory he had demanded.

A thrilling campaign of the Spanish-American war was abandoned to uphold the Monroe Doctrine. It is a State secret that the so-called "Flying Squadron," assembled at Hampton Roads with much mystery, was intended to capture the Canary Islands. These lie off the coast of Africa and are not geographically in Europe; but, as the seven islands of the Canary group constitute a distinct province of Spain, like the Balearics, their capture would create a waiver and an abrogation of the Monroe Doctrine by the United States.

The circumstances under which President Monroe embodied Mr. Jefferson's ideas in his Seventh Annual Message were unusual. The South American colonies of Spain having won their independence had become republics in name, when a combination of three great European powers describing itself as "The Holy Alliance," was announced. This alliance took form in a treaty signed at Paris, September 26, 1815, between the Emperors of Russia and of Austria and the King of Prussia, "acting as absolute sovereigns, without the intervention of responsible Ministers or diplomatic agents." Napoleon had been crushed. The meeting might have recalled that memorable one on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, except that three sovereigns whom Napoleon had individually humbled met together amid the ruins of the French Empire. Wharton says:

"The ostensible object of the alliance was the subordination of politics to the Christian religion. The real principle, however, was the establishment of *jure divino* autocracies, each sovereign incorporating in himself 'the Christian religion,' as well as supreme political power. Had the three sovereigns who organized the scheme been able to agree, they might have dominated the civilized world; but, from the nature of things, three *jure divino* autocrats, each claiming for his opinions divine authority, could not be expected to agree permanently: and so it ultimately fell out."

The secret purpose of the "Holy Alliance" to restore to Spain her South American possessions was discovered by Mr. Rush, then our Minister in England, and by him communicated to President Monroe, who sent the correspondence to Mr. Jefferson at Monticello. The reply of the retired President is one of the splendid State Papers of this Republic. Jefferson pronounces the question "the most momentous which has ever been offered to my contemplation since that of Independence." Well might he add: "That made us a nation; this sets our compass and points the course which we are to steer through the ocean of time opening on us." He then enunciates the principle since known as "the Monroe Doctrine": "Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe; our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cis-Atlantic affairs." There we have the "Doctrine" in one sentence.

Compare the stand Jefferson takes with the milk-and-water declaration of President McKinley, in 1898, regarding Spanish misrule in Cuba.

The following words of Jefferson are worthy to be set in gold upon the front of the Capitol at Washington: "America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe, and peculiarly her own. She should, therefore, have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe. While the last is laboring to become the domicile of despotism, our endeavor surely should be to make our hemisphere that of freedom." I do not intend to quote President Monroe's text, because it is readily accessible in a score of reference books.* But there is one sentence in the Monroe paper that is immortal, although not conspicuous. I refer to that which begins with the words, "*We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amiable relations existing between the United States and those Powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.*"

Therein we behold the first gleam of "the new diplomacy" that the late Prince Bismarck brought to the highest pinnacle of

* Wharton's "International Law Digest," vol. 1, 273.

glory. Prior to this declaration by President Monroe—and long after practised by many European nations, I regret to say—falsehood and all manner of deception had been employed in diplomatic dealings between continental Powers. Usage gave sanction to methods that can only be described as infamous.

Mr. Gallatin, our Minister to France, added another thought when he declared the stand taken by the young Republic to be in behalf of “the emancipation of America”—meaning a riddance of monarchical government from this hemisphere. Another side light is supplied regarding the resolute stand taken by the Monroe Administration in John Quincy Adams’s *Memoirs*, letter of July 17, 1823, in which he says:—“I told him [Baron Tuyl, the Russian Minister], *specially*, that we should contest the right of Russia to *any* territorial establishment on this continent,”—meaning further *acquisition* of territory, as the context shows,—“and that we should assume, distinctly, the principle that the American continents are no longer subjects for any *new* colonial establishments.” [The italics are in the original text.]

Americans must remember that complications simultaneously had arisen regarding the frontier lines of Great Britain and Russia in the North-West. They were complicated and fraught with danger to the budding Republic; but they were resolutely met by the strong Government of that day—an Administration having as advisor the brilliant mind of Jefferson, as we have seen. At such a time, it was impossible that the strenuous character of Henry Clay should not have been projected upon the moving-picture that commanded the universal attention of the American people. Although Congress, by a decisive vote, declined to pass his resolution—wisely, because it was superfluous—Mr. Clay distinctly raised the issue between this country and the extension of Spanish territory on this hemisphere. [The failure to obtain Congressional approval for Mr. Clay’s resolution is explained in *The North American Review*, April, 1856.] Mr. Clay, as Secretary of State, took an early opportunity (1825), to restate his position. John Quincy Adams, when he became President, likewise brought up the question regarding Russia’s claims in the North-West; but I avoid going

into this phase of the controversy, because Secretary Seward settled it forever by the purchase of Alaska and its addition to the domain of the United States—one of the most far-reaching acts promulgated since Jefferson's acquisition of the Louisiana province.

Such, very briefly, is the position of the United States regarding European aggression upon this hemisphere. It is a large contract—one that the young Republic was not prepared to maintain at the time of its declaration. To-day, the situation is different, as I hope to show, and the United States can make good its threat of 1823—unless the Powers of Europe should combine against her and unite their navies (a most improbable dream of modern statecraft)—and guarantee a continuance of republican government on the western hemisphere, from Terra del Fuego to the 49th parallel of North latitude. Of course, I am aware of the small British, French and Dutch possessions adjacent to Venezuela; but they count for nothing in the progress of the South American continent—no more than do the Danish possessions in the West Indies, which the United States has had several opportunities to buy, but, stupidly, has refrained from purchasing.

Looking over the South American nations, we encounter some surprises. Venezuela is bitterly antagonistic to us. The reason for this is that although President Cleveland "bluffed" the Marquess of Salisbury in a message that meant nothing but war if England declined to accept it, Great Britain was permitted to have her own way with Venezuela. Lord Salisbury took a leaf from Goldsmith's immortal comedy and "stooped to conquer." In diplomacy, success is the main factor. England emerged from that controversy with the Monroe Doctrine far to the good, obtaining a strip of land about 100 miles in width, containing the richest mineral wealth of Venezuela. Why be surprised, therefore, that the Venezuelans regard us with extreme indignation and distrust?

Colombia has a greater grievance. Although it may be impossible to prove, the consensus of opinion is that a revolution was fomented in Panama and a Republic of Panama recognized with a precipitancy that argues foreknowledge of a crisis. If that assumption be true, as Mr. Roosevelt maintains, the

United States bought from a swaddling-clothed republic a "canal strip," averaging ten miles in width, and paid to that baby State \$10,000,000 in hard money. The land may have been worth the price; but the fact remained that this Government had previously counted out \$40,000,000 of cash to the French stockholders in the Panama Canal for "lock, stock and barrel" of the concession and work already completed. A "right of way"—if this purchase of a canal strip were proper—had been overlooked by the Frenchmen; they were cutting a big ditch through other people's property and we, as purchasers, would have been warned off. What was done, probably had to be done, and "it were well it were done quickly." It certainly was a speedy transaction and the American world looked on in astonishment. Herein is the cause of the grievance Colombians have against us. They are incapable of a crime of revenge so deep as to invite the surrender of their territory to a European monarchy; yet their resentment might lead to an attitude that would severely test the Monroe Doctrine and prove to Europe how sincerely we regard it as a fundamental part of our foreign policy.

The weapons in the hands of these two republics, Venezuela and Colombia, are such that they would cause anxiety, were not the glorious image of Simon Bolivar constantly present as a warning against a return to any form of monarchy. In this instance, the United States is safeguarded by a wraith.

Brazil is a vast, unwieldy plot of the earth's surface, thousands of square miles of which are unexplored. Only recently, I heard a distinguished traveller, Captain May, now building a railroad from the headwaters of the Amazon to connect with the Peruvian railway system, say that the interior of Brazil is less known than that of the Congo Free State. I can believe this statement, although there are populous cities 2,000 miles up the Amazon and its tributaries, to which steamers from English ports make regular trips. The vast domain of Brazil will require a railroad system almost as extensive as that of the United States to open it to settlement. It contains an unknown number of savages that resist civilization more stubbornly than did the aborigines of our Western plains and mountains; they are addicted to poisoned arrows and every hideous form of primitive

warfare. The peoples of all the world are their enemies. They are as relentless in their antagonisms as the head-hunters of Borneo. Although Brazil has bought ships of war, in late years, her Government cannot trust Brazilians to man them. A revolt of the crews of several men-of-war, in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, is too recent to require mention. Just how far the Brazilians would go to sustain a republican form of government, now existent, is difficult to say. A large proportion of the wealthy class would prefer a restoration of the empire. Much hope for continued republicanism is seen in the collapse of the Portuguese monarchy, ruled over by the Braganza family, a branch of which was represented by the late Dom Pedro in Brazil. As long as Portugal remains a republic, even in name, Brazil could muster an army, such as it is, in defence of the existing republic. The size of its army is insignificant; its troops could not stand against any of the trained armies of European Powers, however small. What the United States would do if Germany made a landing in force upon the coast of Brazil, with a view to establishing a colony, is hard to figure out. If Brazil ever is invaded, the wedge of assault will be driven northward from the Rio de la Plata; in which event, the attitude of Argentina would become of supreme moment to the United States.

At this hour, the Argentine Republic is the most progressive State in South America. Twenty years ago, this would have been said of Chile. Since then, the situation has changed. Although Chile pushed her frontier line northward at the expense of Peru and southward to the Straits of Magellan, the Argentines have developed their capital, Buenos Ayres, into one of the commanding seaports of the world. In population, Buenos Ayres ranks fourth in the western hemisphere—New York, Chicago and Philadelphia only being in excess. Here lies the key to the South American situation. The population of that city of 1,250,000 is practically European. Its people are imbued with European ideas; they have not assimilated with the republicanism of the small group of native statesmen who contrive to influence the direction of national affairs. The municipal institutions are in the hands of foreigners—wholly Germans and English. Money talks there, as elsewhere. The wealth of this com-

mercial centre of the republic, from which all influences radiate, is foreign. Comparatively few foreign-born inhabitants—hardly 15 per cent.—have become naturalized. They are there for gain, not for loyalty. The probabilities are that a landing in force by Germany, provided Great Britain were complacent, would be welcome.

In such an event, England remaining neutral, the burden of saving the Argentine Republic from itself would devolve upon the United States, single-handed and alone. Such help as it received from the native troops would amount to little worth considering. Foreigners, in possession of all the arsenals, dominating with their navy the entrance to the great bay, formed by the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, could maintain their hold upon the country without serious difficulty. The impossibility of landing United States troops anywhere along the coast and reaching the capital—even if such relief were welcomed by the natives—can be seen by the merest tyro who studies a map of the country. Any foreign Power with strength sufficient to take the initiative in such an invasion, would assuredly seize Uruguay and make it a base of supplies for the conquest of the larger country. Argentina has to-day an area of 1,083,596 square miles (Gotha measurement), being second in size only to Brazil. The shallowness of the Bay of la Plata precludes the conversion of Buenos Ayres into a naval base, because ships drawing more than 16 feet of water cannot approach within 12 miles of the city—which is 155 miles from the ocean.

The growth of the Argentine Republic is one of the marvels of modern civilization. Since most of us studied geography, it has extended its frontier to the southern cape of Terra del Fuego—absorbing all of Patagonia east of the Andes. Northward, Argentina, like Rhameses of old, “fixed her frontier where she pleased”—to the humiliation of Bolivia and in the face of protests from Brazil.

A vast State has been created on the continent of South America which its possessors cannot defend from any European Power that seriously means to occupy it. It is so located that the United States could not help its people, if it would. Its railroad development has been entirely northward and west-

ward. It has not extended its lines of communication toward the Atlantic, relying upon its broad estuary to give it communication with the sea, but overlooking the fact that this gulf, although 100 miles broad, could be closed by a blockading fleet sufficiently strong to keep out any help that the United States might choose to send. After the Panama Canal is completed, transports might be sent to Valparaíso, but that would necessitate the crossing of Chilean territory, an act contrary to the laws of modern warfare and not to be tolerated by Chile, unless she cast in her lot with her neighbor.

Chile is under English commercial influences, as is Peru, and such a concession could not be asked with any expectation that it would be granted.

We now approach the west coast of South America. Chile has shown herself capable of defence against Peru; she has humiliated Bolivia. It is doubtful if any foreign Power would want Chile, even were its people willing to return to monarchical institutions. Peru is quite different. Its Presidents are assassinated oftener than are Chief Magistrates of the United States. It would fall easy prey to English capture, because all the commercial interests therein are British.

Nobody wants Ecuador, unless it be Japan. Recent reports that the Mikado has been trying to buy from her the Galapagos Islands, located 500 miles west of the mainland, in the Pacific, are probably mere rumors; but a glance at the map will convince any strategist of the incalculable value of such a base for an intended assault upon the artificial pathway between the Atlantic and Pacific. So far as Ecuador is concerned, we may eliminate desire for her possession by any European power.

Out of deep dislike for the United States, Colombians or Venezuelans might welcome a European protectorate; but the foreign wedge of assault, if it ever be driven into South America, will go through Uruguay, aimed at the conquest of Argentina. That splendid republic will safeguard itself and be in a position to welcome aid from without when it fully equips its State railway to Bahía, 350 miles almost due south.

The attitudes of the three European Powers already possessing small territorial possessions on the northern coast of

South America, namely Great Britain, Holland and France, are well understood. England has obtained all the disputed territory she desires from Venezuela. Holland would not care to extend the frontier of Surinam in a southern direction into Brazil. France is a republic and recognizes the theory upon which the Monroe Doctrine is based; her chief use of French Guiana is for a penal colony and she has no need or wish for its enlargement.

Disappointed in Morocco, Germany is the one European power likely to put the Monroe Doctrine to a test in the near future.

Suppose she were to buy the Danish Islands in the West Indies, how could the United States enforce a withdrawal from the purchase? Perhaps we would be willing to trade the Philippines for them?—a relief in more ways than one.

In conclusion, I call attention to the fact that when the Monroe Doctrine was promulgated, Japan was unsuspected of future majesty. Neither Japan nor China is mentioned or hinted at in the inhibition regarding foreign entanglements. Suppose Japan to have designs upon the Galapagos Islands, as suspected?

What could the United States do, if Japan were to purchase them from Ecuador?

THE DEFEAT OF RECIPROCITY

PETER MCARTHUR

THE recent general election in Canada was notable, not so much for the defeat of Reciprocity as for the overthrow of the Liberal Government. The two were inseparable, of course, but the overthrow of the Government was the result that left its mark on the country. No one knows without a trial whether Reciprocity would have been advantageous or not, but the change of Government is bound to have an effect.

At the first glance the election is one on which both political parties and the people of Canada seem to be in a position to be congratulated. Sir Wilfrid Laurier after fifteen years of service as Premier has gone down to defeat battling for a principle on which he staked his political future. No public scandal stained the record of his administration and the election of 1908 showed him to be as strong in the affections of the people as when he first took office. During the intervening three years nothing happened to weaken his hold on his fellow-countrymen until he made what he considered a progressive step in negotiating the Reciprocity agreement with the United States. Mr. Borden, who succeeds him in office, has already given his country many years of valuable service as leader of the Opposition and has shown himself to be an honest and capable critic of public affairs. Had it not been that this election was one in which the United States was vitally interested it might have been allowed to pass as one of the ordinary events of political warfare; but when a strongly entrenched and confident Government with a majority of forty-five in a House of two hundred and fifteen members is defeated by a majority of forty-nine on so debatable a question as Reciprocity, the event is one that invites investigation. The situation is one from which lessons may be learned that will be valuable in the future.

The result was so unexpected that neither party has as yet offered a satisfactory explanation. If the defeat had been less

decisive it might have been attributed to the unpopularity of the Reciprocity agreement. But the history of the country is against that explanation. Practically every administration since Confederation has asked for Reciprocity only to be repulsed by the United States. When the boon was finally offered it was only natural to suppose that it would be received with joy. That the Government was of this opinion was shown by the alacrity with which they accepted the challenge of the Opposition. When the latter resorted to obstructive tactics it was obvious that the Government nursed it along until the time seemed opportune for an appeal to the people. Had they chosen to resist they could have worn down the Opposition or continued the fight until the country was thoroughly aroused; or they could have laid aside Reciprocity until they had put through the Redistribution Bill which has been made imperative by the recent census. This would have been a decided advantage, for the Western Provinces, which are strongly Liberal, would be entitled to over twenty seats more, a majority of which would have gone to the support of the Government. But they were so confident that Reciprocity would be favorably received that they appealed to the people and blundered into defeat.

In an article published in *THE FORUM* in the issue of December, 1910, the writer predicted that a Reciprocity agreement could not be negotiated because the Big Interests were solidly against it. But the defeat has been too overwhelming for even that explanation. The opposition of the manufacturers and the moneyed class was a powerful factor which will be dealt with later, but there was another cause which no one suspected. The election has shown conclusively that in Ontario at least there is a deep-seated distrust and dislike of the Americans which led many people to vote against freer trade relations. How far-reaching was this feeling was not suspected even by the Conservatives who did all in their power to foment it. On the platform and in the press they argued that the pact was treasonable and made for annexation, and many people evidently believed them. Appeals were made to the British-born to save the integrity of the Empire and the indiscreet utterances of President Taft and Speaker Clark were spread before the people

constantly. To this more than to anything else the defeat of Reciprocity was due.

But there was a weak side to the agreement which the Conservatives were not slow to seize upon. The country was prospering as it had never done before. It was hard to believe that Reciprocity could increase this prosperity and there was a chance that it might check it. "Leave well enough alone," they said, and many voters acted on their advice.

There were other reasons that contributed to the downfall of the Government, such as the opposition to the naval programme in the province of Quebec; but the three important reasons were the thoroughly financed campaign organized by the Big Interests, the anti-American feeling which was fanned to a flame, and the honest doubt of many people that Reciprocity would benefit Canada.

That the campaign in opposition to Reciprocity was thoroughly organized and lavishly financed was obvious. The party press was stimulated to unwonted activity, the country was inundated with pamphlets and posters and every paper that had its columns open to political advertising was well-paid to insert arguments against the pact which were supplied through the usual advertising channels. Even if money was not used in more sinister ways enough was used on perfectly legitimate campaigning to show that the Big Interests were aroused and contributing freely to the funds of the opposition. Manufacturers who were in no way affected came out in open hostility because the sacred tariff was being tampered with. They evidently feared that if the people once started to break down the wall there was no telling where they would stop.

It is not necessary to believe, as some New York papers have asserted, that Reciprocity was defeated in Canada by the American trusts. The Canadian "System" is strong enough to do anything that could be done in that line without outside assistance. As Canada has no muck-raking magazines and as no daily paper could survive if it dared to oppose the financial interests that are exploiting the country, the "System" has nothing to fear except that it may overreach itself through the completeness of its power. The Canadian money trust is so thor-

oughly entrenched that all it can ask any Government is to "leave well enough alone." The Bankers' Association with its system of branch banks extending to every part of the country has complete control of the savings of the people, and as it finances the mergers that control practically every line of business and has intimate relations with the big insurance companies and railroads, it is in a position to wield a tremendous influence in any election. But the papers of both parties are silent. The nearest approach to uncovering the workings of the money trust was made by an independent weekly which ventured to say in commenting on the election: "The Big Interests—if one may use the term without offence—were arrayed against Reciprocity." This is being almost as deferential as the chaplain of Charles II who feared that certain people, if they did not amend their ways, would go to hell— "If one may mention such a place before ears so polite."

The Bankers, Mergers and Railroads opposed Reciprocity and the only wonder is that the Liberal Government dared to go to the country, knowing of their opposition. It really looks as if Sir Wilfrid wished to redeem pledges made in the election of 1896 when he was put in power and thought he was sufficiently popular with the people to be able to defy the Big Interests. If so he has had a thorough awakening. The attitude of the financiers toward both political parties is well shown by the reply one of them made after he had contributed to the Liberal campaign fund for the Dominion and the Conservative campaign fund for Ontario. He was asked what his politics really were and replied laconically:

"Contracting."

Canada now has its group of magnates that use political parties instead of belonging to them—a state of affairs that should be well understood in the United States. According to one critic of Canadian affairs who was too cautious to sign his name to an article in an obscure magazine:

"Anyone taking the pains to inquire will easily fix upon less than a dozen names which will be found on the boards of directors of banks; on the boards of directors of the large insurance companies; of the great daily and financial newspapers. Some

of them are in Parliament, several of them are in the Senate of Canada.

“They control the eight hundred and forty millions of the people’s savings deposited in the chartered banks; they control the entire bank-note circulation of Canada; they control every business man who could use bank credit, be he merchant, manufacturer, or otherwise engaged, they can ruin him by denying him credit at critical times; they can prevent the development of his business by preventing loans for expansion. They control the income of all the large insurance companies and their allies, the trust companies, which underwrite the bonds of corporations and finance all kinds of undertakings for the ‘System’; they control the price of stocks in the industrial concerns, and the price of the output; they are rapidly getting control of the mercantile business through the departmental stores; they control public opinion so far as it is reflected in the great dailies; for an editorial writer who would seriously attack the ‘System’ would soon be out of a job. They sit in the House of Commons and in the Senate of Canada. People wonder why they are there. They are not statesmen. Scarcely one of them could make a sensible speech of thirty minutes’ duration. They do not attempt it. They do not all belong to one political party. They use both parties. When the Tories are in power the ‘System’ sees that a good many of the ‘System’s’ Tories are in; and when the Grits are in power they have a preponderance of ‘System’ Grits, with just enough ‘System’ Tories to keep the Opposition quiet. They do not make speeches, they do not propose legislation—they leave all that to the politicians who are stupid enough to care for their country. They just move around and use their influence to see that the ‘System’ doesn’t get hurt. They are business men in Parliament. Their business is to ‘boss’ the business. One man sits as the representative of a great railway corporation. He doesn’t talk much—he just watches, and he watches pretty effectively too. So the ‘Interests’ are looked after.”

Not until these men who are living above the law and their counterparts in the United States have been mastered and forced to obey the same laws as other people will there be any chance

of having a Reciprocity agreement or any other measure for the relief of the plain people whom they are exploiting.

No review of the elections, however, would be complete without a reference to the singular activities of the Hon. Clifford Sifton, at one time Minister of the Interior in the Liberal Cabinet. More than any other man he helped to overthrow the Government. His career suggests a comparison with that of the late Mark Hanna, though it is doubtful if Mr. Hanna in his care for the interests of Big Business could have reached the cynical indifference to public opinion which would have enabled him to go over to the Democrats and manage their affairs with the same ability as he had managed the affairs of the Republicans. He was content with the distrust and hatred of one party. Mr. Sifton has the distinction of being feared and distrusted by both parties and still being about the most powerful figure in Canadian public life. As Minister of the Interior he undoubtedly did more than any other man to open the Western Provinces to settlement, but his work was subject to much the same kind of criticism as was directed against Secretary Ballinger in the United States. A man of undoubted business capacity and credited with political ambitions that would not be satisfied with any position but the highest in the land, he dominated the Cabinet and excited the jealousy of his colleagues. How he was finally forced out of the Cabinet is a story that has not been made public, but he still retained his connection with the Liberal Party and devoted himself to business with so much success that he became a millionaire many times over. By his business ability he won the confidence of the financial interests and in the election of 1908 it was to him they looked to conduct a successful campaign for the Liberals, who were still in favor. When the Reciprocity Agreement was brought before Parliament he retained his connection with his financial associates and broke with his party by making a powerful speech against Reciprocity on the floor of the House. When the late election became imminent it was to him that the moneyed powers turned once more and he took charge of the campaign for the Conservatives, who only a few years ago had been criticising his conduct in the Department of the Interior with a savagery never before known in Canadian

politics. This move won him the hatred of the Liberals whom he had deserted and his position in the Conservative party has caused many wry faces among his new allies. What his future will be in Canadian politics is a question that is causing much speculation. He is too wealthy to need favors from the new Government and too ambitious to accept any position except such as would be begrudged by the Conservatives. But the illuminating point in his career is his connection with the Big Interests. His position makes it evident that we have in Canada a force superior to both parties that stands ready to throw its influence to whichever party is most likely to promote its interests. Mr. Sifton's political experience and financial standing make him the logical representative of this power and he has certainly shown his capacity to further its ends. By the services he has rendered to the Conservative Party and the demands he may make on them for his business associates he is likely to be more of an embarrassment than a source of strength to the incoming Government. If, as some assert, his real purpose was to be revenged on his old colleagues in the Liberal Cabinet, he has every reason to be satisfied, for the majority of them were hopelessly defeated at the polls. Whatever else he has done he has at least taken "a wide and capable revenge" on those who had thwarted his ambitions.

The impression is growing in many quarters that an American battle has been fought on Canadian ground. The forces that opposed Reciprocity in the United States did not need to be very astute to decide that it would be easier to defeat the pact in a country of nine million inhabitants than in one of ninety millions. Moreover they were no doubt aware of the well-organized and competent opposition the agreement would meet with from the privileged classes in Canada. It was only necessary to defeat it on one side of the boundary line and as President Taft was so set on having it passed in the United States it was not necessary to oppose him too strenuously. Besides it would be rather good politics to pass Reciprocity in the United States and defeat it in Canada. The stand-patters and the Big Interests would not be hurt and the leaders could say that they had done all in their power to secure relief for the

people who wished to get natural products without a tariff tax. And if President Taft and Mr. Champ Clark wished to have the negotiations end in this way they could not have assisted more effectively than they did. The people of Canada are the most loyal in the Empire. To have Mr. Taft urge that Reciprocity would check trade within the Empire and divert it to the United States and to have Mr. Clark suggest that it would lead to annexation, was enough to arouse defiance. The loyal Canadians of both parties were offended. To say the least, the Americans gave the cue to the anti-American campaign which was waged against Reciprocity. If they are surprised to find that Canadians dislike and mistrust them they have only themselves to thank. The Conservative party merely took advantage of campaign material that was thrown in their way by prominent Americans and a section of the American press. Under no other circumstances is it conceivable that they would have dared to accuse their Liberal fellow-citizens of disloyalty.

One explanation that has been offered to account for the amazing defeat of the Liberal Government is probably too subtle to be true, but it is worth recording because of the light it throws on the political methods that have prevailed in the past. It is asserted that the Liberals were defeated because they thought it would be good tactics to conduct a thoroughly virtuous campaign. Feeling sure that the popularity of Reciprocity would carry them back to power they decided to reserve their campaign fund for the election which, according to all British precedents, must follow the passage of the Redistribution Bill. If they could win in this way and the Conservatives were indiscreet in the use of money they could cover them with disgrace by refusing to have the usual "saw-off." In past elections it has been the custom of the practical men of both parties to meet and weigh the evidences of corrupt practices that each has secured against the other and have a "saw-off" by which protested elections are avoided and the evil doings of both parties hidden from sight. It was a most satisfactory arrangement, for the campaigners on both sides could resort to any means to win, secure in the knowledge that their leaders would find a way to hush things up. If, however, the Liberals con-

ducted a virtuous campaign and the Conservatives, lulled to false security by past experiences, went on in the old way, it would not be necessary to have a "saw-off." Virtue would be triumphant and wickedness would be exposed in the courts. It would really be excellent tactics for a party that was sure of winning. At the first glance it looks as if the scheme might still work, for the Liberals are so completely in the minority that they need not trouble about their own men and could let investigating justice take its course. But unfortunately there is a checkmate. Before the campaign began a Toronto paper published a charge that the Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior, had received large sums to use in the previous election. A committee was appointed to investigate in the usual way and nobody expected that anything would come of it, for campaign funds are sacred and neither party cares to have them investigated or talked about. The unexpected appeal to the people left these charges still in the committee stage. Nobody considered them important. Even the Conservatives had not pressed them with energy. But now they loom into sudden importance. With the Conservatives in power they can press the charges and possibly uncover the record of the Liberal campaigners in the previous election. So even if the Liberals did conduct a campaign of virtue this time they cannot profit by it and refuse a "saw-off." They can be forced into the usual deal by the Oliver charges. So the probabilities are that this campaign will go the way of all others and that the Conservatives will be allowed to enjoy their victory without protest.

Of course this explanation is given only as a hypothesis that seems to fit every detail of the case. The Liberals certainly did not put up a strong fight. The party press was not supplied with the usual cartoons, supplements and political stimulants. Little was done beyond giving a few leading papers a wider circulation and publishing a few pamphlets on Reciprocity. The same apathy was evident at the various offices that were opened for campaign business. The Liberals were sure of winning through the greatness of their cause and the faithfulness of their followers.

But whatever caused the overwhelming defeat of Reciprocity

in Canada the question may be regarded as settled for years to come. Having been carried to power on an anti-Reciprocity and anti-American platform the Conservatives cannot be expected to make any move to secure freer trade relations with the United States, and it will probably be many years before the Western Provinces will be strong enough to force the issue, should they still desire to do so. While Canada continues to prosper through the development of its natural resources the need for Reciprocity will not be more apparent than it was before this election and there is no reason to believe that business will not continue to develop under Conservative rule as it did under Liberal rule. The Conservatives are pledged to "let well enough alone," and the country was certainly doing well enough. But if Reciprocity should ever again become an issue,—and the defeated Liberals assert that it will be the chief issue in every election until it prevails—it will be possible for its opponents in the United States to defeat it by employing the same tactics as they did this time. All that will be necessary will be to have a few leading men suggest that the real aim is annexation and the loyal Canadians will have nothing to do with it. Loyalty to the Empire strikes deeper than party politics and cannot be shaken even by prospects of material gain.

THE PRIMITIVE WORKING-WOMAN

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER .

REGULAR industry is rather an acquired habit than a natural tendency in the human race; and women rather than men seem first to have attained the discipline of a "steady job." The biologic hints of the busy bee, the industrious beaver, the ant, to whose example the human sluggard was long ago commended, all seem to have been taken lightly by the primitive man. Primitive woman, however, in a past too remote for any present trace of its earliest social processes, was harnessed to definite tasks which began with each morning. Ward shows that although modern economists often talk as though "labor was natural to man and as though the main question was how to give men work enough to do" (and we may add of the right sort and under right conditions) "the original problem was how to make men work." He tells us that in the primitive state, "Only the work of women in caring for the men and the children and in performing the drudgery of the camp approaches the character of labor" as we understand the term.

To be sure, primitive man had occasional activities of a strenuous and often dangerous sort. They are indicated by the saying of the Australian Kurnai: "A man hunts, spears fish, fights and sits about; the rest is woman's work." Professor Haddon, writing interestingly about the primitive people of the Torres Straits, says: "The men fished, fought, built houses, did a little gardening, made fish-lines and fish-hooks, spears and other implements, constructed dance-masks, head-dresses and all the paraphernalia for the various ceremonies. They performed all the rites and the dances, and in addition did a good deal of strutting up and down, loafing and 'yarning.' The women cooked and prepared the food, did most of the gardening, collected and speared the fish, made clothing, baskets and mats." MacDonald tells us that throughout Central Africa, "The work is done chiefly by the women. They hoe the fields, sow the

seed and reap the harvest. They build the houses, grind the corn, brew the beer, cook, wash and care for all the material interests of the community. The men tend the cattle, hunt and go to war; they also do the tailoring, and spend much time sitting in council over the conduct of affairs."

These hints of conditions among undeveloped peoples give a reminiscent picture of the beginning of industrial order in all primitive life. In apportioning sex-gifts women are generally denied the possession to any considerable extent of "inventive genius"; and from the point of view that "inventive genius loses sight of the practical and yields wholly to the spur of anticipated success residing in the mind" the denial is surely just. All the essential processes of peaceful industry, however, all those severely practical activities which led directly toward care for the individual life and comfort, and the start of the primitive home toward social well-being, were, as all students agree, initiated by women in the dim past. Hence, if woman is not markedly the inventor of the race she is the mother of inventions as well as of inventors. In the picturesque summary by Mason of the life of the North American Indians, he describes the primitive woman as the first cutler, butcher, currier, tanner, tailor, dressmaker, milliner, hatter, toymaker, upholsterer, cook, spinner, weaver, sail-maker, decorative artist ("inventing the chevrons, herring-bones, frets and scrolls of all future art"), the first pack-animal and burden-bearer, the first miller, agriculturist, nursery-man and florist. As he declares: "All the peaceful arts of to-day were once woman's peculiar province."

Markham pictures the man-drudge—

"Bowed with the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe, and gazes on the ground;
The emptiness of ages in his face
And on his back the burden of the world."

But long before the centuries were counted, or the prehistoric ages set in their order, when even the rude hoe of Millet's peasant was undreamed of, the woman-drudge scraped the light soil with her sharp-edged stone or shell, made holes with her pointed "digging-stick" and planted the treasured seed pre-

served, perhaps by stealth, from one harvest to start another. And "in her face," however coarse-featured and unlovely, the "emptiness" is touched with human purpose, as in patient service she binds upon her "back the burden" of the child, and goes about her unceasing toil. Wherever man's power of achievement has proudly made its mark upon the labor processes that have builded civilization, there, could he but trace them, are the prophetic signs of the handicraft of women in their crude but heroic beginnings of manual arts.

The reason for this priority of women in useful labor is of course obvious. Woman, from the first, enjoyed the special tutoring of that most persistent and effective trainer in industrial education which the world of nature has yet produced, the human infant. Any family of children, any single child, even, can provide the four prime essentials of discipline to regular work—namely, an incentive to labor which cannot be ignored, an obvious suggestion of things to be done, a time-schedule (including a self-winding alarm clock), and a satisfying reward for duty well done! The woman and the child constituted, it is clear, the first social group. "Mother and child," says Lippert, "were the simplest elements of the earliest organization." The biologic foundation for motherhood was so securely laid before the human was reached that our race started with this relationship as its most important and well-known social asset. Therefore woman long before man received the training of offspring in the capacity of inciter and director of labor. It is a recent decision of pedagogy that "no child should be obliged to employ an incompetent mother"; but the human race started with a clear conception that every child had a right to the service of some sort of a mother. And, as in primitive society all women are married, and all who can are required to have children, the first "female industrial school" is very ancient. Woman, as a human being of the mother-sex, found her job already waiting for her when she arrived upon the scene, and she has never been allowed to become an industrial "tramp" seeking her work afar. For the same reasons, woman has never had at her command those convenient "fictions" which have served man as ways of escaping irksome labor, and as means for procuring bet-

ter opportunities for easier self-support. In short, woman, from the primitive mother to the modern housewife, has seldom, if ever, had a chance to "go a-fishing" at housecleaning time, or to plead "urgent business down-town" in domestic crises.

Pressed to her special tasks by the biologic push itself, primitive woman began at once to minister to the primal necessities of the race. In previous incarnations of the mother-spirit she had been drilled to suckle young with tenderness; to postpone for their comfort her own rest and play; to pick up food for offspring and feed them before her own hunger was appeased; to build nests for brooding and caretaking of the helpless; to develop courage and cunning for the protection of infant life; to engage in valiant essays into unknown fields of labor and of education in order to train her little ones for independent life, and in this manner was made ready for the first experimentation of human existence in the region of social culture. Primitive woman thus carried over from the lower animal life into the human sphere a larger treasure than man had yet acquired of that pre-human tendency toward unselfish service to one's kin which has builded the family, and later the State. In that precedence of unselfish service the primitive woman implanted at the very centre of human progress that principle of "mutual aid" which Kropotkin shows has from the beginning of sentient life modified and chastened the selfish strife for individual ends. In this was the first great contribution of earliest womanhood to social culture.

How and when man was first consciously and adequately harnessed to constant and peaceful labor is still matter of dispute among sociologists; but all agree that among the social forces that pressed him into the industrial yoke was the need of the human child for two parents and that both should serve the child and society from one common family impulse. In that "prolongation of human infancy" which Fiske regards as the "chief agency toward civilization," the mother could not do it all. Whether or not we hold with Morgan, McLennan, Bachofen, and others to the theories of "Horde" and of "Mother-right" which affirm a period of woman's supremacy in social order at the start, we must believe (and from evidence adduced by both

the followers and opponents of these theories) that in the sphere of family rule and that private law of custom which antedated political and legal forms of control, the primitive woman had precedence and power. On the other hand, whether or not we hold with Westermarck and others that "pairing was from the first the rule among the human race," and that the human father did not allow the birds and higher beasts to outdo him in conjugal affection and in the aid rendered the mother in care of offspring, and that he took his toll of power as family "head" from the first in payment for his coöperation, we must still believe that a father who comes and goes at will and who at best rarely elects to stay for life with one mate and her young, is a less sure support to the growing family than the mother who is fastened to the infant from the hidden beginnings of its life until special care is no longer needed. All theories of primitive social groupings seem alike to indicate that for a longer or shorter period, in a more or less complete irresponsibility, and under every form of early marriage and family autonomy, man enjoyed privileges of roaming at will and of temporary sojourn with wife and children as a "paying guest," which made his apprenticeship to family obligations a rather difficult matter.

That grotesque expression of man's undisciplined imagination, the *couvade*, so widely extended as a custom, and so clearly testifying to conscious assertion by man of his paternity, and consequent headship of the household, shows that in some way and time man began to think it well to proclaim his relationship to offspring by a formal ceremony. The practical genius of woman would never have initiated a form of ceremonial so extravagantly troublesome as the pretended illness of the man of the house at the moment when a new baby claimed attention! And, judging from the general habit of primitive man in respect to steady labor, he would hardly have "taken to bed" at such a time, "with simulated pains and weakness and attendant care of neighbors and friends," had he fully realized that such proclamation of fatherhood must finally put him into industrial bondage to what he then despised as "woman's work." Had he but known it, not make-believe "labor pains," but actual drudgery of daily life as "head of the family" was prophetically symbolized

by this ceremonial nonsense. How the primitive woman must have laughed at the absurd custom in the privacy of her own consciousness—however solemn and deferential she may have been outwardly in the presence of her lord and master; as women of later date have had their secret fun over many man-devised methods of asserting masculine superiority at the very crises of domestic experience when men are most helpless, and often most in the way.

Meanwhile, as woman went about her daily tasks, and infant society was getting used to peaceful ways of living with one's kind, man was accomplishing great things along the line of specialization of labor processes. His special tasks of fighting and hunting, his habit of moving about and "talking over affairs," had given him at once his massive bone structure and great muscular development, and his growth in the rational quality. Although often a mere "casual laborer," his particular tasks required tremendous spurts of energy, and also gave him a fine turn toward that pride of achievement which constitutes the soil in which genius is grown. War, man's earliest and latest monopoly, has always greatly stimulated invention, and has developed that deceptive capacity which furnishes so much raw material of intellectual power. Moreover, the catching of wary fish, the trapping and killing of shy animals, the taming of wild beasts for purposes of transportation, burden-bearing and agriculture, all gave man a decided bent toward making his brains serve his desires. In the language of the modern factory system, man's early tasks were in the nature of "piece-work," while woman always had to "work by the day." Man could "speed up" for a definite achievement and afterwards rest until another crisis of effort—in itself a distinct industrial advantage. It is in the nature of "piece-work," to make individual capacity conscious and manifest, to increase the skill and rapidity of operations, and to give a keen sense of interest in the process, as well as in the ends, of labor. In this manner, and by these means, man early acquired a persistent bent toward specialization and toward perfection in his work, which has stood him and the world in good stead. As producer of distinctive and increasingly appreciated economic values, and as leader in that mastery of physical forces

for human use that has resulted in modern civilization, man was aided industrially toward his legal control of social relationships, and his preëminence in the formal culture of the schools.

One by one, man's specializing capacity took over the multifarious occupations of women, which women could never develop to their utmost reaches of skill because of the necessity of serving as Jack-at-all-trades which the demands of family have unto this day laid upon them. One by one, man assumed as his own, and often shut woman out from pursuing, the tasks that he found made ready to his hand by her efforts. This is not the place for a recital of "the invasion" of man into "woman's sphere," but it furnishes interesting reading. Woman's priority in the industrial field, however, enabled her to prepare all the processes of peaceful labor for the more specialized genius of man, and slowly induct him, through the crippled and aged who could not fight, and by the training of young boys, into the ways of industrial progress ordained for his travel. This was the second great contribution of primitive woman to social culture. Nor did woman's path-finding for the family and the social good end here; primitive woman took the first steps on that dark path which led toward the higher industrial organization of later societies, the path in which she was driven to incredible exertions, from without, by cruelty and oppression.

It is claimed by most sociologists that man was tamed to the labor harness chiefly by the institution of human slavery: that only such an economic "despotism" could have "set the mould" of masculine industry. If that is so, then here, as elsewhere in the world of labor, women led the way along the path to future civilization. Bebel says: "Woman was the first creature to taste the bitter fruit of bondage." Somewhere along the line of woman's experience and discipline of life (there is still much disagreement as to the precise point) her natural impulse to work for the benefit of the child and all the weak and needy of her kind, was rudely accentuated by man's forcible use of her as a slave laborer, the "thing" of service for himself and the family that he had captured or purchased, stolen or begged. The story of man's oppression of woman is confessed by all students of human society to constitute the blackest page

of human inhumanity. Happily we are not obliged, in view of all the testimony so far gathered, to accept the unmitigated horrors of this enslavement of women as summed up by Letourneau and others. There is evidence to show that even in savage life the intimacies of sex-relationship made some appeal to affection and to consideration, even, that tended to soften the bond; and there is more evidence to show that woman's inherent power in the family circle, her never wholly violated control of some domestic customs and rites, her influence as teacher of all girls and of all little boys, her power to make man uncomfortable in underhand ways when he was "bad," and her more subtle power to give him unexpected joy when he was "good," have all modified the slavery of woman to man as no other type of slavery has been modified. This, however, gives but a slight softening to what was the greatest social crime ever committed, and the most stupid of social mistakes ever stumbled into—the subjection of the mothers of the race.

The great puzzle of sociology has been to explain that enslavement of women. How was it accomplished? "By brute force," say some. But the savage woman is too nearly the physical equal of her mate for that to be the sole solution. "By religious doctrines and customs," say others. But how did religion come to take that turn? "By reason of the burden of the child which kept woman from self-assertion and self-defence and allowed her to be overcome half unconsciously," say others. But how did it come about that man should generally desire to use that supreme proof of woman's usefulness to the race as the weapon by which to subdue and ill-use her, when many beasts and birds before him had learned to "love and cherish" their mothering mates? "By the rise of the institution of private property, by which man came to claim as his sole possession the marital rights and power over womanhood which had been before a horde or communal ownership," say others. But proof is lacking of the universality of this "collective marriage," and even inheritance by the female line does not always, if ever, indicate a true "matriarchate" at all corresponding to the male headship of the family by which woman was enslaved. "By the change from familial to political organization, with the military bases

of the State in which woman was counted out," say others. But the patriarchal family itself is the central element in woman's bondage, and that developed far earlier than the feudal state of military order. Ward's now famous explanation, namely, that "life begins as female and that the male sex is an afterthought of nature"; that human life begins with an established "gynecocracy" or woman rule as shown in primitive hordes; that the origin of masculine supremacy is in the sexual selection by all females of male strength, cunning and power of every sort; that in the development of the rational faculty of man, by this process, woman finally became the slave of the intellectual powers her own sex had evolved, the victim of a Frankenstein master for whose ability to destroy her freedom and her dignity of choice in mating, the eager activity of her side of the house of life was responsible—this explanation, although suggestive of broad outlines of development, is altogether too simple and partial to cover all the ground. This theory makes the final step by which man assumed entire dominion over the sex which had created him, one following his belated discovery of his own paternity, and marked by a violent crisis in human relationship. We have not sufficient proof on the one hand of a condition of human existence in which primitive woman was the free and honored creature this theory seems to presuppose; nor, on the other hand, have we sufficient proof that in any special era was there, for the race in general, one such conscious and tragic struggle between men and women for social supremacy, from which all men emerged triumphant and all women hopelessly captive. The antithesis of "woman-rule" and "man-rule" suggests that often misleading tendency of the philosophic mind to "evolve from the inner consciousness" a theory so symmetrical and commanding that it tolerates no contrary "ifs and buts," and masses all facts for its sole service. It is a bit safer to mix common sense with social facts reported by differing observers; as with medical prescriptions when doctors disagree. It is sensible to conclude from the diverse evidence that the disciplines of sex relationship have been varied, that the male creature had attained much power to grab more than his share of good things before he became human, that women were always weighted by

motherhood's demands too heavily to keep a sharp eye out for their own advantage, that sexual selection was but one of many agencies by which Nature built up the rational faculty and put brains in the saddle, and that there was hardly likely to be so great an exception to the slowly evolving changes in human development as a "landing," part way up the ladder, on which all men definitely gained from bloody contest a wholly new control of all women.

It is true that the *couvade* of primitive custom has its more advanced counterpart in the tragedy of *The Furies*, in which Æschylus pictures a conscious change from the reckoning and duty of relationship solely on the mother's side, to the doctrine announced by Apollo that "the male is the generative source, the mother but the nurse of the newly sown offspring." The Furies, rising from the underworld to defend the "blood-claim" of motherhood, excuse Clytemnestra's murder of her husband because she "was not the kindred of the man she slew," and call upon Minerva and the citizens of Athens asked in to settle the dispute, not to "ride down the ancient laws" and let Orestes, the slayer of his mother, "to whom he was bound in blood," escape their vengeance. Orestes, justified at last by Minerva herself for slaying her "who gave him birth," because his "dark-souled mother slew his dearest father," ushers in that "revolution of new laws" which the Erinnys so fearfully bewail.

Probably the Græco-Roman civilization developed unique self-consciousness in changes of sex-relationship and family order, as it also gave to patriarchal claims unexampled legal and religious definiteness. But even in this case, preserved in its spirit by literary genius, in the change from the maternal to the paternal relationship, the maternal side was not left wholly bereft of privilege and power. As Æschylus makes Minerva declare, woman has always had and must ever have "some first-fruits of sacrifice for children and the rites of marriage," even in temples in which she was bought and sold. To her has been ever intrusted the "safety of mortal seed," even when man's greedy power has denied her all right in offspring. She has been enabled to "render joyful offices with thoughts of common weal," even when man-made laws have defrauded her of the simplest rights of

humanity. We must believe, therefore, that no one line of evolution in marriage and the family, and hence no one explanation of the cause, the methods and the forms of the enslavement of women can be accepted as complete. The old nursery rhyme that tells of the stately wife "who had a little husband no bigger than her thumb, she put him in a pint pot and there she bid him drum," may indeed hark back to some Amazonian reminiscence of the insects that carry their male companions in pockets provided by Nature! And, on the other hand, the woman of the East who must not sit or eat before her lord, or the savage slave who carries on her person the scars of her master's daily chastisement, may find their progenitors in equally remote vagaries of Nature.

In many ways, through darker or lighter paths, through many mixed conditions, women and men have attained the relative positions which the earlier and more despotic forms of political organization fixed in unjust laws. In any event the "brutal treatment of women" which Spencer says was "constant and universal" has not prevented women from acquiring refinement of feeling, some measure of moral excellence, and many self-protecting charms, even in the savage state. Hence that brutality must have had some limits and many palliatives hard to discover from the modern standpoint. Humboldt declared that "Nature has woman in her special care." Certainly Nature made woman exceeding tough of fibre and hard to kill, in preparation for her manifold burdens and the abuse she was destined to receive. But, in addition, Nature gave her some weapons of defence all her own, and enlisted the very claim of masculine ownership which wrought her deepest degradation in behalf of her protection against indiscriminate outrage. Above all it must be remembered that although women have seldom owned property they have very generally been property, and thrift early learned to take care of its own. Women were too valuable as laborers in the beginnings of the industrial order for the rudest and least instructed social sense to permit them, permanently, or for any considerable period of time, to be destroyed or hopelessly crippled in their usefulness as at once mothers and servants. In this slow amelioration of even the horrors of slavery which women accomplished from their coign of vantage at the centre

of human affection in the home, and also through their early understood economic value, they have made their third great contribution to social culture.

We are but just beginning, however, to recognize the full value of woman's early service to "the common weal." "It is all work, and forgotten work, this many-peopled world," says Carlyle. How much more deeply buried in oblivion has been the labor of women than even the humblest toil of man, until this later day! Poets and painters have sometimes pictured the value and the pathos of the peasant and the artisan after man became a farmer and craftsman. Not until the new sciences were born did the more fundamental labor of women emerge to view. In that greatest poem of the vocations yet written, the author of *Ecclesiasticus*, although paying exclusive homage to the sage and the ruler, as was the wont of ancient writers, still does such justice to the manual laborers as to declare:

"These are they that maintain the fabric of the world,
And without them is no city builded."

It is this "fabric of the world," rather than any pattern wrought upon it by the genius of great persons, in which the new psychology and the new sociology are chiefly concerned. It is the contribution to social progress by the humbler mass of men and women, this which has been so scornfully ignored by the older writers of history, which to-day yields to social science the truest answers to the riddles of human growth. In this "fabric of the world" of common life woman is the warp—the threads of her being "stretched on the loom of time" from out the mystery of the past on toward the mystery of the future without a break. Man is the woof—passed from pattern to pattern by the changing shuttles that weave the stuff of human progress and oft embroidering upon the endless web the splendid characters that inspire reverence and admiration. In the massive contribution of womanhood to the social fabric the part played by the primitive working-woman appears to-day, for the first time, in its true proportions. Rightly typified by the Eskimo woman who rises in the dim morning twilight of an arctic winter to set her rude hut in order and stir the fire for others' comfort, the ancient mothers of the race started the first steps of human en-

deavor on the paths of social order in the gray dawn of human existence. The primitive working-woman gave the "curtain-raiser" of prehistoric experience that prepared human consciousness for the epic of history. In the dream-like pantomime of her opening prologue, in which man passes back and forth in fleeting and inconsequent action, and in which not individual women but collective womanhood holds the stage, her cloud of witnesses show forth her mighty gifts. Silently she sets in place the four cornerstones of the house of life:

The treasury of pre-human motherhood to dower humanity.

The initiation of the race into useful and peaceful labor.

The softening of the rigors of slavery by a unique appeal to pity and affection.

The cultivation from within the home, even in captivity, of those coöperative impulses which make for social welfare.

In and through these gifts the primitive woman appears to-day more modern to the instructed sympathy than many of the "speaking characters" that follow her in the drama of historic times. The warring heroes who must die on the battlefield or be disgraced, the unsocial rulers who despoiled the people to make a bestial holiday for courts, the aberrant geniuses who overlaid simple human duty with vagaries of theology that instituted bloody inquisitions, even the philosophers who captured the idealism of the race for unworkable and often dangerous theories of human conduct—these all are less in harmony with our present and oncoming industrial and social order than is the womanhood that led the way toward social solidarity.

As the searchlight of science is turned from one dark corner to another of the stage whereon the kindergarten of the race held session, these simple everyday workers of the mother-sex become our familiar and well-beloved teachers. They are more and more perceived to be the real "prophetesses," symbolized by some religions as deities—those who in half-conscious response to the "vast soul that o'er them planned," in the dark and terror and suffering of the earliest time, "builded better than they knew" the foundations of the Temple of Humanity.

THE CHILD'S HERITAGE

JOHN G. NEIHARDT

O THERE are those, a sordid clan,
With pride in gaud and faith in gold,
Who prize the sacred soul of man
For what his hands have sold!

And these shall deem thee humbly bred:
They shall not hear, they shall not see
The kings among the lordly dead
Who walk and talk with thee.

A tattered cloak may be thy dole,
And thine the roof that Jesus had:
The broidered garment of the soul
Shall keep thee purple-clad!

The blood of men hath dyed its brede,
And it was wrought by holy seers
With sombre dream and golden deed,
And pearled with women's tears.

With Eld thy chain of days is one:
The seas are still Homeric seas;
Thy skies shall glow with Pindar's sun,
The stars of Socrates!

Unaged, the ancient tide shall surge,
The old spring burn along the bough:
For thee the old and new converge
In one eternal Now!

I give thy feet the hopeful sod,
Thy mouth, the priceless boon of breath;
The glory of the search for God
Be thine in life and death!

Unto thy flesh, the restful grave,
Thy soul, the gift of being free:
The robe, the torch my fathers gave,
Thy father gives to thee!

DEATH'S HOLIDAY

WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS

HE came upon the coasts of God at dawn's young smiling,
Across the morn and down the mists, to where they
waiting lay,
The children, lent him at his prayer; and with strange wiling
He laughed to them and sang to them, and led them far away:

Led them to Heaven's pleasaunce-place adown Life's river—
The river now was in the cliffs, and placid as the sky—
To scenes so fair that waters there and winds paused ever,
And Time, with many a wistful look, would alway dally by.

And thither came my Lord of Death, a mad crew leading
Of dimpled rascals pink and sleek, with limpid, searching eyes,
No whit afraid: the shyest one, with two hands pleading,
Anon in one great arm is throned, and straight the world
defies.

They never knew a gentler guide. A brown wren nesting
Forsook her eggs to follow him; a butterfly's gay plumes
His touch unruffled leaves; and violets that questing
Young winds despoil, his palms caress, but leave the ripe
perfumes.

One care alone he cannot hide, one warm wish carries—
That not a childish heart may know a doubting or a fear,
And kindly tongue and touch so winningly he marries
That still the happiest elf is he who oftenest presses near.

All day the wildering revels run; and Heaven-folk tell it
That since that day, at twilight's pause, ere nightingales begin,
The vale to tinkling laughter thrills, and lone cliffs swell it,
And glass pools crinkle into smiles where yet no wind has
been.

But comes at last a sound of bells; and Heavenward slowly
He leads them till the Children's Gate shines near at hand,
and then
Waves them farewell; but watching stands, as Hometown wholly
Gathers them in: then turns to earth, and Death is Death
again.

IN THE STREETS

LOUIS UNTERMAYER

BOY, my boy, it is lonely in the city,
Days that have no pity and the nights without a tear
Follow all too slowly and I can no more dissemble,
I am frightened and I tremble—and I would that you
were here.
O boy—God keep you!

Boy, my boy, I had sworn to weep no longer,
Time I thought was stronger than the whispers long gone by,
The ardent looks, the eager words, the little love and hurried—
But they all come back unburied and not one of them will die.
O boy—God save you!

Boy, my boy—you were glad with youth and power,
Your joy was like a flower that you wore upon your sleeve;
And wherever you may go there'll be a girl with eyes that glisten,
A girl to wait and listen—and a girl for you to leave.
O boy—God help her!

THE MIRACLE OF THE STIGMATA

FRANK HARRIS

IT was after the troubles in Jerusalem that a man called Joshua, a carpenter and smith, came to Cæsarea. Almost before the neighbors were aware of it, he had settled down in a little hut opposite the house of Simon the image-maker, and was working quietly at his trade. He was a Jew, to all appearance: a middle-aged Jew, with features sharpened by suffering, or possibly by illness, and yet in many ways he was not like a Jew; he never went near a synagogue, he never argued about religion or anything else, and he took whatever people gave him for his work without bargaining.

To his loud, high-colored, grasping compatriots he seemed to be rather a poor creature; but a certain liking softened their contempt of him, for his shrinking humility flattered their vanity and disposed them in his favor. And yet, now and then, when they talked with most assurance and he lifted his eyes to them, they grew a little uneasy: his look was more one of pity than of approval. He was a queer fellow, they decided, and not easy to understand; but, as he was peculiarly retiring and silent, the less agreeable impression wore away, and they finally took the view of him that was most pleasing to themselves, and regarded him as unimportant.

Joshua seemed to accept their indifference with humble gratitude. He hardly ever left his room, and made no friends, except Simon, who modelled in clay and wax the little figures of the Phœnician gods. Simon had the name of a rich man and he was very clever; he used to paint some of his wax gods with rosy cheeks, black hair and gilded lips till they looked alive, and their robes were green and purple and saffron with dark shadows in the folds so that they seemed to move. Simon took a great liking to Joshua from the beginning, and did his best to break down his reserve and make an intimate of him. But even Simon had to content himself with moderate success. Joshua was always sympathetic, and would listen to him for hours at a time; but

he spoke very little, and never about himself. Simon, however, used to maintain that Joshua's silence was more stimulating than the speech of other men.

Simon's wife, Tabitha, did not take to Joshua at first; she never felt at ease with him, she said, and his great eyes made her flesh creep. But, as she got to know him, she could not help seeing his industry and his love of home and a quiet life, and, in a month or so, she sent to Joppa for her sister's daughter, Judith, who was twenty-five years old, and still unmarried. It was poverty, Tabitha knew, and not choice that had kept Judith single. The very first night after the girl reached Cæsarea the two had a long talk, and Judith drank in all her aunt had to tell of Joshua and his peculiarities, and accepted the cunning advice of the older woman with complete submission.

"The girl is no fool," Tabitha said to herself, and began to take a liking to her pupil; while Judith felt that Tabitha was really clever in managing men, or how could she have contrived to keep her husband's affection, in spite of her age and barrenness, a thing which seemed to the girl wonderful? Tabitha's advice to Judith was not to hold off and thus to excite Joshua's desire; but to show him that she liked him.

"He has been disappointed in life," Tabitha said, "I'm sure, and wants comforting. Besides, he's soft and affectionate by nature, like a girl: he will be grateful to you for loving him. Trust me, I know the kind of man: there was Jonas when I was young; I might have had him ten times over, if I had wanted to; and James as well, the rich tanner of Joppa who married the Levite's daughter. You take my advice, Judith, make up to him, and you'll get him. Joshua has a lot of the woman in him or I'm a fool."

Tabitha turned out to be right, though Judith did not succeed as quickly as they had expected, for it was hard to persuade Joshua that he was loved by anyone.

"I am old," he said, "and broken, and my house is empty of hope."

But the women were patient, and, one afternoon, Simon put in a warm word for Judith, and a little later the wedding took place.

The marriage was not unhappy; indeed, the union of the two seemed to grow intimate as time went on, and nothing occurred to trouble the peace of the household, except the fact that the marriage of Judith, too, was barren, like the marriage of Tabitha. Now and again, Judith took this to heart and blamed her husband, but her anger never lasted very long. Joshua had a way of doing kind little things, even while he was being scolded, which was hard to resist. Still Judith always felt she would have thought more of him if he had turned on her and mastered her, as she had seen her father master her mother.

In the third year of the marriage, one Philip, a deacon, came from Jerusalem, and created a good deal of excitement and curiosity in the Jewish community. He talked of miracles and a Messiah; but no one believed much in him. And, as soon as he had left the town, the effect of his words disappeared, as hot vapor disappears in air. A little later, another wandering preacher, called Peter, came to Cæsarea, and with his coming the new doctrine began to be understood. Peter taught that one Jesus had been born in Bethlehem from the seed of David, and that He was the Messiah foretold by the prophets. But when it became known that this supposed Messiah had been crucified at Jerusalem as a sedition-monger, the more devout among the Jews grew indignant, and Peter often found it difficult to get a hearing. Still, he was a man of such passionate conviction that his teaching lent the subject an interest which, strangely enough, did not die out or even greatly diminish after he had gone away. From time to time, too, curiosity was excited anew by all sorts of rumors; so that, when it was told about that another apostle, Paul, had landed at Cæsarea and was going to speak, the Jews ran together to hear him.

Judith had heard the news at Tabitha's. As soon as she had made arrangements to go to the place of meeting, she hurried across to her own house to dress and to tell Joshua. Joshua listened to her patiently as usual, but with a troubled brow, and when his wife told him to get ready to accompany them, to her amazement he said that he could not go, and, when she pressed him and insisted, he shook his head. In the years they had lived together, he had hardly refused her anything,

and he had never gone against her wishes at any time without explaining and pleading as if he were in fault. So Judith was doubly determined to get her own way now. After asking once more for his reasons, she declared that he must go with her:

“It’s seldom I ask you anything, and it is very dull here. You must come.”

It pained him to refuse her, and, seeing this, she talked about the wretched loneliness of her life, and, at last, wept aloud over her poverty and childlessness. Joshua comforted her and wiped her eyes, but did not yield, and, in this plight, Simon and Tabitha found them, much to Judith’s annoyance. Simon took in the position at once, and, in his good-humored way, soon settled the difficulty.

“Come on, Judith,” he said; “you know you would not like him so much if he were not a stay-at-home, and it is not flattering to cry when you have me and Tabitha for company”; and so he took the women away with him without further ado.

When they returned that evening, Judith seemed like a new creature; her cheeks were red and her eyes glowed, and she was excited, as one is excited with the new wine. For hours she talked to Joshua about Paul and all he had said:

“He is the most wonderful man in the world,” she declared; “not big nor handsome; small, indeed, and ordinary-looking, but, as soon as he begins to speak, he seems to grow before your eyes. I never heard anyone talk as he talks: you cannot help believing him; he is like one inspired.”

So she went on, while Joshua, from time to time, raised his eyes to her in surprise. In spite of her excitement she answered his mute questioning:

“If you once heard him, you would have to believe him. He began by saying that he came to preach Christ and Him crucified. You know how everyone is ashamed to speak of the crucifixion. Paul began with it; it was the crowning proof, he said, (what beautiful words!) that Jesus was indeed the Messiah. For Jesus was crucified, and lay three days in the grave, and then came to life again and was seen of many. This is the chief doctrine of the new creed; we shall all have to die with

Jesus to the things of the flesh, Paul says, in order to rise again with him to everlasting life."

She spoke slowly, but with much feeling, and then, clasping her hands, she cried:

"Oh, it is true; I feel it is all true!"

"But did Jesus die?" Joshua asked. "I mean," he went on hesitatingly, "did Paul try to prove that?"

"No, indeed," replied Judith. "Everyone knows that a man is not crucified by the Romans and allowed to live."

"But Jesus was not a criminal to the Romans," Joshua remarked quietly; "perhaps they took less care in his case."

"Oh, that's foolish," Judith retorted. "Of course, he was dead; they don't bury men who are alive."

"But sometimes," Joshua went on, "men are thought to be dead who have only fainted. Jesus is said to have died on the cross in a few hours; and that, you know, is very strange; the crucified generally live for two or three days."

"I've no patience with you!" cried Judith. "All your doubts come from your dislike of religion. If you had more piety, you would not go on like that; and, if you once heard Paul preach, you would know, you would feel in your heart, that he was filled with the very Spirit of God. He talks of Jesus beautifully."

"Did he know Jesus?" asked Joshua. "He was not one of the disciples, was he?"

"Oh, no," she said. "He made himself famous by persecuting the followers of Jesus. For a long time, he went everywhere, informing against them and throwing them into prison. He told us all about it: it is a wonderful story. He was going up to Damascus once to persecute the Christians—that's what they are called now—when suddenly, in the road, a great light shone upon him, and he fell to the ground, while a voice from Heaven cried:

" 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me? ' "

"The voice was the voice of Jesus. Paul was blind for three days in Damascus, and only got his sight again through the prayers of one of the Christians. Isn't it all—beautiful?"

"It may have been the sun," said Joshua slowly, "the noon-

day sun; his blindness afterwards seems to show that it was sunstroke."

"But the voice," said Judith, "the voice which came from Heaven, and which the others didn't hear, that wasn't sunstroke, I suppose?"

"The others didn't hear the voice," repeated Joshua, as if he were speaking to himself; "perhaps then it was the voice of his own soul, wounded by those persecutions."

"Oh, you're hateful," cried Judith, "with your stupid explanations. I can't see what pleasure you find in them, myself. Besides, they hurt me, for I believe in Paul. Yes, I do," she added passionately; "he is as God to me"; and, after a pause, she said:

"I'm going with Tabitha to-morrow to see Paul: I want to be baptized and to become a Christian, as Paul is."

Joshua shook his head and cast down his eyes in doubt and sorrow, but Judith turned from him: she had said what she wanted to say.

The next morning, Simon and Tabitha came over early, and they all talked of the effect of Paul's preaching: half the Jews in Cæsarea had been converted already, Judith said, and hundreds were going to be baptized at once. Tabitha confirmed this, and hoped that Simon, too, would follow the good example. Simon, however, said that, for his part, he meant to wait: he would hear more, and do nothing rashly; but he did not wonder that the women were persuaded, for Paul was very eloquent.

"He's ugly," he went on. ("Oh no!" cried Judith, "he's glorious!") "I think him very ugly," Simon persisted; "but his face gets hold of you: he's nearly bald, with a long beaked nose and thick black beard; but his eyes are wonderful; they blaze and grow soft and weep and his voice changes with his eyes till your very soul is taken out of you. His Gospel, too, is astonishing."

"You see," he continued, "Paul's idea that the kingdom promised to us Jews is to be a spiritual kingdom, a kingdom of righteousness, and not a material kingdom, seems to me good. It is practicable at least, and that's something. And this Jesus of whom Paul preaches must have been an extraordinary being,

greater than the prophets, greater even than Elias. He used to say, 'My kingdom is not of this world,' and he went about with the poor and the prostitutes and the afflicted. Did you ever happen to see him in Jerusalem?"

Joshua kept his eyes on the ground, and after a time replied in a low voice:

"He wasn't much in Jerusalem."

Day by day, the agitation spread and spread, like a pool in the rains, till it looked as if there were no limit to Paul's power of persuading the Jews. Conversion followed conversion; the meetings grew larger and larger, the interest in what he said more and more intense, till, at length, nearly all the Jews in Cæsarea had become followers of the Nazarene. The excitement caught in the other quarters of the city. The Phœnician fishermen and some landsfolk began to come to the meetings, and, every now and then, some Roman soldiers, and here and there a centurion; but these more out of curiosity than emotion.

As Tabitha and Judith had been among the earliest converts, it was only natural that their zeal should grow when they found their example followed by the priests and Levites and other leaders of the people. It was natural, too, that Judith should continue to press Joshua to give the new doctrine at least a fair hearing, as Simon had done, to his soul's salvation; but Joshua remained obstinate. One evening, however, Judith's patience was rewarded. They were all talking at Simon's house, and, at length, Judith quoted some words of Paul on Charity:

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil . . . beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

As she paused, Joshua looked at her for a moment and then said, simply:

"I will go with you to-morrow to hear Paul."

And they were all glad, and gave thanks unto God.

On the morrow, when they drew near the meeting-place, they found themselves in a great crowd of Jews, for the doors of the building had been closed by reason of the multitude. Everyone was talking about the new doctrine.

"I like Paul," said one, "because he is a Hebrew of the Hebrews, and aforetime a Pharisee."

"Ah!" cried another. "Do you remember that splendid thing he said yesterday, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink, for so thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.' Ha! ha! ha! 'Coals of fire'! That was great, eh?"

"And true, too!" exclaimed a friend.

"And new!" cried another.

And the men embraced each other, while their faces shone with conquering enthusiasm. Joshua plucked Simon by the garment:

"Do you hear?"

"Yes," said Simon impatiently, for the prevailing excitement was exciting him, and he didn't like the interruption; "of course, I hear."

Then a red Jew, with head of flame, and beard of gold, started forward and uplifting his hand, cried:

"What I liked best in his last speech was what he said against backsliders and those who excite doubt by vain disputations; and, above all, that great word of the Messiah: 'He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathered not with me, scattereth abroad.' " *

The man thundered out the words as if he were defying the world.

Again Joshua plucked Simon by the garment, and, when Simon turned to him, he saw that the carpenter's face was pale, and tears stood in his eyes.

"What is it, Joshua?" he asked.

Joshua tried to speak, but could not for a moment, and, when at length he had drawn Simon a little apart, all that he was able to say was:

"Do you hear what they say?"

"Of course, I hear," said Simon crossly, for he had enjoyed the vivid, impassioned talk; "but what of that? What is the matter with you?"

And Joshua asked:

"Are these men true witnesses? Does Paul indeed teach these things?"

* Matthew xii. 30.

Simon answered shortly:

“Yes: I suppose so.”

Joshua looked at him regretfully, and said:

“I must go, Simon; I could not listen to Paul. He does not speak as Jesus spoke; I must go.”

But Simon was impatient.

“Nonsense,” he cried; “what do you know of Jesus that you should contradict his apostle?”

And Joshua made answer:

“I know what Jesus taught; and this is not his teaching. I remember his very words once: ‘He that is not against us is on our part.’* He always preached love, Simon; and this man—I must go!”

Simon shrugged his shoulders and threw out by way of warning:

“Judith will be very angry!”

But, at that moment, the doors were opened, and, as Joshua turned to go, he saw Simon carried away by the rush of the human tide that swept past and in a moment filled the building.

From that day on, Judith took no pains to hide her coolness toward her husband. And even to Simon, Joshua seemed unreasonable; he would not listen now to any talk about Paul; the mere mention of Paul’s name seemed to pain and distress him; and, as Judith went oftener and oftener to Paul’s preaching, the rift between her and her husband widened from day to day.

At last the disagreement came to speech. One afternoon, after sitting still for a long time watching her husband at work fashioning a cattle-yoke, Judith said:

“I want to speak to you; I must speak to you.”

Joshua leant on the tool he was using and paused to hear what she had to say, and she began:

“It is very hard for me to say it, but I must. You are the only Jew in Cæsarea who has hardened his heart and refused even to listen to the teaching of Jesus, and that has hurt me. Now Paul is going away, and—and—he asked us before he left to write down any question we wished to have answered; so that his absence might not be so much felt.”

* Mark ix. 40.

She paused here, and seemed to grow a little confused, but, gathering courage, went on:

"I—I asked him something. I asked him," and she lifted her eyes to her husband boldly, "I asked him whether it was right to live with an unbeliever, one who would not even listen to the truth or hear it; and he answered me——"

She paused, looking down, and Joshua gazed at her with wistful eyes, but said nothing, and at length she began again:

"He answered me yesterday, and I remember every word he said: 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers, for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, and what communion hath light with darkness——' "

She recited the words with a certain exaltation, and, as her voice rose defiantly over the last syllables, she looked up at her husband as if she expected to meet his anger; but she was mistaken. His eyes were full of unshed tears, and, resenting his want of spirit, she rang out:

"——and what concord hath Christ with Belial?'"

After a long pause, Joshua spoke:

"Can this indeed be Paul," he asked, with a sort of sorrowful wonder, "who calls himself the follower of Jesus; yet denies his teaching?"

"'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers,' Paul says; but Jesus would have said, 'Be ye unequally yoked together with unbelievers,' for faith is stronger than doubt, as light is stronger than darkness."

"Oh no," cried Judith, starting up; "it is not true. Paul says, 'Be ye separate and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you.'"

As she spoke, Joshua stretched out his hands to her beseechingly.

"Ah, Judith, that is not the teaching of love; and Jesus came into the world to teach love, and nothing else. Paul has made doctrines of belief and rules of conduct; but Jesus wanted nothing but love: love that is more than righteousness. . . . He may have been mistaken," he went on in a voice broken by extreme emotion; "he trusted God, cried to Him in his extremity, hoping for instant help—in vain. . . . He was for-

saken, cruelly forsaken, and all his life's work undone. But he was not wrong, surely, in preaching love to men—love that is the life of the soul."

He spoke with an impassioned tenderness; but Judith broke in, her eyes narrowing with question and suspicion:

"What do you know of Jesus and what he said? You never spoke to me about him before. Did you know him in Jerusalem?"

Joshua hesitated, and his eyes fell; then he said:

"I know his teaching," and he went on hurriedly: "But all this is only words, isn't it, Judith? Surely," and his voice trembled, "you would not leave me after all these years of happiness for what a stranger says?"

"What Paul says is always right," she retorted coolly.

Joshua stretched out his hands to her in hopeless appeal: "Ah, Judith, why give pain; why add to that mist of human tears that already veils the beauty of the world?"

Judith replied solemnly: "Paul says that we only come to peace by leaving the lower for the higher way; no earthly ties should fetter us who are called to the service of the divine Master: I shall find a nobler satisfaction in the new life."

As she spoke, Joshua's face grew drawn and pale, and in alarm she cried:

"What is it? Are you ill?"

"No," he replied, "I am not ill."

But he sat down and covered his face with his hands. After a while she touched him, and he looked up with unutterable sadness in his eyes.

"How can I blame you—how?" and he sighed deeply. "I, too, left my mother and my brethren, in obedience to what I thought was the higher bidding; but, oh, Judith, if I had my life to live over again, I don't think I should act in the same way. I must have hurt my mother, and it seems to me now that the higher love ought to include the lower and not exclude it. I should be more——"

Again she interrupted him:

"Paul says hesitation is itself a fault; but I had no idea that you felt so much or cared for me so much."

Her tone was gentler, and he replied, with a brave attempt at smiling:

"I have had no life, Judith, so peaceful and happy as my life here with you."

Judith answered:

"You never say anything, so it is hard to believe you feel much."

This brought the talk to sympathy and intimacy, and, for a while, there was peace between them.

A little later Paul held his last meeting. Before taking ship, he preached once in the open air, on the foreshore where water and land meet; and, of course, Judith was by his side. He spoke with heavy sadness of the parting, and with pride of those, his brothers and sisters, who would, he knew, remain faithful until the present coming of Christ. His words moved the people to tears and new resolutions; for they all sorrowed bitterly, fearing to lose him for ever. . . .

The next day, when Joshua got up in the morning, Judith was nowhere to be found. He called her, but she did not answer; she was not in the house; he went across to Tabitha, and Tabitha could only tell him that Judith had resolved not to live with him any more and that she had gone back for a time to Joppa.

Joshua returned to his empty house.

Months passed. Judith returned to Cæsarea and dwelt again with Tabitha; but, in spite of the reproaches of Simon, she refused to cross the road to see Joshua, and, as Joshua scarcely ever left his house, some time elapsed before they met. One morning, however, as Joshua was returning home from the market, Judith hurried out of Simon's house on her way to a meeting, and the two came face to face. They both stopped for a moment, and then Joshua, in divine pity and tenderness, forgiving everything, went toward his wife with outstretched hands; but Judith put her hands before her face, and turned her head aside, as if she didn't want to see him; and, when he still came toward her, she hastened back into the house

without a word. After waiting a while in the road, Joshua went slowly into his house with downcast eyes. Neither of them then knew that they had seen each other in life for the last time.

After many days, Paul came again to Cæsarea, on his way to Jerusalem; and, once again, all Cæsarea thronged to hear the man whom everyone now recognized as the greatest of the apostles. As before, both Tabitha and Judith were diligent at the meetings, and Judith in especial was treated by Paul with great tenderness, as one who had suffered much for the faith.

One morning, Simon came in and told the women to go and see what had happened to Joshua; for he had not opened his door for two days, and was probably ill. The women went across and found Joshua. He had fallen by his bench, and was already cold; they could not lift him, and they came back to Simon, crying. Simon was angry with them, and said to Judith:

“He was too good for you, and so you left him. Paul says: ‘Our faithful Judith,’ and that’s enough for you. Pish!”

Simon was too rich, Judith felt, ever to be a good Christian; but this time she bore his rebuke, for she needed his assistance. Simon went over with them, and helped to lift Joshua and lay him out straight on his bed, and there he left him to the care of the women.

Tabitha and Judith got clean linen and began to wash the body. Suddenly, Tabitha cried out:

“Judith, look! What are these marks on his hands?”

And she turned the palm of the right hand to Judith, and the whole palm was drawn together to a puckered white cicatrix in the middle.

“Oh, that is nothing,” Judith replied; “an accident that happened to him in Jerusalem.”

Tabitha repeated:

“An accident? How strange!”

A moment later, she cried again:

“Judith, look! The same marks are in his feet.”

Judith started.

“Really?” And then: “I never knew that. They used

not to be there, I am sure, or—oh!” she cried, as a new thought struck her, “perhaps they were covered by the sandal-strap; he never could walk far, you know.”

As she spoke, staring and puzzled, Tabitha snatched the sheet from the body, and, pointing, said:

“Look! in his side as well,” and then, in an awed whisper: “the Stigmata—the Holy Stigmata!”

Judith’s lips framed the words, too, but she was unable to speak. When she came to herself, she said:

“Oh, Tabitha, let us go and tell Paul,” and they hurried to the house where Paul dwelt, and, in a few words, told him the whole matter; and at once Paul set off, with all those who were with him, to the house of Joshua.

When he had come to the house and had entered in, and had seen the marks on Joshua’s hands and in his feet and in his side, Paul turned swiftly to those standing by, and, holding up his hands, cried:

“Lo, great work has been wrought to-day in Israel!”

And all who were with him shouted:

“A miracle! A miracle!”

And Paul began to speak, and, while he spoke, the Jews in Cæsarea gathered about the house, and convinced themselves of the miracle that had been wrought on their behalf. And Paul went on preaching as one filled with the Spirit and with triumph in his voice, and soon the news spread to the port, and the Phœnician fishermen came and saw the wonder, and the Roman soldiers, and all listened now to Paul’s words and were converted by him. For everyone knew that this Joshua, though a Jew, had not followed the new teaching, and that he had been as Paul said he was, the last unbeliever in Cæsarea, and because of his unbelief, as Paul declared, and for a sign to the whole world, the Stigmata of Jesus the Crucified had been put upon him, and, indeed, the Stigmata were there, plain to be seen by everyone, in his hands and feet and side. And all the inhabitants of Cæsarea, and of the parts round about, were converted and turned to the Lord through the preaching of Paul, and through the miracle of the Stigmata that had been wrought on the body of the last unbeliever in Cæsarea.

THE IRISH QUESTION

SYDNEY BROOKS

ON September 23 the opening gun in the third, and probably the final, struggle for Irish Home Rule was fired with resounding effect. It was fired, however, not by the friends of Home Rule but by its inveterate opponents. One hundred thousand Orangemen assembled to express their unyielding hostility to any and every proposal for setting up a Parliament in Dublin with an executive responsible to it. I was not present at the scene, nor was there any reason why I should be. The machinery and the rhetoric of these demonstrations do not vary. Everything else in Ireland has not merely changed but been transformed in the past five and twenty years, but an Orange meeting and the speeches with which it is regaled remain immovably the same. There are three novels by Mr. George A. Birmingham which I would cordially recommend to Americans not only as capital stories in themselves but as throwing a light that is not to be obtained elsewhere on the realities of Irish life, character and politics. Anyone who has read *The Seething Pot*, *Hyacinth* and *Benedict Kavanagh* will find himself not far removed from the innermost heart of the Irish question; and in the last of these three revealing books there is a description of just such a meeting of Orangemen as took place on September 23. "Three o'clock was the hour fixed for the commencement of the serious business of speech-making. For half an hour beforehand the men gathered to the platform, leaving their families and the vicinity of their own standards. Grim elder men came plodding slowly across the field, gray-beards with deeply-furrowed faces and hard blue eyes. These spoke little to one another, pausing between their utterances, leaving suspiciously unanswered the greetings of strangers. Younger men came, too, better dressed as a rule, less silent, ruddy of face, and full-lipped, but with the same hard eyes. They are a strong people, these northern Orangemen, slow in making friends or trusting, very slow to grasp new ideas or accept new opinions, therefore

immensely tenacious. If these men once give their friendship, neither remote absence nor passage of many years will break the tie. Thirty years afterwards their sons will still count their friend's son a friend. When once they trust a leader, they will not readily desert him, but it is only one or two men in a whole generation whom they trust. Their extraordinary tenacity of ideas has been a strength to them. Against it waves of vehement oratory and swelling tides of political revolution break themselves in vain. It has also been their weakness, for having once accepted the belief that English statesmen wish them well it has become almost impossible for them to understand that they are used, and for years have been used, simply as pawns in the game played by men who care less than nothing for the crudities of the Orange creed. . . . To these Orangemen came Charles Beauford, offering himself as their champion against the much-dreaded, vaguely-apprehended tyranny of the Church of Rome. They believed in their hearts that a new inquisition would be established in Ireland if the protecting power of England were withdrawn from them; or, if not literally the thumbscrew and the rack, a hardly less terrible bullying of them and of all who professed their creed. It is curious that they should hold such a belief, because in reality no Irishman, certainly no Irishman worth considering, wants to bully them, and also because, even supposing the existence of the worst intentions, the rest of Ireland could not effectually bully the northern Protestants. But Charles Beauford did not mean to tell them this. He wished them to continue believing that English statesmen of the party he proposed to serve were the friends of liberty. He intended to persuade them that their interests were safe when laid before such English statesmen by glib-tongued advocates like himself. . . . He began in what he believed to be a masterly manner. He flattered his audience, giving it out as his opinion that the men before him were the finest in Ireland. They did not cheer him yet. The remark was commonplace. The fact had often been stated in their hearing before, and they accepted it without misgiving. It is not worth while to waste cheers on truisms. He went on to assure them that they were worthy children of their ancestors, the men frequently

referred to in orations, who had bled and died. He enumerated the occasions of the hemorrhage, and set forth the spirit which had prompted such heroism. Devotion to the Protestant faith and determination to preserve civil liberty, had animated the great ones of the past. 'Is there less need now than then of such devotion and such determination?' Mr. Beauford thought that the need was actually greater while he spoke than it was when the gates of Derry were shut in the face of King James. He denounced the savage persecution which, as his audience believed, was the fate of Protestants in the south and west of Ireland. He also expressed hatred of the very idea of a Roman Catholic University. At this point the cheers of the audience became vigorous. . . . Then came the climax of the speech: the noble appeal to rally round the old flag, to stand shoulder to shoulder, to die, if need be, in a ditch. Mr. Beauford waved his arm southwards and westwards to indicate the localities in which the lethal ditches might be found. The audience cheered again and again. Men's faces hardened and their eyes brightened as they listened to him. Old Canon Hamilton beat his fist upon the table, shouting hoarse enthusiasm. It struck Mr. Beauford as he sat down that these men before him were actually incredibly in earnest; that they would even die, die in damp, uncomfortable ditches, after shooting off antiquated muskets—would die very gladly for the sake of—. He smiled slightly. He had not the slightest idea, he did not suppose that they knew very clearly what they wanted to die for. Certainly he himself had no intention of dying if he could possibly help it. He meant to live, and it seemed as if these absurd Orangemen were going to help him to live comfortably. His speech had been a success. He would, he hoped, be sent to Westminster to make more speeches—to talk there the kind of bombast which deludes the English newspaper reader, just as he talked here what suited the Irish Orangeman. Then in due time he would reap the reward of much talking, obtaining some fatly salaried legal office, with perhaps a title, certainly a retiring allowance, attached to it."

The men whom Mr. Birmingham thus shrewdly portrays are the men who defeated Home Rule in 1886 and 1893 and

who mean to defeat it again next year. They are usually spoken of as though they represented the whole of Ulster. As a matter of fact they represent only half of Ulster, the other half being strongly Catholic and Nationalist. Ulster has nine counties. In three of them the Catholics are in an overwhelming majority; in three others Protestants and Catholics are nearly equally balanced, with the result that political contests are fought out there with an intensity and determination that, I suppose, are paralleled nowhere else in the world; while in the remaining three the Protestants are by far the more numerous. But taking the province as a whole, the two creeds approach a numerical equality, while the political representation is almost evenly divided between Nationalists and Unionists. It is probable, indeed, that there are actually more Home Rulers than anti-Home Rulers in Ulster, many thousands of its Protestants being among the most steadfast and vigorous champions of the National cause. The old territorial, commercial, social and political oligarchy that used to hold the whole province in its grip is now confined to the counties of Derry, Down and Antrim with the towns of Londonderry and Belfast. Belfast in particular—the Chicago of Ireland, the city of inexhaustible industrial marvels—is the stronghold of Unionism and bigotry, of far-seeing commerce and myopic politics. Its people have developed a type of character almost as repellent in its strength as that of the Celts of Connaught is attractive in its weakness. Their splendid energy, fearlessness, force and tenacity, their almost matchless combination of power and efficiency, do not make them an ingratiating community. They are intolerant, uncouth, commercialized, rough-tongued, provincial. There is probably no spot in the world where 350,000 people produce so much wealth as in Belfast. Their ship-yards and linen-mills, their tobacco factories and distilleries, their printing-works and rope-factories, are the emblem of a magnificent conquest over inconceivable odds, a fine and indisputable record of industrial achievement. To grant them all that and to realize its significance is to understand, though not necessarily to sympathize with, their attitude, their natural and quite inevitable attitude, toward the five-sixths of Ireland that is Catholic, rural, chimney-

less, moribund and dreamy. If Chicago were planted in Lower Quebec, how would it feel and act toward its hinterland? Belfast remains, as one would expect it to remain, a hotbed of unbending Protestantism and almost ferocious Unionism. There is little community of interests or sympathies between itself and the rest of Ireland that it can be brought to feel or acknowledge. Having almost the monopoly of applied intelligence and industrial prosperity, having also Popery on the brain and its eyes on the country-house, Belfast simply asks of Catholic Ireland to be let alone. With all their hard-heartedness and practicality, the men of Belfast, true to their Scottish origin, are a singularly emotional people. They still celebrate the Battle of the Boyne and drink to the immortal memory of William III as though the first were an event of yesterday and the second an active figure in present-day politics. They still speak of the Pope as though a new Armada were on the point of sailing. Outside of business, indeed, the men of Belfast seem hardly to care to reason at all. Their political creed is really a political cult, a compound of fears, instincts, hatreds and suspicions in which facts are metamorphosed out of all semblance to reality. Discussing Irish questions with them is very much like attempting to argue the race question with a Southern planter of the old school. They are a city of Tillmans; and the very qualities of earnestness, virility and obstinate fidelity to the few leaders who win their reluctant trust that have made them so formidable, have made them also the dupes of their prejudices and the easy prey of men to whom the rawness of the Orange creed is nothing but a laughable stepping-stone to place and power.

The Unionist half of Ulster that opposes Home Rule makes a great parade of its loyalty to the Crown and Empire; but the main grounds of its opposition appear to be three-fold. It is against it, first, because as an industrial community it objects to being governed by a Parliament that must in the main be elected by the agricultural vote and dominated by agricultural interests; secondly, because as a Protestant community it has some wild fantastic fear of religious persecution at the hands of an Assembly that will be preponderantly Catholic; and thirdly because, being the last stronghold of the old ascendancy party that

once ruled all Ireland with a ruthless hand, it has a lively foreboding of what might happen if the Catholics were to hold the chief power. Bigotry, an uneasy conscience, and a fear of being discriminated against in such matters as railway rates and technical instruction are the three chief influences behind the anti-Nationalism of half of Ulster. You cannot argue with bigots and men of uneasy consciences; and as for the fear of discrimination Ulster must take her chance. She will be amply and powerfully represented in any Irish Parliament, and in the clash of parties that would soon arise she would probably with a little dexterity be able to hold the balance of power and she would certainly be able to protect her special interests against oppressive legislation. The Ulster Unionists will doubtless raise a tremendous fuss and indulge in a lot of tall talk as the prospect of Home Rule draws nearer. Indeed they have already solemnly bound themselves under no conditions to acknowledge any Parliament in Dublin or obey its decrees; and they are at this moment busily drafting a constitution for a provisional Government in Ulster, to come in force on the day the Home Rule Bill passes and to remain in force until it is repealed. Such are the preposterous moves which the "Loyalists" of Ulster publicly avow themselves to be contemplating. But I do not think anything need be anticipated more serious than the ordinary Belfast street row; and though most Englishmen would have preferred to see the problem of Irish government settled just as the far older and more contentious problem of Irish land was settled—that is, by a Conference and mutual consent—still, that method being now out of the question, they do not admit that one half of a single province in Ireland has the right to stand in the way of whatever solution may commend itself to the Imperial Parliament.

So far as I can see Great Britain has allowed her Irish policy to be dictated by the extremists of Ulster for the last time; and the antics of the Orangemen at the present moment arouse little but a disgusted amusement. There can at any rate be no doubt that the power of Ulster Unionism to influence British opinion has progressively declined during the past twenty years, and one great obstacle to Home Rule has therefore been pro-

portionately diminished. Another and even greater obstacle has been removed altogether—I mean the veto of the House of Lords. Under the provisions of the Parliament Act any Bill which passes the House of Commons three times in three consecutive sessions within not less than two years is placed automatically on the Statute Book, whether the Lords agree to it or not. The legislative path has therefore been effectually cleared for whatever measure of Home Rule the Government introduces. But besides this the last quarter of a century has witnessed vast changes both in Ireland herself and in British opinion on the Irish question. What was it that killed the Gladstonian Home Rule Bills? It was, first, a conviction that their introduction was the price of a “deal” with the Irish vote; secondly, indignation at the spectacle of the British Constitution being thus thrown, as it seemed, into the melting-pot; thirdly, a belief that Home Rule was but a stepping-stone to separation and that two Parliaments would entail endless friction and suspicion, and possibly open war, between England and Ireland; fourthly, the fear that Home Rule meant Rome Rule and that Mr. Gladstone was handing over loyal and industrious Protestants to the mercies of rebellious, predatory and bigoted Catholics; fifthly, the apparent determination of Ulster to fight rather than submit to be governed by a Catholic Parliament in Dublin; sixthly, the memory of the murderous outrages on man and beast committed, if not at the instigation, certainly without the active disapproval of the Nationalist M. P.’s; and finally, the general distrust felt by the British masses for the Irish people.

But in the past five and twenty years the force of these arguments and emotions has weakened almost to vanishing point. There is to-day a frank recognition of the evils which English misgovernment has inflicted upon Ireland. There is an honest desire to make reparation. There is an effort, almost pathetic in its futility, to understand the Irish character. The old bitterness and rancor have almost wholly disappeared. The foolish taunt that the Irish are unfit for self-government is no longer heard. The irrational and exasperating contradictions in which the English democracy has involved itself by persisting in the

impossible task of governing Ireland against the will of the Irish people are felt and deplored. A new generation has grown up that knows little or nothing of the catchwords and fears that so passionately stirred the country twenty years ago. And this generation, being more democratic, is more in sympathy with the struggle of a people to realize itself; and, being more imperial, is more conscious of the loss of imperial power and vitality and unity that is the result of Irish discontent; and being more sensitive, is more quick to realize and more anxious to remove this black and stupid blot on the British name. The lesson, moreover, of South African pacification, has sunk deep into its consciousness; it has seen what a splendid fruit of loyalty, appeasement and gratitude may be had from a policy of trusting a nation instead of trying to dragoon it. The bugaboo of Separation has lost its terrors; and Englishmen to-day perceive that Ireland could not if she would, and would not if she could, be free of the British connection.

But this change in English sentiment toward Ireland and the Irish people and Irish problems is as nothing compared with the transformation that has been effected, largely by Unionist policy, in Ireland herself. To take first the obvious and external revolution: The two measures that have done most to alter the social and political life of Ireland since the eighties are the Local Government Act and the Wyndham Land Purchase Act. The first tore from the upper classes, from the landlords and gentry, from the ascendancy party, their exclusive control of local administration. The second expropriated landlordism, brought within sight of a decisive and more or less harmonious finish the poisonous struggle for the land, and set Ireland on the high road of becoming a nation of peasant proprietors. From the first dawn of the Anglo-Irish relations the land question has gathered to itself the fiercest animosities and passions of social, religious, political and economic antagonism, and its settlement means not only that Ireland has definitely emerged from the acute stage of agrarian unrest, but also that the fight for soil has lost most of its old class contentiousness, and is ceasing to provide the motive power for political agitation. There has thus been engendered a peace and a stability such as Ireland

has never known; the landlords no longer living at war with tenants, but on terms of friendship with neighbors, and the former tenants, now the possessors of their holdings, no longer agitating for a reduction of rent or scheming to oust the owners of the soil, but turning their thoughts more and more to the problems of practical agriculture. But more remarkable even than this beneficent revolution was the manner in which it was brought about. It was brought about by landlords and tenants meeting at a round-table conference. And this conference and its success in settling by far the most bitter of all Irish problems were no more than a token of a new spirit of practicability and a new sense of unity, nationality and independence that had been steadily permeating Irish affairs since the dying down of the passions aroused by the Parnellite split. There are still, it is true, two Irelands or twenty. North and South, Protestant and Catholic, industry and agriculture, have not yet come together as fully and as freely as they should and will; the feeling that all Irishmen are members of one nation is still faint and elusive; the memories of old struggles have not yet been obliterated; the men of Ulster still conceive themselves a superior caste; the essentials of a prosperous national existence are not yet completely recognized. None the less it is safe to assert that the past twenty years have witnessed the growth of more interest among Irishmen in the practical problems of life and more coöperation among them in the solution of those problems than any previous period of Irish history. The Irish mind in the last two decades has taken a novel and most hopeful turn toward the concrete and the constructive. There is a greater realization than ever before that the regeneration of the country depends ultimately on the efforts of Irishmen in Ireland; there never was a time when more spheres of non-political and non-sectarian endeavor were open to Irishmen of all classes, creeds and parties; gradually the old barriers of social, religious and political antagonism have been breaking down, and the people themselves have shown signs of escaping from the old tyranny of leagues and committees, and of beginning to think, speak and act for themselves in a new and salutary spirit of individualism.

For the tokens of these changes one would point to many

things—to the agricultural coöperative movement initiated and still directed by Sir Horace Plunkett, a movement that now embraces 100,000 farmers; to the Recess Committee, which was composed of Irishmen of all ranks and creeds and parties—of men, that is to say, who previously had barely conceived the possibility of having anything in common—and which formulated a remarkable programme of material betterment; to the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, a department which the people feel to be their own creation, which is popularly controlled, works with and through committees appointed by the County Councils, and which, for the first time, is putting expert assistance and advice within reach of the Irish farmer and stock-raiser; to the thought and care and money, which are being lavished on the congested districts; to the many movements that are fostering an industrial revival; and, above all, to the famous conference that settled the land question. One would point also to much else—to the Gaelic League, with its admirable propaganda for reviving the old Irish tongue, for promoting temperance, for educating the people in the broadest spirit of nationality, for building up a self-contained, all-embracing Irish Ireland; to the Sinn Féin movement, which, whatever one may think of its political programme, does at least war on all the divisions that have kept Irishmen apart; to the stirrings of democracy in Ulster, the rise of the Labor Party in Belfast, the revolt of the younger men of the north against a barren sectarianism and against the aloofness of Protestantism from the main stream of Irish life; to the general addition of interest in political agitation; to the advance which many Unionists, under one name or another, have made towards understanding and sympathizing with the Nationalist position; to the facility with which Mr. Birrell passed his bill establishing a university acceptable to Irish Catholics; to the many thousands of non-political meetings which have been held in connection with the coöperative movement and the Gaelic League, and to all the opportunities for mutual association afforded by the workings of the Department of Agriculture, and to a lesser degree by the administration of the Local Government Act.

What it comes to is that there has been a slow but steady

approximation of all Irishmen towards a common centre, that what Americans used to call an "era of good feeling" has set in, and that the old fanatical stubbornness of the Orangemen never seemed more obviously antiquated than now. And with all this, Ireland is not only more prosperous than she has ever been before, but is absolutely prosperous—rather more than four million people handling an export and import trade of over \$600,000,000 a year. The whole level of her social and economic life has been sensibly raised within the past two decades; and when Home Rule becomes a fact, and the passions stirred up by it have subsided, it looks as though the many factors that are making for reconciliation and material progress would be appreciably reinforced. Ireland, indeed, is so well off that many people believe she no longer cares about Home Rule, and that, having got the land, the average Nationalist farmer would be quite content to call a halt to all political controversy. There is undoubtedly something in this view, though not, I think, very much. In any case, it is hardly worth discussing, because the chances of politics have decided that, whether she wants it or not, Home Rule is to be given to Ireland. To frame a bill that will be acceptable to Mr. Redmond and that will avoid the objections that were brought against Mr. Gladstone's measures of 1886 and 1893, and to adjust Anglo-Irish financial relations on an equitable basis, will not be easy. But it never has been, and I am persuaded never will be, less difficult than now.

WITH WALT WHITMAN IN CAMDEN *

HORACE TRAUBEL

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 7, 1888.

8 p.m.—W. spoke at once of the election. “Ah! what news do you bring me—what news?” I said: “Harrison.” He asked: “Is it Harrison for sure now?” He paused. Then: “I remember the election of four years ago—the days of uncertainty: so I have put aside to-day’s paper, not wholly convinced.” Now, however, he discussed Harrison. “I am disappointed; a bit disappointed: I wanted it to go the other way if it had to go one of two ways: I own up that the result oppresses me. My chief resentment of Harrison is because of the Republican attitude toward the South and on the tariff: I do not forget that as affecting the main things (the real issue of our democracy) the election leaves us where we were. I am very warmly disposed toward the South: I must confess that my instinct of friendship toward the South is almost more than I like to confess: I have very dear friends there: sacred, precious memories: the people there should be considered, even deferred to, instead of browbeaten: I feel sore, I feel some pain, almost indignation, when I think that yesterday keeps the old brutal idea of subjugation on top. I would be the last one to confuse moral values—to imagine the South impeccable: I don’t condone the South where it has gone wrong: its negro slavery—I don’t condone that: far from it, I hate it—I have always said so, South and North: but there is another spirit dormant there which it must be the purpose of our civilization to bring forth: it can’t, it must not, be killed. It is true there are a lot of us in whom there is developed a new camaraderie, fellowship, love: the farther, truer idea of the race family, of international unity, of making one country of all countries: but the trouble is that we do not hold the whip hand. It is sad, sad, to me to face the fact that we have a family here: half the children on one side, half of them opposed, standing in antagonism: the situation does

* Commenced in the October number.

not seem to me to offer us the brightest prospects. Suppose Blaine is made Secretary of State? Would that give us much hope? The trend is indicated—we see the lay of the ground: I must say it—I start with suspicion. Think of trying to extract any comfort from the sort of motive that finds expression in a paper, a sort of paper, which, beyond all other papers, seems to me low, to have low ideals, to regard things from the mud point of view. I shrink from such pandering organs of opinion: for America's future, the world's, there must be larger, freer, nobler mediums of faith." I described my loafing in the streets last night: the crowds: the speeches: the parades: the good-natured banter everywhere of Cleveland Democrats and Harrison Republicans: the bands playing: the singing and whistling. He was all ears for it. "Oh, I can see it all," he said: "I have gone through it all: many, many a time have I enjoyed such crowds—experienced the thrill of the crowd: for what, from what, who can tell? I am at home in such places: I respond sensitively to the life of the streets—its almost fierce contagion: it seizes you in spite of yourself, even against your sympathies, your dreams: I remember the big affairs on Broadway, many of them memorable, all of them historic: I never missed one of them. What you tell me goes to confirm my old faith in the masses. The good nature, the nonchalance, of the people—what may not come of that? I hope for all things from the crowd—the crowd needs no savior: the crowd will be its own savior."

I don't know what turned the talk to Emerson. W. said: "Emerson was a most apt, genuine, storyteller: his whole face would light up anticipatorily as he spoke: he was serene, quiet, sweet, conciliating, as a story was coming. Curiously, too, Emerson enjoyed most repeating those stories which told against himself—took off his edge—his own edge: he had a great dread of being egotistic—had a horror of it, if I may say so: a horror, a shrinking from the suspicion of a show of it: indeed, he had a fear of egotism that was almost—who knows, quite?—an egotism itself. Yet Emerson was on the square—always so: who ever doubted it?" I quoted an anti-Emerson piece written by a Presbyterian in which Emerson was charged with being

"egotistic and self-sufficient." W. took that up at once. "No—no—no—no: there never lived a sweeter, saner, more modest man—a less tainted man, a man more gently courageous: he was everything but self-sufficient, taking that word the way it was meant in this instance."

THURSDAY, NOV. 8.

7.45 p.m. W. reading the Bible. The daylight was nearly gone. Speaks of his reading as "altogether a matter of humor and of what book comes to hand" when he sits down. His mind is still on the election. He asked me immediately after motioning me to a seat and laying the book down: "Is everything settled for Harrison now? Is it fixed beyond a doubt?" After my "yes," he asked another question: "Do they speak of Blaine for the State Department?" To this too I answered "Yes." Then he exclaimed: "Well, let them have him: he will make a good one: they are entitled to their infernal orthodoxy: Blaine always cuts a dramatic figure: he is superb in technique." He wanted to know "if anything authentic has yet come from the President bearing upon the defeat?" and added: "I hope he bears it philosophically: it is *our* defeat—not his more than ours." Then he dealt directly with the tariff men: "They think this is the end: let them go on believing so—that there is no hell. There are more ballots to come: elections, ballots, then ballots, elections, again and again: the real questions will recur: the living issues: this to-day is no settlement—it is only a postponement."

I had the *Cæsar* with me. He was visibly delighted. He handled it fondly, regarding the frontispiece portrait for a long time. "This is quite different from the pictures of Cæsar I have heretofore seen." Then he thanked me: "I am glad you brought it: I am sure to enjoy it." He rarely comes to conclusions about a book before he reads it. This was a compliment to Froude.

We discussed the question: Should we set a limit upon ourselves with regard to free expression? W. said: "Some one has said what some people regard as a profound bit of wisdom: 'It is important to say nothing to arouse popular resentment.'"

Have you ever thought of it? I have often asked myself: 'What does it mean?' For myself I have never had any difficulty in deciding what I should say and not say. First of all comes sincerity—frankness, open-mindedness: that is the preliminary: to talk straight out. It was said of Pericles that each time before he went to speak he would pray (what was called praying then—what was it?) that he might say nothing to excite the wrath, the anger, of the people." He shook his head. "That is a doubtful prescription: I should not like to recommend it myself. Emerson, for one, was an impeachment of that principle: Emerson, with his clear transparent soul: he hid nothing, kept nothing back, yet was not offensive: the world's antagonism softened to Emerson's sweetness." I said: "It's far better to have a thing rightly said than softly said." W. heartily acquiesced: "Yes, always, always: some wise man has said (was it Steele?)—I have always thought it was one of the best things—'If you would do the people good you must not fear to pain them.' " "That beats the Periclean code," I interposed. W.: "Yes, it does: it's the whole truth—justifies veracity, courage, sacrifice: it signifies the place of the surgeon: the thing needs to be done, the knife must be driven deep, so let it be done without a qualm." I asked if he had read the November *Century* instalment of the Lincoln—its scoring of McClellan? "No, I have not," he answered: "I find John Hay a bit too hard on McClellan: yet I know our more and more complete knowledge of Lincoln seems to add more and more to the list of his noble qualities. As between Lincoln and McClellan there is an obvious distinction to be made: their natures were related as higher to lower: Lincoln had a point to make—the Union: McClellan contemplated the prospect of an early end of the War—felt that the man who dealt the softest blows all around would be the great man, the general idol, the savior: so he kept one foot on each side, waiting for the sure turn of events which was to give him his immortality. But events did not turn out the way he expected—McClellan expected. In all that went along with this clash of policies Lincoln's benignity shone resplendent: the personalism of McClellan was always discouraging, perilous, injurious: Lincoln al-

ways stood aside—kept his individual motives in rein—loved, hated, for the common good. Stanton was another vehement figure there: he had a temper—was touchy, testy, yet also wonderfully patriotic, courageous, far-seeing: was the best sort of a man, at bottom: had been a Democrat—saw trouble coming: was alert, simple-minded: when the shock came was reborn, kindled, into higher, highest, interpretations, resolutions: dropped his old partial self away wholly and entirely without a murmur.” W. spoke of “somebody who says somewhere that the best saints are those who have been the worst sinners. I consider McClellan as in some respects a seamed man: he paltered with the army. Yet at Antietam, when pushed to it, he displayed undoubted qualities: they all said and say now, the battle was well-managed to begin with: the fault seems to have been in neglecting to follow out an opportunity: in the loaferly after-hours: in McClellan’s ‘No, no; the army must be rested’; a man like Grant would have beaten his way on and on at that moment, doggedly to a positive result.”

FRIDAY, NOV. 9.

7.45 *p.m.* I found W. talking politics with a friend, who said: “I consider Harrison good for eight years now.” W. rejoined: “Don’t be too sure about that: it is settled that Harrison is elected: it is not settled what is to come of the election. I do not think that is settled at all. Let us not be too quick to dismiss Cleveland: he will be heard from again. It is my opinion that there will be a reaction: we shall see”—here he paused: “It will be seen before the four years are over that other things are to be said than are said now.” He felt positive, finally, “that people will set to thinking: there will be no dodging it: then will come the day of reparation: the people will realize that America means free trade and the farthest toleration: they must come to see it: understanding along with it what Harrisonism means—its narrow constructions, its unworthy interpretations. This is bound to come: I rest my faith in the final good sense of the nation. America has its purpose: it must serve that purpose to the end: I look upon the future as certain: our people will in the end read all these lessons right: America will

stand opposed to everything which means restriction—stand against all policies of exclusion. Our conditions, ideals, causes, all point one way: that way cannot but be the way of freedom.” After some other discussion he said: “Yes—many’s the thing that liberty has got to do before we have achieved liberty! Some day we’ll make that word real—give it universal meanings: even ministers plenipotentiary and extraordinary will thrive under its wings.” He thought of West. “The poor Minister—sent home for that!” I told him I had read an editorial in *Harper’s Weekly* taking a very generous view of the West affair. He was exceedingly pleased. “That’s the first sign of sense, of decency, in the West matter from an American newspaper.” I noticed the Froude, open, face down. “Have you gone far with *Cæsar*?” He smiled oddly, as if the question seemed humorous. “Not far as yet: it takes Froude a long time to get started: yet the style is fascinating: first he marshals his facts: is masterly, doing that: then the movement begins.” As to *Theophrastus Such*: “I am not so greatly struck yet: George Eliot is not so immediately alluring as Froude: it may still come: I must wait.” He asked me in the midst of our talk: “Is it raining out of doors?” When I said “No,” he continued: “I seemed to hear something: it was like a distant rain: my ear, it may be, is playing me tricks.” He closed his eyes: his voice was strangely exalted in tone. I said nothing. I wondered what he was thinking of.

SATURDAY, NOV. 10.

7.40 p.m. W. reading *The Boston Transcript*. They told me downstairs that he had had a shaky day. Now better. Bright and willing to talk—still politics. “I am willing to see the election face to face, to consider, weigh, it unprejudicedly: I am glad the solid South was broken: West Virginia sets a good example: but that was not all the election suggested—indeed was almost its smallest item. As to free trade, one thing is fixed: the deck is cleared. The argument so far has been tentative, coarse, partisan, slanderous: now the real battle will commence—we will have the higher statements. Go under the surface, study the undertones. For instance, have you thought, there

may be five or six or eight of the Southern States almost unanimously opposed to the new administration? Hasn't that a peculiar, a sinister, significance? almost an ominousness?" I said: "The Republicans make a good deal of the negro vote—the suppressed vote." "So they do," he said, "and that they have a right to do: I, too, emphasize that: it's a point not to be dodged or trifled with: but after every allowance is made this fact still remains true: the white people of a number of States are nearly unanimous in their antagonism. This is one of the dark spots, the puzzles, in our system of government: all our Presidents now are elected by minorities—a fact of unfortunate import: on a popular vote the parties, the two parties, are nearly balanced—at a standstill: yet we see the sectional supremacy of one part ensuing. Now, let this not be driven too far! America is yet to achieve things of which these men little dream! All the real problems, the fundamentals, are yet ahead of us—will have to be tackled by us or by our children or theirs: not skin-ticklers, like the tariff, but life and death challenges which will line us up fiercely on this side or that." He asked me: "Did you see by the papers that Tennyson is very ill? I'm afraid! I'm afraid! They call it gout—rheumatic gout—which often has swift, fatal endings. You know, Tennyson is pretty far along—is eighty years old or so: things go hard with a man at that stage of the game." We spoke of sudden deaths. "A man gets sick: some *célèbre*: we hear that he is taken sick: then we hear that he is dead: it's all over as soon as it's commenced." Then further: "It was so of Darwin, so of Arnold—Matthew Arnold." I asked about Carlyle. He answered: "I was kept informed about Carlyle: his death was not a surprise: Moncure Conway wrote me often about him—his condition: he was in London then—Conway was: I understood that Carlyle ailed, ailed, ailed—gradually grew weaker: so his end was no shock, was not unexpected by me." He reflected: then—"And Darwin—the sweet, the gracious, the sovereign Darwin; whose life was after all the most significant, the farthest-influencing life of the age." He drifted back to Carlyle: "Poor Carlyle! poor Carlyle! the good fellow! the good fellow! I always found myself saying that in spite of my reservations. Some years ago

Jennie Gilder wrote me in a hurry for some piece about Carlyle. I said then that to speak of the literature of our century with Carlyle left out would be as if we missed our heavy guns: as if we stopped our ears—refused to listen: resenting the one surest signal that the battle is on. We had the Byrons, Tennysons, Shelleys, Wordsworths: lots of infantry, cavalry, light artillery: but this last, the most triumphant evidence of all: this master stroke: this gun of guns: for depth, power, reverberation, unspeakably supreme—this was: Carlyle. I repeat it now: have made no change of front: to-day, here, to you, I reaffirm that old judgment—affix to it the seal of my present faith.” Here he reached forward and picked a sheet of paper off the table, handing it to me: “See this: this from Carlyle: characteristic words: I wrote them here probably intending to use them for something or other—but never did.” He had written on the sheet:

“No good book,” says Carlyle (article on Novalis)—“no good book—or good thing of any sort—shows its best face first. Nay, the commonest quality in a true work of art, if its excellence have any depth and compass, is that at first sight it occasions a certain disappointment; perhaps, even, mingled with its undeniable beauty, a certain feeling of aversion.”

After a while he spoke of the “policy of anonymity” in newspapers: “It seems more insisted upon in Europe than here—nowhere more than on *The Times*.” I said: “*The Times* has got itself into a pretty mess with Parnell.” W., vigorously: “So it has: it has made a mistake—a grave outrageous mistake: my sympathies are all with Parnell—with the Irish—in that fight: I hope Parnell is right—believe he is: without having gone into the affair in all its details my faith, my sympathy, all leans to the one side.”

SUNDAY, NOV. 11.

7.15 p.m. Remarkably good day for W. He said to me: “Yes, indeed—it has been the very best of days—and evenings, too!” He volunteered: “I am going ahead with *Cæsar*: I don’t hurry: I find a mass of stuff new for me there—stuff I should know: I don’t read it straight on—am grasping things,

events." I made some allusion to the often expressed suspicions of Froude's accuracy. W. did not think *Cæsar* open to this criticism. "It seems to me this must stand." He found it "a fine narrative." We talked about the tariff. He said: "The Harrisonites put it this way: the tariff is so and so: the man who says, let us cut that down five per cent.—he is a free trader, he is un-American." Later we talked of Lincoln: "What was your first impression of Lincoln?" He said: "I did not enthuse at the beginning, but I made up what I may call a prophetic judgment from things I heard of him: facts, stories, lights, that came in my way. Lincoln's composure was marvellous: he was self-contained—had a thorough-going grip on himself. For two or three years he was generally regarded darkly, scornfully, suspiciously, in Washington, through the North." He branched off into personal reminiscences of men whom he knew who had supported Lincoln unhesitatingly from the beginning. Then he spoke of women: "I don't think our Northern women have ever been given sufficient credit: we have heard of the women of the South—of their fortitude, patriotism: we have heard them cheered, lauded, to the echo: which is all right, too: but the women up here who stayed at home, watched, worked, worried—who prayed for our Northern soldiers, armies—their self-control, their sacrifice, has never been recognized for what it is and means."

MONDAY, NOV. 12.

8 p.m. W. sitting in his chair. The light was lowered. His head was dropped in his right hand. He had had a bad day, yet talked with fluency. Camden was alive with torchlight paraders. W. said: "Let them have their blare: to-day is theirs: but how about to-morrow? The tariff sneak-thieves seem to expect another generation of rule: they are arrogant, almighty: but there's another something coming: maybe they can't guess it: I can: let them not be too certain: pride comes before the fall: it's when they seem most sure, that there comes the smash-up: heap up your treasure—gold, goods: heap them high—way up: then beware! The Greeks—nearly all of them: the writers, the race traditions—are full of this idea: the idea

that the gods hate prosperity—this sort of prosperity: the idea that when men sit heaped all around with possessions, loot, then the end is near—then look out!”

He mentioned later a letter criticising *Leaves of Grass*—a letter from an admirer of Keats. I asked him: “How do you regard Keats, on the whole, anyway? You don’t refer to him often or familiarly.” He replied: “I have of course read Keats—his works: may be said to have read all: he is sweet—oh! very sweet—all sweetness: almost lush: lush, polish, ornateness, elegance.” “Does he suggest the Greek? He is often called Greek?” “Oh, no! Shakespeare’s Sonnets, not the Greek: you know, the Sonnets are Keats and more—all Keats was, then a vast sum added. For superb finish, style, beauty, I know of nothing in all literature to come up to these Sonnets: they have been a great worry to the fellows: and to me, too: a puzzle: the Sonnets being of one character, the Plays of another. Has the mystery of this difference suggested itself to you? Try to think of the Shakespeare plays: think of their movement: their intensity of life, action: on: on: energy—the splendid play of force: across fields, mire, creeks: never mind who is splashed—spare nothing: this thing must be done, said: let it be done, said: no faltering.” He shot this out with the greatest energy of manner and tone, saying in conclusion: “The Sonnets are all that is opposite—perfect of their kind—exquisite, sweet: lush: refined and refined, then again refined—again: refinement multiplied by refinement.” Then he saw no vigor in them? “No: vigor was not called for: they are personal: more or less of small affairs: they do their own work in their own way: that’s all we could ask and more than most of us do, I suppose.” He regarded the plays as being “tremendous with the virility that seemed so totally absent from the Sonnets.”

TUESDAY, NOV. 13.

7.25 p.m. W. drifted into a talk inspired by a letter pointing out the parallelism of Millet’s life with his. He said: “I had often seen fugitive prints—counterfeits; bits about Millet in papers, magazines: it was in Boston that I first happened upon Millet originals: through someone else, of course, but I

do not just remember who: I have an idea it was Bartlett: it may have been Boyle O'Reilly: I can't say. Some of us went one day to Mr. Shaw's—three or four of us. Shaw had a wonderful collection of curios, gathered in the East, Syria, Spain: the walls were everywhere covered with paintings: there were swords there, too; cutlery, also—the most interesting and unusual cutlery: I remember the silks—rich silks—kept in rolls as they keep wall papers. It was while roaming through these rooms that I came upon the Millets: I was there with others: I wanted to be alone: and so I got an hour or two to myself—the sweetest, fullest, peaceablest: then I saw Millet. I remember one picture—a simple scene: a girl holding a cow with a halter: the cow's head was dropped into the creek from which it was drinking: it would be called a commonplace subject: it was that, to be sure: but then it was also vivid and powerful. Millet's color sense was opulent, thorough, uncompromising; yet not gaudy—never gilt and glitter: emphatic only as nature is emphatic. I felt the masterfulness of *The Sowers*: its dark grays: not overwrought anywhere: true always to its own truth—borrowing nothing: impressive in its unique majesty of expression." He added: "I said to myself then, I say it over to myself now, that I can at last understand the French Revolution—now realize the great powers that lay back of it, explain it—its great far-stretching past. I said to myself then, I can realize now, that there can be no depth of feeling, sympathy, emotional appeal, present in a picture, a painting, anywhere, anytime, going beyond these: here is the fact incarnate." Again he said: "On one point I am not as well understood as I would wish to be: an old feeling of pride in the rustic because he was rustic—Burns, Millet, Whittier: I do not share that pride myself: whatever it may be it is not modern, is not equi-large with the newer meanings of civilization. Victor Hugo somewhere points to the tramps, the poor, the ignorant peasants: 'these,' he says, 'are not the people—these are but the mournful beginnings of the people': it is something like that, not that just in those words." I put in: "What he says there of the people you would say of our present democracy?" He answered: "Yes—Oh, yes! That is what I have been striving to say for thirty-

five years now: stating, re-stating: repeating, insisting upon, it: all my poems are the outcrop of that—fed with it, drinking of its meanings.”

Later he talked of the old eras of parties in America. He referred to prohibition: then to the minor parties that flourished in his youth. “The great party of those days was the Know-Nothing party: it was rather before my time that they were plentiest”—here he paused, ruminating—“No,” he resumed—“that’s not just the way to put it: I suppose in the years while I was from twenty-five to thirty-five, the party was most flourishing.” “Had you any sympathy with it at all?” “Not the slightest.” “What were your party affiliations then—or had you none?” “If I could have been called anything then it would probably have been a Democrat: I was an orthodox Democrat.” “What were your opinions on anti-slavery at that date?” “I was anti-slavery.” “From the first?” “Yes, from the first: and not only anti-slavery: more than anti-slavery: a friend, indeed, all around of the progressist fellows: that’s where, why, how, I finally cut off from the Democratic party.”

(To be continued)

A PROPOS SHAW

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

WHAT might be called biographical criticism of a living writer's work is still regarded with hostile awe in many quarters. Once warranted by internal as well as external conditionings of man's mind, this feeling has since become a mere superstition, supported principally by the ignorant and the timid. No matter what the worshippers of the past say to the contrary, the mental agility of mankind has increased wondrously in the course of the passing ages, and it is still increasing. Feats that once seemed formidable now seem easy. The growing ability to deal calmly and effectively with the unexpected finds a commonplace, but none the less characteristic, expression in the modern city dweller's audacious crossing of some thoroughfare full of high-speed traffic that would have completely paralyzed his grandfather.

And not only do we think more rapidly and, I believe, more accurately than our ancestors used to do, but we are capable of coördinating a greater number of facts, of focussing a wider perspective. And finally—what is not least important in this connection—we have at our disposal a much greater array of facts. We know more, and this is equally true in the field of criticism as elsewhere. For whatever man learns in one field of experience, he applies more or less promptly to all the others. Like every other branch of organized knowledge, literary criticism has developed from very humble beginnings and has passed through successive stages of empirical observation and systematic classification toward philosophical interpretation, until, at last, it is approaching the point where it may gain recognition as one of the sciences. To-day, as of old, a work of the current moment cannot be placed with the same hope of finality as one farther removed from us in time, but I believe firmly that our judgments on contemporary literature are steadily gaining in accuracy and objectivity.

If the new book of Dr. Archibald Henderson * were nothing

* *George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works. A Critical Biography.* (Authorized). Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati.

but a challenge to what I hold an outlived superstition, it would not be without valid reason for its existence. But it is a great deal more. First of all, Shaw is the only English-speaking writer among those still alive whose life and work could serve as a safe basis for such a challenge—and outside of England and America there are only two other men in the same position, namely Strindberg and Maeterlinck. Furthermore, Dr. Henderson's volume gives evidence of patient research, genuine enthusiasm, and remarkable intuition in its judgments. If we leave aside what it might have been, and think only of what it actually is, it may well be termed an indispensable factor in the study of our own day's spiritual complexion. But being, also, a work of high pretensions, it aims, among other things, at "moving landmarks," as Ibsen put it; and so it has to be judged not only with, but also without, allowances.

Like the two previous volumes of this North Carolina professor (*Interpreters of Life and the Modern Spirit* and *Mark Twain*), who teaches mathematics when he is not writing literary criticism, his "critical biography" of Shaw is a puzzling mixture of merits and shortcomings. And this holds true of its form as well as of its spirit. Among much good writing and some that ranks very high indeed, there appear awkward passages, slovenly repetitions, and lapses into academic mannerisms that fit badly with the aims and claims of the new criticism which Dr. Henderson aspires to usher in. "Acuity," used for acuteness, can only confuse. The nature of a "metaphysiologist" is unknown to me. An English "intellectual" seems to me the same kind of creature as a French "*intellectuel*," though the foreign brand be printed in italics. And when Dr. Henderson deprives the Darwinian "struggle for existence" of its English birth-right by using its French translation, I experience what a polite friend of mine once called "a pressing sense of fatigue."

There are also strange contradictions, as when, on one page; we learn that "Bernard Shaw may be said to have invented the drama of discussion," and on the very next that "Aristophanes and Shaw have certainly one point in common: the plays of both are dramatized debates." But worse by far is the author's passion for quoting authorities. I believe him capable of penning

some sentence like this: "On this occasion Shaw, as Sidney Webb always calls him, was, as Mr. Chesterton himself told me, dressed in black, and the effect was, as Holbrook Jackson put it, 'most startling.'" Now I don't want to think that Dr. Henderson is so free with his quotations and so scrupulous in giving credit merely to impress his readers with the thoroughness of his reading. But whatever his motive be, I hold this burdening of his pages with useless matter wholly deplorable. We want to get away from all such affectations because they help as much as anything to intimidate and estrange the "average man." And vigorous, independent thinking is so much more effective than apposite quoting. If a statement be reasonable, the automatic action of the normal brain will confirm it; while, on the other hand, the most impressive array of learned reputations cannot make a trained brain accept what quarrels with its inherent sense of probability. The reason I dwell at such length on what may seem a matter of minor importance is that it involves an all-important principle—the principle that whatever is superfluous tends to obscure instead of revealing the thought to be conveyed from brain to brain.

For similar reasons I must refer to other echoes of that antiquated "academic" method of criticism, against which Dr. Henderson is fighting, but from which he has not yet sufficiently emancipated himself. "Shaw has been charged with indebtedness, not only to W. S. Gilbert, but to earlier topsy-turvyists," he says in one place. Then the "charge" is gravely and lengthily refuted. In another place he says: "Those who have a passion for attributing all Shaw's ideas to Nietzsche, might find some support in that passage," etc.—and what seems to me a wholly irrelevant passage from *A Genealogy of Morals* is quoted in full. But leaving apart the trouble of wading through so much matter not strictly germane to the line of reasoning, I feel rather saddened by all this futile hinting, whether in offence or defence, at taking, borrowing, imitating, and so on. Rarely, if ever, do I encounter a suggestion of evolution, of development of spiritual property held in common by the race. If a writer happen to employ some old situation—and how many of them are not so in part at least?—this fact suffices to obscure the

more important one that the inherited material has been used to divulge some new truth. It was this tendency to befuddle the real issue Shaw had in mind when he wrote that "it is the philosophy, the outlook on life, that changes, not the craft of the playwright."

More and more we are coming to realize that it is just the philosophy, the informing spirit, that matters, and not the form in which it is clothed. The days of petty quibbling are doomed. Dr. Henderson himself has more than once proclaimed their end; and if he only acted at all times on his better knowledge, he would save himself from the mistake of finding Shaw "deficient in historic sense." Among the evidence he submits on behalf of this alleged deficiency is Shaw's reference in *Cæsar and Cleopatra* to table-rapping as then practised at Rome. But during the reign of the Emperor Valens a huge criminal process was instituted against a number of persons engaged in practices so closely allied to our modern table-rapping as to be nearly identical with them. And practices that had then become epidemic in Rome may safely be deemed not unknown during the life of Julius Cæsar.

In spite of what has been said so far, Dr. Henderson has succeeded in placing before us the figure of Shaw in such manner that we cannot fail to perceive the latter's genuine bigness as man and artist, as critic and thinker. While quoting others, Dr. Henderson may be guilty of supererogation; when quoting Shaw himself, he is, as a rule, very much to the point, and enviably fortunate in his selections. Drawn from Shaw's works or letters, from the lips of himself or his friends, from hundreds of buried and forgotten articles and reviews, phrase and anecdote, fact and fable are used with remarkable skill to lay bare in its minute details the workings of one of the world's master minds. With partial truth it might be said that the book takes its main value from Shaw rather than from its author, and this Dr. Henderson himself has recognized by classing his work as a mixture of biography and autobiography. But without his painstaking care and splendid gift of appreciation, a similar selection of "Shaviana" might have remained a mere anecdotal medley, instead of emerging into a full-featured and clearly outlined portrait.

I have already referred to Dr. Henderson's intuitional correctness of judgment. This asserts itself throughout the book, and because of its influence no thinking reader can fail to see Shaw's position in its proper light. But while the value of his achievement is thus established, the reasoned explanation of its basis has not been carried out with equal success. Such an explanation must, of course, rest on the proper relation of Shaw to the rest of his time. Knowing this, Shaw urged his biographer to "make him a mere peg on which to hang the study of the last quarter of the nineteenth century." Dr. Henderson professes to have followed that suggestion. But whatever his intentions may have been, the work as he has given it to us is a personal rather than a cultural history.

For one thing, the background against which the central figure has been displayed is not large enough. At the most, it includes all England. Generally it becomes narrowed down to a section of London. Too often Shaw is related merely to men like Archer, and not to his real peers—to men like Taine and Brunetière and Brandes in the field of criticism, for instance. The detailed study of Shaw's Socialistic agitation and the constant accentuation of his social passion are, of course, an unusual and most laudable feature in a work supposed to be mainly literary in its bearings. And I admit also that frequent mention is made of men and movements supposed to embody the directional tendencies of our own and the immediately preceding periods. Thus we are told that Shaw is "inextricably linked with five epoch-making movements," which are then given as follows: "The Collectivist movement in politics, ethics and sociology; the Ibsen-Nietzschean movement in morals; the reaction against the materialism of Marx and Darwin; the Wagnerian movement in music; and the anti-romantic movement in literature and art."

All this does not satisfy me, however. Even if I grant those movements to exist in the manner suggested by Dr. Henderson, their mere enumeration solves no world-riddles. And nothing less than the riddle of the universe is involved when we are studying a man who ranks with the true leaders of his time. What do those movements MEAN, I, for one, have to ask.

What can there be in common between currents so seemingly incongruous? None of these questions is answered by Dr. Henderson, as I read his book, and yet it is only out of such answers that we can get the key not only to Shaw's real significance, but to what the impending cultural period is going to stand for and work for and pray for. In a word, the main shortcoming of Dr. Henderson's work seems to lie in its failure to reduce the central ideas of Shaw and the time for which he speaks to a few easily surveyable principles. And in so far as he has endeavored to perform this task, the difficulty of which I am more than willing to admit, Dr. Henderson has made the added mistake of not questioning and defining the terms used by him for that purpose.

"Individualism" was the *Open Sesame* to which he resorted most frequently in his *Interpreters of Life*, and within that one word he tried at times to confine the whole modern spirit. But neither did he define the word in a convincing manner, nor did he show that most of the men about whom he was then writing—Meredith, Maeterlinck, Ibsen, Shaw—stood not for one-sided individualism, but for a merging of it with its opposing and complementary principle. The very thing for which all those men have been striving hardest is a constructive synthesis that would give free play to the equally important factors of individual variation and racial conformation. And it is just in this synthetic tendency that I find one of the main characteristics of all the spiritual currents that are carrying us men of the new century onward to better ways and better days.

The "master word" employed by Dr. Henderson in his latest volume seems to be "realism." Having defined Shaw as "a champion of all forms of art which aim at realistic exposure of the sheer facts of life without idealistic falsification and romantic sublimation," the biographer thinks he has mapped the road to the future and Shaw's place on it with all desirable exactness. But having followed him attentively from page 1 to page 504 (not counting the index), I feel compelled to ask: "Is then realism always white and idealism always black?" And I must also ask him what Shaw could have had in mind when he

remarked that "Michael Angelo had taught him always to put people of genius into his work?"

We must first of all distinguish between the false variety of idealism that represents what is as it is not, and that true idealism which strives to set what should be, but is not, against what is but should not be. As I see it, realism aims at bringing art back to life, from which, by its very nature, it is always tending to diverge. In this sense, Shaw is certainly a realist—but so was Zola. Idealism, on the other hand, is always reminding art that, after all, it is art, and not life: that, in other words, its aim is the making of a new and better life, which, necessarily, has not yet become "real." And it was in this sense that Shaw recognized his own idealism when he said that "he was always setting a man of genius over against a commonplace person."

Understood in this manner, idealism and realism are mutually complementary as two phases of the same existence, and not mutually exclusive as two incompatible principles. And if we glance back over the buried but unforgettable past, I think it will soon be seen that the greatest poets of all were not those who strove one-sidedly as realists or idealists, but those who, like Shakespeare, Goethe, and Ibsen, recognized and reconciled the ever-present dualism of art and life. With these great synthetic spirits Shaw will have to be ranked, I think. And in his endeavor to merge the principles that sundered the century lying behind us must be sought the main basis of his importance to the new day. In so far as Dr. Henderson has intuitively recognized this fact, his book tends to give us an effective comprehension of Shaw; in so far as he has failed to give clear and concise expression to that same fact, his work remains unfinished and his book a failure.

THE GARDEN OF RESURRECTION

BEING THE LOVE STORY OF AN UGLY MAN

E. TEMPLE THURSTON

BOOK II

CHAPTER I

SUMMER and autumn both have come, both have gone. It is nearly two months since I saw the last leaf fall from the plane tree beneath which I sit so often in the Park, whose canopy of foliage is the roof of one of my little theatres. I cannot remember ever having realized the passing of a season so actually as I did that day when this poor, dead, shrivelled thing, which once had worn its glossy green, came fluttering down into the mud. I watched it as it circled and twisted. It was like the feeble flight of one of those tired butterflies which have hibernated in some sheltered place until the first treacherous day of sunshine has brought them forth to buffet and destroy them. It was so much at the mercy of the faintest wind that blew. As it lay there in the mud I looked above me at the blackened branches. It had been the last leaf to fall. Both summer and autumn had gone. A few minutes later there passed by one who, unthinkingly, crushed it beneath his foot, and with that it reverted to the dust once more from which originally it had come—into which inevitably it was destined to return.

I remember then that I got up from my seat and walked slowly from the Park. As I passed out of the gates and turned toward Piccadilly, they were beginning to light up in the windows of the clubs. I chose the opposite pavement, looking up into the different windows as I went by. Every one of them offered the same picture—men of ease and leisure, reading their evening papers over cups of tea. I wondered what would be their replies if, into each room, I had walked announcing that I had just seen

the last leaf fall from the plane trees in the Park. In my mind's eye I could see them, one and all, looking at me in disgust for bringing such news, then burying themselves again in their papers, goading their minds to forgetfulness by reading the latest report of whatever sensation the moment had to offer them.

How I lived through those two months since that last leaf fell from my plane tree I scarcely know. Depression came regularly to me every day, as though I had entered her into my service. She slipped into the room with Moxon and Dandy in the morning when they brought me my tea and then, while it grew lukewarm in the pot, I would lie staring out of the window into the gray light of the ill-weaned morning, thinking of that day when with such hope in my heart I had set out to meet Clarissa, when with such bitter knowledge of my folly I had returned.

Now, however, it is January. The days truly seem no longer, though we have passed that shortest day in December, when Hope, like a freshening bud, begins to swell again. I have not felt it swelling within me, yet I do my best to drive depression away.

I have bought window-boxes for all my windows, and this morning went down with Dandy to Covent Garden to purchase bulbs for the early spring. Snowdrops and crocuses they tell me are the first to flower. As if I did not know! Though possibly they were quite right to say it. There may be many here who are so sadly ignorant.

I asked the man who stands under that awning where all the little boxes of tiny seedlings are ranged, tier upon tier, I asked him at what time of the year should I sow sweet peas.

I had a sudden fancy to see my own Lady Grizels in their bright green pinafores, growing up with their Young Lord Nelsons in a kindergarten of my own making.

"I suppose they ought to be sown soon?" I asked.

"'Ave yer got a light?" he asked.

"As much as there is these days," said I.

Then we stared at each other, for by his look I felt I had not understood, and by my words he made certain I had not.

Presently he tried me again.

"'Ave yer got a light?"

"Now what do you mean?" said I. "I've got boxes outside my window. There's as much light there as you'll get anywhere."

His look was not contemptuous, but it hurt me as if it were.

"A light," said he, slowly, "is a large box with lights to it—like a small green'ouse it is, for to force plants in. Open the lights in the daytime and they gets all the air they want. Close 'em at night and they don't get no frosts."

I understood at once; but had he said frames, I think I should have known sooner.

"Well, of course, I haven't got any," said I. "If I had I should have no place to put them in. I've just got a few window-boxes—that's all."

I think he did look at me contemptuously then. If he had had the seeds of sweet peas to sell he might have been more considerate, but dealing in no other plants save bulbs, he lost nothing by setting me to rights.

"'Ave yer ever tried growin' sweet peas in London?" he asked, "growin' 'em in winder-boxes?"

"If I had," said I, "should I come and ask you when to plant them?"

He took no notice of my excellent reasoning. The smile of pity for my ignorance still lingered in his face.

"Well, you try," he continued. "See if yer can get 'em a foot 'igh—an' if there's a blossom on 'em, bring it ter me an' I'll give yer sixpence for it as a curiosity."

"You shouldn't throw your money about like that," said I. "It's extravagant of you. But I hope I shouldn't take advantage of it. You may see my blossom of sweet pea. In fact, I'll bring it down to you; but I wouldn't deprive you of your sixpence for the world."

At that he got cross. I was annoyed myself. It is one thing to be made aware of your ignorance and quite another to have it thrown back in your face. He knew by the tone in my voice that he had irritated me, thereby losing a possible customer. No doubt it was that which first ruffled his temper. He liked me no less for my chaffing allusions to his sixpence, and in a desperate effort to get even with me, he looked me up and down, assessing

the possible value of my clothes. They were not my best, but probably he did not know that.

"Yer're very 'igh and mighty—aren't yer?" said he. "Sixpence is nuffin to you, is it? Why I could buy you up and not feel the weight of it gone out of me pocket."

"I'm sure you could," I replied. "I don't doubt that for a moment. But you must remember there's a little difference between us. I'm not for sale. You are."

Then, when I asked him if there was another place in the market where I could buy bulbs, he was too red in the face to answer me.

I suppose in a way I got the best of it. I had the last word, which is the victor's perquisite in these matters. But it left a strange feeling of dissatisfaction in my mind. For however much to the point my retort may have been, he knew more about flowers and gardens than I did, and since I have been to Ballysheen I have come to judge of people by their knowledge and love of the treasures that the earth brings forth. For all my smartness, I counted him a cleverer man than myself.

But it was not that only which made me heavy of heart as I walked away to find another seedsman; it was the information I had been given by my friend of the generous purse. I could not grow sweet peas in my window-boxes. For that matter, could I grow anything but a few bulbs, which for one year at least will blossom anywhere, since they feed upon themselves? And I had visions of eschscholtzias, corn-flowers, asters, gypsophila—the Lord knows what—all names that I had heard Cruikshank make such frequent and easy use of—names which Bellwattle loved for ever to be rolling on her tongue. All these, then, I supposed would be denied me.

"Dandy," said I, as we walked down King Street from the Garden, "when God made the world, I don't believe He meant there to be any cities, or why did he begin with a garden? Surely a city, sterile and fruitless like this, can't be an advancement on a garden?"

It occurred to me then that I was taking a very extreme point of view; a point of view without any suggestion of that logic for which I so often pride myself. Of course, there must

be cities, just as there must be workshops in a world where work is to be done. But they go home from workshops. Nobody lives in a workshop. Why don't they go home, then, from cities? It is a sort of thing that Bellwattle would say, as when she asked why they could not cover up a field of corn to protect it from the rats. But I know what I mean. When once you have cast your bread upon the waters of a great city you never do go home. The workshop is your fate then as long as you live. Telephones, telegraphs, all throw out their clutching tentacles, dragging you back into the vortex whenever you try to escape. There is no escape. You steal away toward home; but these ghostly arms stretch forth and you are sucked back into the heart of it once more, back to the city where the flowers will not blossom—the city of oblivion.

I wonder how many men start their lives with a vision that one day they will win their garden of remembrance? I wonder how long it takes them before they join in that crowd of men and women whose eyes ache and whose feet are tired as they hasten to forget?

CHAPTER II

It was as I passed out of King Street that I bethought me of my club; of the hall-porter there who bears a reputation for rose-growing. He has a strange natural ugliness of features which has often drawn me to converse with him as I come in or go out of the building. Our discussions are none of them very weighty or worthy of record. I remark upon the weather while I wait for him to get my letters; in return he tells me of his troubles with the new messenger whose medals speak well for the mightiness of his chest, but, as the hall-porter assures me, say nothing in recommendation of his intelligence.

How the knowledge of this amiable hobby of rose-growing came to be known of him by the members is more than I can understand. He has never mentioned it to me, and I should have thought that such an observation as "A bad time for the roses" would have been an excellent reply to some of my meteorological remarks.

He has, however, never expressed himself in that way, so I took his reputation on trust, walked straight into the club and asked for my letters.

"Nothing this morning, sir," said he. He did not even look in the little pigeon-hole marked B. This threw me back at once upon my own resources.

"What sort of a spring do you think we're going to have?" I inquired.

He peered out of the tiny window of his hall-porter's house, from which he could just see two square feet of sky.

"It's difficult to say, sir," said he.

It must have been.

"Do you think your roses will do well this year?" I went on.

He took off his glasses and looked at me. All the precise expression of the hall-porter had suddenly slipped from him. I could detect in his eyes a similar look to that which I see always in the eyes of Cruikshank when he is at work in his garden. Can this be the effect of just one word—roses? Will it in one moment convert a man from a machine into a human being with just that light of Nature in his eyes as plucks him there and then from the confusion of the crowd?

"How did you know I went in for roses, sir?" he asked.

I said that I had heard some one of the members mention the fact and it had interested me.

"I suppose you live in the country?" I added.

He shook his head, wiped his glasses—seemingly to no purpose, since he did not put them on again—and pushed aside some things upon his desk that were not the least in the way.

"I used to, sir; last year I did. I'd a nice bit of garden and a friend of mine living next door had a sort of nursery—a greenhouse and some ground—and he used to give me plants he didn't want. But it was too far away comin' up here in the winter early of a morning. So I got nearer London."

"You didn't give up your garden," I exclaimed, "just because it was a little difficult to get up to Town?"

"Well, it didn't agree with the wife," he admitted. "She felt lonely down there with me up here all day long. Besides, she has a taste for the theatres and seein' the shops, so we moved

up to Fulham. It's much handier, but, of course, I haven't got a garden, not to speak of, now."

"How much?"

"About the size of this small hall, sir. But roses won't grow there. I've tried, but they don't take to Fulham."

I asked his advice about my window-boxes. He took an immense interest in them; even brought out a seedsman's catalogue from his desk and went so thoroughly into the subject as made me in time imagine that we were dealing with acres instead of inches.

So now I have bought all my bulbs. It was a great day when they were planted. With a table fork which Moxon obtained from the housekeeper's kitchen we prepared our beds, and all the while stood Dandy with his fore-paws on the window-sill watching the operation with breathless interest.

As I put them in, covering the mould over their little brown bodies, I looked up occasionally at Moxon, who stood by with his mouth wide open.

"Marvellous thing, isn't it, Moxon?" said I, "to think that these little bulbs are going to bring up yellows and blues and pinks, all the colors of the rainbow, just out of themselves?"

"I was thinking that, sir," said he, "though I don't know as it's any more wonderful than a woman having babies."

That remark is characteristic of Moxon, who has sentiment to his finger-tips and imagines that he never shows a sign of it.

"My God!" said I. "You don't mean to compare the two! One's a catastrophe—it'll be a very different matter when these crocuses and tulips are delivered of their flowers."

I saw the look in his face then as when a man is on the verge of being traitor to himself. I had only to press the matter a little further and he would be abusing the wonderful functions of maternity in order to maintain his own pathetic sense of dignity. I pressed it further without any delay.

"You don't mean to say you'd like your wife to have babies?" I said, as I laid one of the little brown snowdrop bulbs under the mould and, after the manner of Cruikshank, tucked the clothes well over its head. "You wouldn't talk of it as a splendid event for her, would you?"

I could see him thinking how wonderful it would be if he had a wife; how still more wonderful it would be if she gave him a baby of his very own.

"I thought you knew I was not married, sir," he said, presently.

"I was speaking hypothetically," said I.

"Indeed, sir, I was not aware of that."

Hypothetically was undoubtedly beyond him. Therefore, "I was supposing that you were," I added for his benefit. "And if you were, you wouldn't care to have to wheel a baby out in a pram, would you?"

"God forbid," said he, most reverently.

I turned my face from him as I planted another bulb. It would not have done at all if he had seen my smile.

"Now you see," said I, "how odious your comparison was. You wouldn't be ashamed to be seen out with one of these snowdrops in your button-hole?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"But you exclaim 'God forbid' when I suggest that you might have to wheel your baby out in a perambulator."

This treachery to himself was more than Moxon could bear. He laid down the bag of snowdrop bulbs, leaving Dandy and me to finish the business ourselves.

It is more than a week now since they were planted, and almost every day I see a fresh little green nose thrusting its way out of the mould. At first the joy of these discoveries was spoilt in a great measure by Moxon, who, when he came up with my tea in the morning, would announce the arrival of another crocus or another snowdrop with that same suppressed excitement as if he were telling me of an addition to the household.

"All right—all right, Moxon," I said testily, one morning. "I only want you to valet me, you needn't look after my garden."

That must have been a very early morning temper, or I should have laughed at the ridiculousness of calling a few window-boxes a garden. The fact of the matter is, I was jealous and, as I lay drinking my tea, I came to the conclusion that I was behaving like a dog in my own manger. The next morn-

ing, therefore, when Moxon came in with the tray, I asked him whether there had been a frost.

"Just slightly, sir," said he.

"Have they suffered at all?" I asked quickly.

"Have what suffered, sir?"

"The crocuses."

"Not that I know of, sir. I didn't look."

Of course I deserved it; but it is the things which one deserves that are so annoying. I determined not to be done, so the next morning before Moxon's arrival, I slipped on a dressing-gown and hurried softly downstairs. It was just as I expected. There was Moxon, bending over one of the window-boxes and, with a gentle finger, raking away the mould in places to see if he could find any more crocuses shooting up their tender green.

"Put that mould back, Moxon," I said severely. At the unexpected sound of my voice, I thought the poor man would have fallen out of the window into the area below. "What are you doing?" I added.

"Just making it a little tidy, sir. That was all."

I let it go at that. I knew he would never transgress in such fashion again. I believe, moreover, that it is always best to leave a shred of dignity with those whom you would admonish. It is by that single shred they still cling to you. Deprive them of it and the only dignity left them is to go out of your sight altogether.

Thus it was, with my snowdrops, my crocuses and my hyacinths that I fought my battle with depression through those last months of winter, till I should see the first hopeful light of spring. Twice every week also, I rose betimes in the morning and with Dandy was out to Covent Garden before the market closed at nine. It was Moxon who first informed me that I could get flowers cheaper that way. Accordingly, when I had proved the truth of it, I filled my rooms with them.

"How did you happen to know about this?" I asked him when one fine morning I had returned with an armful of daffodils.

"I go there sometimes myself, sir," he replied; "my mother's

a fancy for those sort of things, and though I don't 'old with petting women up with flowers, I send them to her occasionally because she's an invalid."

"It's bound to spoil a woman if you send her flowers," I said solemnly.

"Bound to," he agreed.

I handed him a bunch of daffodils.

"Smell those," said I.

He buried his face in them and breathed as though he were drawing into his lungs the very first breath of spring.

"Send a bunch of them to your sister," I added casually; "it'll cheer her up if she's still taking to religion."

His face lit up with a wonderful smile of gratitude.

"It's very good of you, sir—I can't afford daffodils yet—not till they're a bit cheaper. Amy will be pleased."

How easy it is to spoil women, thought I.

Oh—but that morning when they brought the first daffodils into market. You knew then you had been waiting for them so long, as on some dreary, lonely road you stand, long waiting for the mistress of your heart. The moments pass by and still she does not come. But you know in your spirit that she cannot fail. When last you met, she gave her promise and, sooner would you believe the heavens might fall, than that her promise should be broken. But suddenly you hear her. The faint distant sound of her little feet comes tapping softly along the road into your ears. For that first instant your heart stops its beating that you may hear aright. Then nearer she comes and nearer. . . . Another moment and you can dimly discern her figure against a darkening belt of trees. The footsteps quicken, for by this time she has seen you too. At last she is close within your arms, and her cheek, so cool and damp with the dew that it has gathered, is laid against your cheek.

It is somehow like this that the daffodils are brought one frosty morning to those who wait for them in Covent Garden.

So you come of a sudden into a golden glory. A man holds out a bunch before you and says:

"Nice and fresh, sir; only picked a few hours ago."

Only picked a few hours ago! You plunge your face in

them as into cold water, and they, too, are cool and damp like the cheeks of your little mistress. Like her they have come at last to your long and patient waiting.

CHAPTER III

I can bear no longer these futile speculations of my mind. For months past I have tried to keep them under subjection, but it is impossible to do so any more. I must have word of Clarissa. Is she happy? Have I misjudged that young man? Perhaps that evening when I saw him in the restaurant was only a momentary lapse of conduct. Maybe I have done him an injury and she is happy after all.

But no matter how often I put these questions to myself, they return again unanswered. I have an obstinate belief that she could not be happy with him. Sometimes I think it is this uncertainty about Clarissa which is inducing in me a mood, a conviction—the conviction that I have about run the length of my tether and there is but little left for me but to snap it and have done with the business altogether.

I may be wrong, but it seems to me that a man should earn his meal before he eats it, deserve his sleep before he takes it and, above all, justify his existence that he may live. Now I find myself putting the question to my mind twenty times a day—how in the name of Heaven do I justify mine? It is unanswerable, or, rather, I can answer it too well. I do not justify it at all. Had I been of any service to Clarissa, it might have seemed different. But through my interference, I was only the means of spurring her destiny to its end. Certainly Bellwattle intervened, but that was all on my account. Had I not gone to Ballysheen, she would never have persuaded that poor child to rush so recklessly to meet her fate.

Once or twice I have written to Bellwattle, making inquiries. But I hear nothing that can be of much account. She tells me in letters wonderfully misspelt, but in words that are indeed graphic to me, how the roses are doing, of the baskets full of sweet peas that she picked every morning all through the sum-

mer. Yet of Clarissa, she gives me no report, except that the Miss Fennells say how they receive letters from her, telling them of her excitements in London and how happy she is in her new life.

I misdoubt these letters in the bottom of my heart. They do not ring true. So at last I have made up my mind to take a definite course of action. I am going to the house in Chelsea, the address of which was given me by Miss Teresa that Sunday afternoon before I left Ballysheen. If by this step I gain no definite news of her, then I shall hazard one final chance. I shall go and call upon Mrs. Farrington, that married sister of the Miss Fennells whose address Bellwattle has discovered for me. If from her I can elicit nothing, then—it will be, as Peter Pan so wisely says, “a great adventure.”

Having thought all this out, quite calmly and collectedly, I called Dandy.

“What’ll be done with you, old man?” I asked.

He wagged his tail, but when he found that that was not the right answer he frowned.

“I think I know what we shall have to do with you,” I continued. “There’s a lady in Ireland who’d give her eyes to get you. That’s where you’ll go. You always were a success with ladies, weren’t you?”

I thought he would have wagged his tail at that, but he still frowned as though he caught the note beneath my voice, that note, I suppose, of final despair, when a man knows that it is all up with him. For so it had happened to me, as I had warned that little child it would happen to her. The spirit in me was broken. I felt the suspicion in every thought that I was done for.

It is when one comes to a conclusion as definite as this that one can throw into the voice a spurious tone of cheerfulness, which is the final admission of defeat.

I rose then from my chair with a laugh and called out to Dandy that we were setting off for Chelsea. But instead of leaping about me in his dancing way, as he does whenever he hears we are going out for a walk, he crept after me, close at my heels, and all the gaiety was gone out of him. I determined

then that if the worst should happen, if I could get no news of Clarissa, I would send him over to Bellwattle. She would take care of him for his own sake—perhaps for his master's, too.

It was a shabby little street in Chelsea—two rows of houses on either side, with only the number on the lintels to differentiate between them. A strange mixture of apprehension and excitement possessed me as I approached the door. What if I should find her there? What could I say if I did? What does a man say after an absence of some months to the woman who has prayed God that she will never see him again? I expect he leaves the matter as much to chance as I did.

After a moment's hesitation while these thoughts were passing through my mind, I rang the bell and waited, my heart hammering wildly in all my pulses, till I heard the sound of footsteps on the other side of the door. Directly it reached me I felt quiet and ready for whatever should come to pass.

When the door was opened, there confronted me an elderly woman. She was stout, wearing a close-fitting blouse of some black material closely covered with white spots which long had lost their whiteness. There was the unmistakable lodging-house look about her which is quite different in London to any other place in England. In a moment she had taken me in. Quite wrongly, perhaps, but to her own satisfaction. My coat and hat she had priced before I had had time to open my mouth. They were priced by her standard, which I have no doubt was the pawnshop, and probably from that point she was right to within a penny. There was that look in her, too, of suspicion. I felt it in the very way she opened the door. There had been the sense of expectation without greeting, and for one instant that expression of doubt as if she were not quite sure whether I were the person she expected to see. Directly I saw her, I knew my search there was hopeless.

“Does Mrs. Fennell live here?” I inquired.

She shook her head, still appraising me with her eyes.

“How long is it since she left?”

“She never lived here.”

There seemed to be a certain cautiousness in this, so I persisted with my questions.

"But Mr. Fennell lived here?" said I.

"Yes—he did."

"How long is it since he left?"

"May I arsk why yer want ter know?" she inquired.

"I have private reasons," I replied.

Her eyes took a sudden smallness into them. I can explain the expression in no other way.

"Does he owe *you* money?" she asked.

"No."

"He does me."

"I'm sorry to hear it," said I.

"'Cos you think I won't get it—eh?"

"I don't know anything about that."

"Well—I don't think I will. I've got a boy of mine what's in a solicitor's office to write him a letter, but he don't take no notice of it."

"Where did you send it to?" I asked, without any of the eagerness that I felt so strongly in me.

"To a club where he stays sometimes."

"What's the name of it?"

"The Lyric. Who told you he was married?"

I replied that I had heard so.

"God help the girl," she muttered; whereupon apologizing for the trouble I had given her I walked away. The name of God in her throat, and applied in such a case, sickened me. Directly I saw a taxi I hailed it. Dandy and I jumped in.

"The Lyric Club," said I.

It was just the club to which I should have expected him to belong. I had often heard of its members and their habits. They were a dissolute lot, composed of those impecunious young men who manage to subsist in some marvellous way upon their debts, maintaining an appearance of affluence by superficiality of manner and a certain smart way of dressing themselves, which will continue to deceive tradesmen as long as the world goes round. Their main object in life is to obtain money, and that without working for it. Wherefore they have a thousand little irons in the fire. Here they know some young man who has written a play; there they know some young man with money who

is fool enough to put it on, and between the two they manage to derive some pecuniary benefit out of other people's brains which enables them to make their way, backing horses and playing cards for the next month or so.

Young Fennell must have been clearly eligible for such membership. I could have conceived no more fitting reputation for him than to say that he belonged to the Lyric Club.

The hall-porter was almost asleep when I entered. To my inquiries as to whether Mr. Fennell were in the club, he slowly opened his eyes and beckoned to a page-boy.

"Is Mr. Fennell in the club?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Has he been in lately?" I inquired.

The hall-porter shook his head.

"Has he been in lately?" I repeated.

"I said no, didn't I?"

"You wagged your head," said I. "I thought you might be going to sleep again."

"If you had to keep the hours I do, sir——" he began.

I begged his pardon. I imagine it is no easy job to be hall-porter at that club.

"When did he come in last?"

He repeated my question to the page-boy, who informed him that it was about five days before. Then the hall-porter looked at me as though to say, "You heard what he said?"

I had heard and I left the club. There was now left my last hope of finding her. With a bitter feeling of despair weighing heavily on me I got back into the taxi, giving the address in Phillimore Gardens, where Mrs. Farrington lived.

It was no time in the morning, I know, to be paying calls. But what man in such a case considers that? The fever of pursuing my mission to its ultimate end was a furnace burning in me. I could no more have waited the few hours that would have given the odor of etiquette to my visit, than I could have flown to Phillimore Gardens. It had come to be in my mind that I must know then and at once. All contemplation of delay was impossible. As we drove out to Kensington, Dandy jumped upon the seat beside me and, pushing up closely to my side,

pressed his nose against my arm. His brown eyes as they looked up at me were full of questions.

"What are we doing this for?" he asked. "Why are we tearing about in motors? Is anything the matter?"

"We're trying to find somebody," said I. "Somebody who—oh—what's it matter?"

"But why do we want to find her so much," he insisted, "if it doesn't matter?"

At that, suddenly, I realized something. I became aware of the fact that the questions I found in Dandy's eyes were only an expression of the thoughts harboring in my own mind. It was not he who asked them; it was I who asked myself. In that curly black head of his were probably no other ideas than memories of battles long past, of moments of the chase when he was bounding over the heather on those cliffs in Ireland. Or maybe it was only the affection of a dog for the man who treats him well. But all that searching interrogation was nothing more nor less than what I wanted to know myself.

It was I who asked myself why we should need so much to find her. Therefore, when I came upon this startling discovery, it brought me to the understanding of what I had not dared permit myself to realize before. I needed so much to find her because I needed her so much myself. I, who had talked so easily about the folly of plunging myself in love, was by now bitterly its slave. And so, as I came to review the events of the past months, I was made conscious that Bellwattle had spoken the truth from the very first. Indeed, I had known nothing of it till now. For when you begin by falling in love with a gown of canary-colored satin, it takes you some time before you come to be aware of it. And nothing less than this was what happened to me. The loneliness of that child in Ireland had drawn me to her. And now that I had seen her, even only those two times, I felt in the deepest heart of me that I was the man to make her happy.

This is the true conceit of love, I suppose, that I who am so disfigured should for one moment imagine such a thing. As I looked at myself in the mirror which the taxi provided, I, too, was amazed that such a thought could enter my head. But it

was the truth. There was no getting away from it, and as such it must be suffered with what courage I could muster to bear it.

If only I could find her and hear from her own lips that she was happy, I knew that I should be content. Married or unmarried, surely it made but little difference to me. She had prayed God she would never see me again. If once I might hear from her that she had found her place again in the sun, then, as far as I was concerned, her prayer should be answered, I would never see her again.

By this time we had reached the number in Phillimore Gardens. The taxi pulled up, when, telling Dandy to stay there quietly till I returned, I hurried up the steps and rang the bell.

"Is Mrs. Farrington in?" I inquired of the maid.

She said she was, whereupon, having taken my card, I was shown into just such a drawing-room as I should have imagined the Miss Fennells furnishing, with taste acquired by a visit to London. I had begun counting the cushions and photographs when the good lady came in. She is Miss Teresa over again, with just that difference of expression which marriage makes to the confidence in a woman's eyes. For if you are a woman, I believe, and reach the age which poor Miss Teresa has attained, there comes into your eyes, whether you will it or not, the look of watching for some phantom thing which never rides the seas upon your actual horizon. You know it is there, because you hope it is there. Maybe it is the disappointed spirit of maternity which has waited so long upon the road that its eyes are tired of watching.

With just the look of confidence in place of this Mrs. Farrington was a repetition of Miss Teresa. She bowed to me stiffly as she came into the room, half closing the door with that unconscious sense of self-protection which is natural to the less prepossessing of her sex.

"Mr. Bellairs?" said she, and she referred in the proper way to my card, which she held scrupulously in her fingers.

"I met your sisters in Ireland," said I, without delay. "I was staying with Mr. and Mrs. Townshend at Ballysheen. I met there also a Miss Fawdry, who was living with your sisters. I must apologize for calling on you at this time in the morning;

but I want to know where she is to be found. She was married from your house, I believe."

For a moment she stood there shaking her head backwards and forwards, as though I had come to the wrong house altogether; as though she was not Mrs. Farrington, and had never heard of Miss Fawdry in her life before.

"Miss Fawdry has gone back to the West Indies," said she.

"Gone back!" I exclaimed. And at that moment I could not know whether I was glad or sorry. "Gone back," I repeated. "When? Why? Wasn't she married here from your house?"

"Oh, dear me, no."

"But your nephew left Ballysheen with her to marry her here in London."

"My nephew does many peculiar things," she replied, tartly, "that do not come to my hearing. Indeed, I did hear about this. My sisters told me that he was bringing her over. But when he came to see me, he told me that they had decided not to be married, and that Miss Fawdry had gone back to—Dominica, I think it was."

"Your nephew's a—rascal," I exclaimed. "Where does he live? I'll horsewhip him within an inch of his life."

She became so nervous then at my sudden burst of anger that she retired quickly to the door and called for Fred.

"I beg your pardon," said I. "I have no right, I know, to come as a stranger to your house and tell you what perhaps you already know about your nephew. I'm sorry."

But she took no notice. She stood there at the door, waiting for the arrival of Fred, who was no other than Mr. Farrington himself. To him she hurriedly explained everything. He was a meek little man, and he listened to it all with a wary eye upon me.

"What's this mean, sir?" said he, and his voice was brave and his attitude was great.

"I have already explained," said I. "Moreover I have apologized, too. I understand that your nephew has not married Miss Fawdry."

"Yes—yes—that is so," he replied.

"Now can you tell me where he lives?"

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I can't. He lets me know nothing about his movements except when he is in need of money. As that apparently has not been the case for some time, we have not heard of him for the past six months. I'm sorry I can't tell you where he lives."

"But, my dear, he says he'd horsewhip him if he knew," said Mrs. Farrington, in consternation.

"That's why I'm sorry," said the little man.

With a sudden instinct I held out my hand. He shook it warmly, and there I left him to such mercy as his wife should feel inclined to offer him. From the glance in her eyes I doubt if there were a great deal of it.

Dandy's face was peering round the corner of the taxi door as I came out. I told the man to drive home. Then I got inside, closed the door and sat down beside him.

"Well?" he asked. "Well—did you find her?"

I shook my head at him.

"She's gone," said I. "We shall never see her again. They've answered that prayer of hers. She said she'd ask God."

"Well?" said Dandy.

"That's all," said I.

CHAPTER IV

The first snowdrop blossomed in my window-boxes this morning. Its small, white face looked so timid as it stared at me out of the fog. I felt almost sorry for its loneliness, only that I admired it so much for its bravery. It must need some courage to be the first flower of the year—a pioneer into unknown kingdoms. I know so many people who would sooner lie abed than be the first to get up on such a morning as this.

I found it for myself, but knew well I was not the first to discover it. Moxon was waiting about in the room when I came down to breakfast, doing nothing in that feverishly-occupied way which betokens subterfuge of some kind or another. I could see quite plainly what he was up to and, in such cases as

these, I hate to disappoint people. He wanted me to draw his attention to the snowdrop, since, for his dignity's sake, he could not be supposed to have seen it himself. Now, to have taken no notice of it would have been cruel, yet I was sorely tempted to it. I wanted to observe to what straits of ingenuity he would be put before dire necessity compelled him to leave the room.

In such a pass as this I meet the devil of temptation half way. I succumb to him so far as to see the little play performed almost to the fall of the curtain, then, in the nick of time, I surrender my advantage to spite the devil and please myself.

Moxon had placed a vase of daffodils in five different positions about the room and, compelled at last to be satisfied with them, he was about to leave me to myself. At that moment I strolled casually to the window and, at the very door, he paused.

"Oh, here's our first snowdrop in blossom," said I.

I think he liked my calling it "ours." A big smile spread across his face, and he came over to my side with such speed as he might, consistent with a proper respect for my confidence.

"Wonderful where they get the white from out of that dirty mould," said he. From the ready way he announced it, I felt sure that he had had that sentence in his mind all the time, that he had thought it would please me to know he did think of such things. He had probably been harboring it in his head since seven o'clock in the morning. Whether that is so or not, it did please me. It is just the thing I always marvel at myself.

"But don't call it dirty mould," said I. "There's hardly a thing I know so clean as a ploughed field in spring, when the earth has just been turned after a long winter."

No doubt it was I who was considering my dignity now. No matter how right a schoolboy may be in his answer, the master always corrects him, sets him right in a phrase or some insignificant fact. I was doing much the same with Moxon. All these little tricks are the efforts of the superior human being for the maintenance of dignity. I know a man who every evening of his life partakes of a glass of milk for his health's sake. One night his dog fell foul of it and consumed it all. But it was not for punishment alone that he stole two of the dog's biscuits in return. What can be more undignified than having your

evening's milk stolen by your dog! What, then, can more perfectly regain your dignity than stealing two of his biscuits and calling it the adjustment of punishment to the crime? If Moxon could not openly admit that he had seen the snowdrop before, I could not entirely agree with him. It cut both ways.

"Of course, I didn't mean dirty in that sense, sir," he replied. "Only that it makes my hands what I should call not quite clean."

"When you tidy up, you mean?" said I.

"Well"—I had caught him in that trap—"yes, sir—when I—tidy up."

This all sounds very ridiculous, I admit. Two men wrangling about the bloom of a snowdrop do not present an object for much respect! But when you come to think of it, it is just of such incidents as these that life is composed, with here and there some real event falling heavily into the peaceful rippling of the stream. It may fall upon a gravel bottom, when the broken water catches in a thousand points of light the glorious reflection of the sun. It may fall where there is sleeping mud which, disturbed, sullies all the clearness of the stream. Then only Time, who not alone heals but cleanses, shall sweep the ugliness of it away.

Men and women are just as human whether it be over a field of snowdrops or a field of turnips. I would sooner it were snowdrops myself. For this is life as it seems to me—a crowd of undignified little creatures, pathetically, humorously, in all loveliness, trying to assume a dignity which they do not possess; only in great moments proving the nobility of their creation, when, by the sudden force of circumstance, they are, willy-nilly, driven to be themselves.

I little imagined as I amused myself by these thoughts with Moxon standing by, staring down with me at the timid blossom of that little snowdrop, that I for one was upon the eve of such an event as would force me by its circumstance to some definite course of action. Yet that very night I came to know of Clarissa—know of her in such a way as I had rather hear of any misfortune beside.

Ever since that day when I had heard from Mrs. Farring-

don that she had returned unmarried to Dominica, I had striven with my conscience to know whether I were glad or not.

"I shall never see her again," said I.

"She's found the happiness you urged her to," replied my conscience.

"Did I really urge her to that?" I asked.

So much of a head as my conscience possesses, it nodded, and nodded vigorously.

"But did I mean it?" said I.

This is the only way with one's conscience, to silence it. Drive it into a corner of perplexity, when even truthfulness can be of no avail.

"Did I mean it?" I repeated, and my conscience could say nothing. "In the back of my mind," I continued, pressing my advantage to its uttermost, "was there not some hope that I might win her for myself? Why should I be glad then that she had gone?"

And the upshot of it all was that I neither knew whether I was glad or sorry. For this is the selfishness of that great unselfishness of love, that we will give the whole world, our life if necessary, to the woman whom we worship, but the giving must be ours.

Yet that night I knew well enough whether I were glad or not, for I saw Clarissa herself.

It was all a lie! She had never returned to Dominica; and as I pieced together the story from what I had been told, from what I saw before me then, I grew sick at heart with a nameless apprehension.

Young Fennell was with her; there was also another man—a member no doubt of the Lyric Club—and the same woman to whom the story of Clarissa had been told that night almost a year before, when first there had been sown in my mind the seed of my adventure.

For some long minutes I was too amazed to do anything but watch them unperceived. Two bottles of champagne stood on the table, and one by one the five courses of the supper were placed before them. They all ate and drank as though it were the one essential meal of their day—all of them except Clarissa,

who nibbled at her bread like a little mouse, only sipping from her glass lest they should fill it up again too soon. But in the laughing and the talking she was no exception to the rest. To all the popular tunes of the day they rapped with their forks in applause upon the table. It was just that type of *partie carrée* I had seen so often in those rooms; so often wondered at for the hollowness of the enjoyment it suggested. They would—had I not known them—have been just such a company of players as I am accustomed to watch in this one particular theatre of mine. But, being Clarissa, it was no play to me then. Every time she laughed, I felt it buffet in my face. Every time when with the others she tapped her fork upon the table, she might have been driving the prongs of it into my flesh. That she could find laughter with such men and women! That she could applaud that loathsome music, which only sensualizes the minds of those that hear it! All these thoughts burnt hot inside me, and yet I could do no more than stay and watch it to the end.

There was, moreover, in my mind the determination that I still had some questions to ask that young man before I let him out of my sight again. With that intention, therefore, I sat quietly in my seat. I had settled with myself that I would speak to him when they were all going out—contrive that he should remain behind, since, if there should be words between us, as was most likely, it should not in any way disgrace Clarissa.

In the first few moments I had thought it strange for it to be here that I should meet Clarissa again. But there was not so much strangeness in it after all. A man always returns to his old haunts. It is the instinct of the animal for its lair, the salmon for its pool. But though he had seen me there before, he little expected to see me there again.

It was with no little satisfaction that I noted his first glance of recognition and the look of consternation that followed it. He waited just a moment, thinking, doubtless, to hide from me the fact that he had seen me; then, leaning across the table, he whispered something into Clarissa's ear. With that same startled expression of the frightened bird, she looked across the room and her eyes met mine.

(*To be continued*)

EDITORIAL NOTES

VERY slowly, women and men are learning that ignorance is not innocence. Even Mrs. Grundy, that stolid bulwark of the Eleventh Commandment, no longer insists upon the criminal silence of past generations with regard to the fundamental facts of life. Yet there are still fathers and mothers who find it strange and embarrassing to teach their children the simplicities of nature, preferring that the clean and beautiful should be distorted by some degraded mind, and conveyed surreptitiously and evilly to the wondering boy or girl. Perhaps those who do not yet comprehend the price that has to be paid for prudery, will learn something of wisdom from the following brief quotation:

800,000 young men reach maturity every year in this land of ours, of whom not less than 50 per cent. are or will be infected with some form of venereal disease prior to their thirtieth year.

This is not a wild, vague assertion, an attempt at sensation-mongering: it is the deliberate utterance of a medical expert, recorded in the Journal of the American Medical Association, July 7, 1906. One would have thought that the attention of the nation would have been riveted upon a statement of such terrible significance, before which all other problems of politics and sociology sink into triviality. But five years have passed, and the nation is not yet awake, though its sleep is troubled. And homes are made desolate, and women are tortured, and children are loathsomely tainted, because the fatuity and wickedness of silence have not yet been made so manifest that no one shall dare henceforth to cavil at the plain speaking of the plain truth. Not only in our cities are there squalid, disease-swept slums: there are slums of the conscience and the soul, into which the sunshine of life must be brought.

* * *

THE decision of Canada with regard to reciprocity was definite and unmistakable, and Mr. Taft has had the disappointment of seeing the defeat of the second of the two great meas-

ures which he had strongly championed. Some ill-advised utterances on this side of the border fanned the patriotic fervor of the Dominion, and, aside from the mere tricks of politics and astute party devices, undoubtedly influenced the result. But, though there has been very little acrid comment here, there have been some disingenuous reservations and disavowals. The truth is stronger than fiction. That reciprocity might have led ultimately to amicable annexation, is a matter of opinion, and a matter of grave doubt; but there was certainly some feeling in this country that sooner or later, with the consolidation of commercial interests, an agreement for political union might have been negotiated. This feeling may not have been general; but it was reflected in the clubs; it was given prominence, disastrously, by Mr. Champ Clark; and it was hinted at in the press, and notably in the Hearst papers, though the inclusion of Mr. Hearst's name in the controversies of the election was afterwards forcibly resented. But there is no need to apologize for such a feeling, if it represented merely a natural aspiration; any more than there is the slightest right or rational tendency to criticise Canada for emphasizing her loyalty to the imperial tradition. Further, one could scarcely expect either the native Canadians or the strong American and British elements to welcome the prospect of exchanging a reasonably efficient system of justice and government for the corrupt administration that prevails so widely in the United States. However, if reciprocity should again become a practical issue, it will not be embittered by the annexation bogie. The question of Canadian nationality has been settled, though the question of Canadian trusts and of the financial interests which threaten the country will present a very serious problem for the Government and people of the Dominion.

* * *

ON the single ground of their administrative record, and apart altogether from racial or religious feeling, the Turks deserve little sympathy in their humiliation by Italy. Yet, though there has no doubt been continuous provocation of a minor, but irritating, sort, the action of Italy cannot be endorsed without distinct qualification. This is not a matter of civilization re-

gaining lost provinces from barbarism, though it is certainly a conflict between efficiency and comparative incompetence. But the views of millions of educated and thoughtful Mohammedans in all parts of the world are entitled to consideration. They maintain that Italy has been a wanton aggressor, that it is covetousness, and not a sense of national responsibility, which has inspired the war. Accusations are added of the selfish intrigues of a financial clique. The absorption of Bosnia-Herzegovina by Austria and the attitude of Germany in Morocco were significant precursors of the Italian demands; and the earlier sentiments of the Berlin papers need not be taken too seriously. They were dictated, not by any abstract principle of justice, but by the awkward position in which Germany found herself, threatened—if she supported Italy—with the loss of the influence so carefully built up in Turkey, and so necessary for the realization of her plans in the East.

The policy of "grab" is the consequence of a legitimate desire—an almost compelling necessity—for expansion; and there are naturally complications of offence and race-resentment which give at least a colorable excuse for ultimatums, mobilizations and the occupation of disputed territory. But the whole of the recent history of Europe must strengthen the wide-spread feeling in favor of arbitration. Even the most assertive advocates of butchery, as an evidence of national vigor, are becoming less obtrusive as they realize that the ignorant and the stupid are decreasing in numbers, and that their special audience is deserting them. There would be inconveniences in the practice of arbitration, certainly; there would be delays; discontent, perhaps; national pique. But the burdens of even a small war hopelessly outweigh these possible grievances. Is Italy in a fit position to undertake new debts? Are her people not sufficiently taxed and impoverished? The momentary enthusiasm will fade: but payment will have to be made in full. The position of Turkey, of course, has special peculiarities; and the mutual jealousies of the great Powers have alone prevented her dismemberment. But it is a curious comment on so-called civilization that justice can only be determined by gunboats, and that the verdict invariably goes to the larger fleet. Italy has

seized what she considered a favorable moment; probably she is convinced of the rightfulness of her action. But the whole thing is a part of the general movement of "grab." It is not a case of discredited Turkey overtaken by retribution, though this feeling will influence public opinion. It is a case essentially of a vigorous Power appropriating something which she covets, incited by the example of her allies.

* * *

IT is a good thing to look forward to the future, with hope; and to consider the problems of the present, with courage and common sense. But it is a good thing also to look back from time to time to the past, and by comparing conditions gain knowledge, or encouragement, or, it may be, some measure of humility. This is an era of strikes, of the consolidation of labor unions, of plans of campaign that give to industrial disputes the importance and paralyzing effects of international wars. But no one can comprehend clearly, or judge rightly, the causes and methods of such conflicts, unless the conditions which formerly prevailed are understood and the measure of progress, in public opinion and the public welfare, justly appreciated. There is grave need for reform now in industrial affairs: the underpaid and the overworked have not yet established what is supposed to be their inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. But much has been gained since that day, more than half a century ago, when Lord John Russell, speaking in the English House of Commons, said:

"I cannot look with indifference to the statement that the greater proportion of the people of this country have only to work, to sleep, to eat and to die. In my opinion it is the duty of the State to endeavor that you should have a population in the first place aware of the doctrines of religion, that in the next place they should be able to cultivate domestic habits and domestic affections; and that in the third place they should be likely to look up to the laws and Government of the country as their protectors from undue inflictions upon the young of this country. I do not see that these objects can be obtained, so long as the hours of young persons are so prolonged as they have hitherto been. I cannot see how a *child of 14 years of age*,

actually employed for 12 hours in a mill, and engaged there for two hours more, coming home tired and exhausted and unable to do anything but rest, in order to be prepared for the labors of the next day—I say I do not understand how that girl can be brought up to be a good wife and a good mother. I am ready to incur the risk which is said to attach to the passing of an Eleven Hours Bill in the hope of improving the character and elevating the condition of the manufacturing population. I shall therefore be ready to vote for the clause limiting the labor of women and young persons employed in factories to eleven hours."

This was the bill which Mr. John Bright opposed as "most injurious and destructive to the best interests of the country—contrary to all principles of sound legislation—a delusion practised upon the working classes!" An interesting commentary was the report of an investigation proving that the average age of factory workers and their infants was less than one-half of that of the other operatives in the same districts. In one district, the mean age at death of the factory population was found to be as low as *eight years*—an almost incredible, yet fully verified, figure.

* * *

THERE seems to be some ignorance or suspicion among many typists with regard to the perfectly satisfactory word ROUND. No one who is accustomed to read large numbers of manuscripts from all parts of the country can fail to notice the persistent attempts to cast suspicion on this word, to insinuate that its long and honorable independence is unjustified, that it is a weakling, a mere dependency, masquerading as a sovereign power. It is introduced with a deprecatory apostrophe—'*round*'—as an outward and visible sign of subjection, of insufficiency. The use of this apostrophe, of course, is far from universal: it is confined almost entirely to typewritten documents; and there are still many unprejudiced typists who refuse to join the conspiracy. But the habit is not localized: it prevails in some degree throughout the United States—and in this connection even Canada has sometimes gracefully conceded reciprocity. It would be interesting to discover the cause of the mistake, which is too

wide-spread to be a mere accident of ignorance. Is there, by any chance, some school text-book which, through a printer's error or otherwise, helps to perpetuate the mistake? As an adjective, adverb, preposition, noun and verb, ROUND has worthily and actively maintained its independence; and some explanation is due from those who despitefully and unkindly dispute its integrity.

* * *

ANOTHER instance of popular error—made conspicuous by the recent Turkish troubles—is the misplacing of the y in Mytilene, which has been publicly and painfully exhibited in so many of our newspapers as *Mitylene*. This can be forgiven, if not forgotten: but there is one unpardonable and ridiculous example of slovenliness to which, in all seriousness, attention must be drawn—the use of the slang word *cop*, not only in casual conversation, but by the press and in the courts. This hideous word is rapidly being adopted by the illiterate and the careless and employed as if it were a legitimate expression. It appears in headlines in the daily journals and as an ordinary term in reports and articles. Language is always growing, and, quite apart from scientific and technical nomenclature, words are constantly being accepted after a long or short period of probation. But *cop*, familiar as it has unfortunately become, belongs irredeemably to the undesirable class. Let it remain in its own place, as mere slang. It is inadmissible in serious discussion or narrative.

* * *

THE action of the post office officials in refusing to permit the transmission through the mails of the report of the Chicago commission on vice, raises very clearly the question of the reasonable or unreasonable regulation of the department. There are certain classes of publications which are obviously undesirable; but it is dangerous for the post office to exercise a censorship and to assume responsibility for public morals. Any infringement of the law should be dealt with by the legal authorities; but it is necessary to protest firmly against a system which permits a ban to be placed upon a serious and responsible work. The Bible would, of course, be unacceptable under such condi-

tions, logically applied; Shakespeare's plays and poems would inevitably be placed on the fatal Index; and, in the realm of literature alone, the merely personal views or incompetency of an official could produce an intolerable result. The department is the servant, not the mentor, of the public; and the principle of the least possible interference with private rights should prevail.

* * *

MR. SYDNEY BROOKS, in his article on "The Irish Question" in the current number of *THE FORUM*, emphasizes the change that has taken place in the material welfare of Ireland. She is not only more prosperous than she has ever been before, "but is absolutely prosperous—rather more than four million people handling an export and import trade of over \$600,000,000 a year. The whole level of her social and economic life has been sensibly raised during the past two decades; and when Home Rule becomes a fact, and the passions stirred up by it have subsided, it looks as though the many factors that are making for reconciliation and material progress would be appreciably reinforced. Ireland, indeed, is so well off that many people believe she no longer cares about Home Rule, and that, having got the land, the average Nationalist farmer would be quite content to call a halt to all political controversy." Mr. John Redmond, speaking a little while ago, endorsed this view of the prosperity of the country. Ireland, he said, was no longer distressful, but alert, self-confident, self-reliant, thanks to the settlement of the land question, the university question and the institution of a comprehensive system of local self-government. But he did not admit that the people had been weaned in any way from the idea of national self-government: they only felt keener to secure it and more fitted to carry it to a successful realization. The evidence with regard to the well-being of the country will bring satisfaction to her millions of friends and expatriated children. The final accomplishment of Home Rule and the continuance of the present English attitude of conciliation and friendship should lead to an era that will blot out unhappy memories and redeem the deplorable tragedies of the past. Every quarrel ended, every just grievance righted, must be

earnestly welcomed by those who wish to give to civilization more and more of its true significance. Men—and women—must consider themselves citizens of “no mean city,” of no little, jealous State; their sympathies should be wide enough to include the greater sense of internationalism, which is in no way inconsistent with true patriotism, but gives to the ideals and duties of nationality and liberty their fullest meaning and value.

* * *

THE defeat of the new charter for New York City, so strongly supported by the Mayor and Mr. Murphy, is satisfactory so far as it goes. The State and the Legislature are not yet completely in the hands of an irresponsible dictator, holding his position without any mandate from the people and in direct violation of the whole spirit of American and republican institutions. With proper leaders, the electorate can be taught that to submit to the despotism of a shameless, “grafting” institution such as Tammany Hall, is as degrading to the individual as it is menacing to the community.

* * *

Now that the football season is in full swing again, it is desirable to emphasize a fact which has been repeatedly mentioned, and repeatedly forgotten: the value of a game does not lie only in its result as measured by points. Football is primarily an exercise, thoughtfully designed to occupy some of the attention and provide a harmless outlet for some of the energy of young men who are still wise enough to appreciate such an aid to right living. But those who have watched professional games at their best, and have seen how a country clodhopper can learn to discard his ungainliness of movement and to acquire a skill and grace comparable in their kind with that of a Mordkin, have realized that there is a definite æsthetic value in games, while their mental and physical training is of undisputed importance. But far more should be left to the initiative of the men on the field; they should not be reduced to the position of a human machine responding almost automatically to the orders of the coaches. The more open the game, and the more unrestrictedly the players are left, on the field, to the exercise of their own initiative and rapid judgment, the better for all con-

cerned. To desire victory, and to shun defeat, is natural and admirable; but to appreciate an afternoon of healthful and sane exercise, to be aware of the fitness of mind and body that comes from deeds well and truly done, to recognize that a game is neither a tragedy nor an exhibition of mechanical drilling—these are the essential points.

* * *

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT, the author of *The Old Wives' Tale*, *Clayhanger* and *Hilda Lessways*, was born in Burslem, England—one of a group of towns known collectively as the Potteries, and recently united to form one administrative centre. The manufacture of earthenware and china is the staple industry, inseparably connected with the name of the great Josiah Wedgwood. In each of the associated towns there is a large number of "potbanks" or "works," ranging from somewhat ancient and dilapidated structures to modern factories of the finest type. There are many collieries and ironworks in the district and the general atmosphere resembles that of Pittsburgh, with a pall of smoke by day, and furnace-flames on the horizon at night. Yet within easy range is some of the finest country scenery of England.

This industrial hive, with its provincialisms, its busy life, its special types of character and its distinctive interests and habits, has provided material and environment for most of Mr. Bennett's books, under the well-known name of "The Five Towns." It is a district singularly rich in suggestion for a mind so singularly observant and receptive as Mr. Bennett's; a district associated with hard-headed business men, and, for many years, with special religious fervor and activity. Here was one of the great strongholds of the free churches, especially the Methodists—the Wesleyan Methodists, the Primitive Methodists, the New Connexion Methodists.

From the beginning of his literary career, Mr. Bennett identified himself with his native place. The practice of the legal profession had taken him to London; but he soon abandoned this career and became a journalist, an editor, a novelist, a playwright, and finally, after residing in France, an international celebrity. There has been no indecision in his life; he did

not merely drift into journalism and literature: and here is indicated one of the most significant features of his personality. He may be described, awkwardly, but not illegitimately, as a mental Muldoon. He has exemplified the WILL TO DO—and to do efficiently. A man of many friends, of wide sympathy and full comprehension, he has systematized his energies sanely yet rigidly, demanding from himself, and suggesting to others, the observance of such principles as those outlined in his journalistic, but scarcely negligible, *How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day*. Moderate in all things except the excesses of work, but purposeful without reservation, he has passed, with absolute confidence in himself and his destiny, from appreciation by a comparative few to the appreciation accorded to a popular, but not ephemeral, author.

There is much in his work that may seem a puzzle to the public; for he has used no *nom-de-plume* and the books that he has written primarily for the purpose of enabling him to pay income tax—though other people may have taken them seriously—are included in the same lists with the works which he himself has taken seriously, though for a long time the general public did not agree with him: even *The Truth About an Author*, which first appeared serially in the *London Academy* and later as an anonymous book, has just been re-issued here and acknowledged. But the sense of form, the clarity of expression, found in his first novel, *A Man from the North*, were bound to lead to achievements that would be recognized; and Mr. Bennett passed through *Anna of the Five Towns*, *Leonora* and other novels, to *The Old Wives' Tale*, which brought him at once wide and deserved appreciation. There is still some difference of opinion among critics as to the merits of *Clayhanger* and *Hilda Lessways*, his most recent books; but there can be little doubt as to the ability of the author. Mr. Bennett is the success of the day, and possibly one of the classics of the future, though his style, in spite of its flexibility and exact word-sense, has a certain metallic ring. His work as a playwright is still only in its earlier stages: but here, as elsewhere, he seems likely to be successful and significant. *What the Public Wants* should lead to something which the public will be glad to have.

THE FORUM

FOR DECEMBER 1911

THE GLAMOUR OF THE SNOW

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

HIBBERT, always conscious of two worlds, was in this mountain village conscious of three. It lay on the Italian side of the Alps, and he had taken a room in the little post-office where he could be at peace to write his book, yet at the same time enjoy the winter sports and find companionship in the hotels when he wanted it.

The three worlds that met and mingled here seemed to his imaginative temperament very obvious, though it is doubtful if another mind less intuitively equipped would have seen them so well-defined. There was the world of the tourist English, civilized, quasi-educated, to which he belonged by birth at any rate; there was the world of peasants, to which he felt himself drawn by sympathy—for he loved and admired their toiling, simple life; and there was this other—which he could only call the world of Nature. To this last, however, in virtue of a vehement poetic imagination, and a tumultuous pagan instinct fed by his very blood, he felt that most of him belonged. The others borrowed from it, as it were, for visits. Here, with the soul of Nature, hid his central life.

Between all three was conflict—potential conflict. On the skating-rink each Sunday the tourists regarded the natives as intruders; in the church the peasants plainly questioned: "Why do you come? We are here to worship; you to stare and whisper!" For neither of these two worlds accepted the other. And neither did Nature accept the tourists, for it took advantage of their least mistakes, and indeed, even of the peasant-world, "accepted" only those who were strong and bold enough to

invade her savage domain with sufficient skill to protect themselves from several forms of—death.

Now Hibbert was keenly aware of this potential conflict and want of harmony; he felt outside yet caught by it—torn in the three directions because he was partly of each world, but wholly in only one. There grew in him a constant, subtle effort—or at least desire—to unify them and decide positively to which he should belong and live in. The attempt, of course, was largely subconscious—the natural instinct of a richly imaginative nature seeking the point of equilibrium, so that the mind could feel at peace and the brain be free to do good work.

Among the guests no one especially claimed his interest. The men were nice, but undistinguished, athletic schoolmasters, doctors snatching a holiday, good fellows all; the women, equally various, and, for the most part, slightly underbred—the clever, the would-be-fast, the dare-to-be-dull, the women “who understood,” and the usual pack of jolly dancing girls and “flappers.” And Hibbert, with his forty odd years of thick experience behind him, got on well with the lot; he understood them all; they belonged to definite, predigested types that are the same all the world over and that he had met all the world over long ago.

But to none of them did he belong. His nature was too various to subscribe to the set of shibboleths of any one class. And, since all liked him, and felt that somehow he seemed outside of them—spectator, looker-on—they all sought to claim him.

In a sense the three worlds fought for him: natives, tourists, Nature. . . .

It was thus began the singular conflict for the soul of Hibbert. *In* his own soul, however, it took place. Neither the peasants nor the tourists were conscious that they fought for anything. And Nature, they say, is merely blind and automatic.

The assault upon him of the peasants may be left out of account, for it is obvious that they stood no chance of success. The tourist world, however, made a gallant effort to subdue him to themselves. But the evenings in the hotel, when dancing was not in order, were—English. The provincial imagination was set upon a throne and worshipped heavily through incense of the

stupidest conventions possible. Hibbert used to go back early to his room in the post-office to work.

"It is a mistake on my part to have *realized* that there is any conflict at all," he thought, as he crunched home over the snow at midnight, after one of the dances. "It would have been better to have kept outside it all and done my work; better," he added, looking back down the silent village street to the church tower, "and—*safer*."

The adjective had slipped from his mind before he was aware of it. He turned with an involuntary start and looked about him. He knew perfectly well what it meant—this thought that had poked its head up from the subconscious self. He understood, without being able to express it fully, the meaning that betrayed itself in the choice of the adjective. For if he had ignored the existence of this conflict, he could have remained outside the arena. Whereas now, he had entered the lists. Now this battle for his soul must have issue. And he knew that the spell of Nature was greater for him than all other spells in the world combined—greater than love, revelry, pleasure, even than study. He had always been afraid to let himself go. His pagan soul dreaded her terrific power of witchery, even while he worshipped.

The little village already slept. The world lay smothered in snow. The chalet roofs shone white beneath the moon, and pitch-black shadows gathered by the walls of the church. His eye rested a moment on the square stone tower, with its frosted cross that pointed to the sky; then travelled with a leap of many thousand feet to the enormous mountains that brushed the brilliant stars. Gaunt and terrible rose the huge peaks above the slumbering village, measuring the night and heavens. They beckoned him.

And something born of the snowy desolation, born of the midnight and the silent grandeur, born of the great listening hollows of the night, something that lay 'twixt terror and wonder, dropped from the vast wintry spaces down into his heart—and called him. Very softly, unrecorded in any word or thought his brain could compass, it laid its spell upon him. A finger as of snow brushed the surface of his heart. The power and quiet

majesty of the winter's night appalled him. . . . Fumbling a moment with the big unwieldy key, he let himself in and went upstairs to bed. Two thoughts went with him—apparently very ordinary and sensible ones:

“What fools these peasants are to sleep through such a night as this!” And the other:

“Those dances tire me. I'll never go again. My work only suffers in the morning.” The claims of peasants and tourists upon him seemed thus in a single instant weakened.

The clash of battle troubled half his dreams. Nature had sent her beauty of the Night and won the first assault. The others, routed and dismayed, fled far away.

II

“Don't go back to your dreary old post-office. We're going to have supper in my room—something hot. Come and join us. Hurry up!”

There had been an ice carnival, and the last party, tailing up the snow-slope to the hotel, had called him. The Chinese lanterns smoked and sputtered on the wires; the band had long since gone. The cold was bitter and the moon came only momentarily between high, driving clouds. From the shed where the people changed from skates to snow-boots, he shouted something to the effect that he was “following”; but no answer came; the moving shadows of those who had called were already merged high up against the village darkness. The voices died away. Doors slammed. Hibbert found himself alone on the deserted rink.

And it was then, quite suddenly, the impulse came to stay and skate alone. The thought of the stuffy hotel room, and of those noisy people, with their obvious jokes and laughter, oppressed him. He felt a longing to be alone with the night, to taste her wonder all by himself there beneath the stars, gliding over the ice. It was not yet midnight, and he could skate for half an hour. That supper party would merely think he had changed his mind and gone to bed, if they noticed his absence at all.

It was an impulse, yes, and not an unnatural one; yet even at the time it struck him that something more than impulse lay concealed behind it. More than invitation, yet certainly less than command, there was a vague, queer feeling that he stayed because he *had* to stay, almost as though there was something he had forgotten, overlooked, left undone. Imaginative temperaments are often thus; and impulse is ever weakness. For with such ill-considered opening of the doors to hasty action may come an invasion of other forces at the same time—forces merely waiting their opportunity.

He caught the fugitive warning even while he dismissed it as absurd, and the next minute he was whirling over the smooth ice in delightful curves and loops beneath the clouded moon. There was no fear of collision. He could take his own speed and space as he willed. The shadows of the towering mountains fell across the rink, and a wind of ice came from the forests where the snow lay ten feet deep. The hotel lights winked and went out. The village slept. The high wire netting could not keep out the wonder of the winter night that grew about him like a presence. He skated on and on, keen, exhilarating pleasure in his tingling blood, and weariness all forgotten.

And then, midway in the delight of rushing movement, he saw a figure moving behind the wire netting, watching him. With a start that almost upset him—for the abruptness of the new arrival was so unlooked for—he paused and stared. Although the light was dim, he made out that it was the figure of a woman, and that she was feeling her way along the netting, trying to get in. Against the white background of the snowfield he watched her rather stealthy efforts as she passed with a gliding step over the banked-up snow. She was tall and slim and graceful; he could see that, even in the dark. And then, of course, he understood. It was another adventurous skater like himself, stolen down unawares from hotel or *châlet*, and she was searching for the opening. At once, making a sign and pointing with one hand, he turned swiftly and skated over to the little entrance on the other side.

But even before he got there, there was a sound on the ice behind him, and, with an exclamation of amazement he could not

suppress, he turned to see her swerving up to his side across the width of the rink. She had somehow found another way in.

Hibbert, as a rule, was punctilious, and in these free-and-easy places, perhaps, especially so. If only for his own protection, he did not seek to make advances unless some kind of introduction paved the way. But for these two to skate together in the semi-darkness without speech, often of necessity almost brushing shoulders, was too absurd to think of. Accordingly he raised his cap and spoke. His actual words he seems unable to recall, nor what the girl said in reply, except that she answered him in English with some commonplace about doing figures at midnight on an empty rink. Quite natural it was, and right. She wore gray clothes of some kind, though not the customary long gloves or sweater, for indeed, her hands were bare, and presently when he skated with her, he wondered with something like astonishment at their dry and icy coldness.

And she was delicious to skate with—supple, sure and light, fast as a man and with the freedom of a child, sinuous and steady at the same time. Her flexibility made him wonder, and when he asked her where she learned she murmured—he caught the breath against his ear and remembered later that it was singularly cold—that she had been accustomed to the ice ever since she could remember.

But her face he never properly saw. A muffler of white fur buried her neck to the ears and her cap came over the eyes. He only saw that she was young. Nor could he gather her hotel or chalet, for she pointed vaguely when he asked her up the slopes. "Just over there——" she said, quickly taking his hand again. He did not press her; no doubt she wished to hide her escapade. And the touch of her hand thrilled him more than anything he could remember; even through his thick glove he felt the softness of that cold and delicate pressure. . . .

The clouds meanwhile thickened over the mountains. It grew darker. They talked very little, and did not always skate together. Often they separated, curving about in corners by themselves, but always coming together again in the centre of the rink; and when she left him thus Hibbert was conscious of—yes, of missing her. He found a peculiar satisfaction, almost a

fascination, in skating by her side. It was quite an adventure—these two strangers together with the ice and snow and night.

Midnight had long since sounded from the old church tower before they parted. She gave the sign, and he skated quickly to the shed, meaning to find a seat and help her take her skates off. Yet when he turned—she had already gone. He saw her slim young figure gliding away across the snow . . . and hurrying for the last time round the rink alone he searched in vain for the opening she had twice used in this curious way.

“How very queer!” he thought, referring to the netting. “She must have lifted it and wriggled under . . . !”

Wondering how in the world she managed it, what in the world had possessed him to be so free with her, and who in the world she was, he went up the steep slope to the post-office and so to bed. Her promise to come again another night still rang delightfully in his ears. And curious were the thoughts and sensations that accompanied him. Most odd of all, perhaps, was the half suggestion of some dim memory that he had known this girl before, had met her somewhere, more—that she knew him. For in her voice—a low, soft, windy little voice it was, tender and soothing for all its quiet coldness—there lay some faint reminder of two others he had known, both long since gone: the voice of the woman he had loved, and—the voice of his mother.

But this time through his dreams there ran no clash of battle. He was conscious, rather, of something cold and clinging that made him think of sifting snow-flakes climbing softly with entangling touch and thickness round his feet. The snow, coming without noise, each flake so light and tiny none can mark the spot whereon it settles, yet the mass of it able to smother villages, wove through the very texture of his mind, cold, bewildering, deadening effort with its clinging network of a million feathery touches.

III

In the morning Hibbert realized he had done a foolish thing. The brilliant sunshine that drenched the valley made him see this, and the sight of his work-table, with its books, papers and the rest, brought additional conviction. To have skated with

a girl alone at midnight, no matter how innocently the thing had come about, was unwise—unfair, especially to her. Gossip in these little winter resorts was worse than in a provincial town. He hoped no one had seen them. Luckily the night had been dark. Most likely none had heard the ring of skates. . . .

Deciding that in future he would be more careful, he plunged into work, and sought to dismiss the matter from his mind.

But in his times of leisure the memory returned persistently to haunt him. When he “skid” or “lugged,” or danced in the evenings, and especially when he skated on the little rink, he was aware that the eyes of his mind forever sought this strange companion of the night. A hundred times he fancied that he saw her, but always sight deceived him. Her face he might not know, but he could hardly fail to recognize her figure, yet nowhere among them did he catch a glimpse of that slim young creature he had skated with alone beneath the clouded stars. He searched in vain. Even his inquiries as to the occupants of the private *châlets* brought no results. He had lost her. But the queer thing was that he felt as though she were somewhere close: he *knew* she had not really gone. While people came and left with every day, it never once occurred to him that she had left. On the contrary, he felt assured that they would meet again.

This thought he never quite acknowledged. Perhaps it was the wish that fathered it only. And, even when he did meet her, it was a question how he would speak and claim acquaintance, or whether *she* would recognize himself. It might be awkward. He almost came to dread a meeting, though “dread,” of course, is far too strong a word to describe an emotion that was half delight, half wondering anticipation.

Meanwhile the season was in full swing. Hibbert felt in perfect health, worked hard, “skid,” skated, “lugged,” and at night danced regularly. This dancing was, however, an act of subconscious surrender; it really meant that he hoped to find her among the whirling couples. He was searching for her without quite acknowledging it to himself, and the hotel world, meanwhile, thinking it had won him over, teased and chaffed him. He made excuses in a similar vein; but all the time he watched and searched and—waited.

For several days the sky held clear and bright and frosty, bitterly cold, everything crisp and sparkling in the sun, but there was no sign of fresh snow, and the ski-ers began to grumble. On the mountains an icy crust made "running" dangerous; they wanted the light, dry, powdery snow, that makes steering easier and falling less severe. But the keen east wind showed no signs of changing for a whole ten days. Then, suddenly, there came a touch of softer air, and the weather-wise began to prophesy.

Hibbert, delicately sensitive to the least change in earth or sky, was perhaps the first to feel it. Only he did not prophesy. He knew through every nerve in his body that moisture had crept into the air, was accumulating, and that presently a fall would come. For he responded to the moods of Nature like a fine barometer.

And the knowledge, this time, brought into his heart a strange little wayward emotion that was hard to account for—a feeling of unexplained disquiet and uneasiness. Behind it, woven through it rather, ran a faint exhilaration connected remotely with that touch of delicious alarm, that tiny anticipating "dread," that so puzzled him when he thought of his next meeting with the girl. It lay beyond all words, all telling, this queer relationship between the two; but somehow the girl and snow ran in a pair across his mind.

Perhaps, for imaginative writing-men, more than for other workers, the smallest change of mood betrays itself at once. His work at any rate revealed this slight shifting of emotional values in his soul. Not that his writing suffered, but that it altered, subtly as a change of sky or sea or landscape that comes with the passing of afternoon into evening—imperceptibly. A subconscious excitement sought to push upwards and express itself and, knowing the uneven effect such moods produced in his work, he laid the pen aside and took instead to reading.

The brilliance passed from the sunshine; the sky grew slowly overcast; by dusk the mountain tops came close and sharp; the distant valley rose into absurdly near perspective. The moisture increased, rapidly approaching saturation point when it must fall in snow. And Hibbert watched and waited.

And in the morning the world lay smothered beneath its

fresh white carpet. It snowed heavily till noon, thickly, incessantly, chokingly, a foot or more; then the sky cleared, the sun came out in splendor, the wind shifted back to the east and frost came down upon the mountains with its keenest and most biting tooth.

The drop in the temperature was tremendous, but the ski-ers were jubilant. Next day the "running" would be fast and perfect. Already the mass was settling, and the surface freezing into those moss-like, powdery crystals that make the ski run almost of their own accord with the faint "sishing" as of a bird's wings through the air.

IV

That night there was excitement in the little hotel-world, first because there was a *bal costumé*, but chiefly, because the new snow had come. And Hibbert went—felt drawn to go; he did not go in costume, but he wanted to talk about the slopes and the ski-ing with the other men, and at the same time——

Ah, there was the truth, the deeper necessity that called. For the singular connection between the stranger and the snow again betrayed itself, utterly beyond explanation as before, but vital and insistent. Some hidden instinct in his pagan soul—heaven knows how he phrased it even to himself, if he phrased it at all!—whispered that with the snow the girl would be somewhere about, would emerge from her hiding-place, would even *look for him*.

Absolutely unwarranted it was. He laughed while he stood before the little glass and trimmed his moustache, tried to make his black tie sit straight, and shook down his dinner-jacket so that it should lie upon the shoulders without a crease. His brown eyes were very bright. "I look younger than I usually do," he thought.

It was unusual, even significant—in a man who had no vanity about his appearance and certainly never questioned his age or tried to look younger than he was. Affairs of the heart, with one tumultuous exception that left no fuel for lesser subsequent fires, had never troubled him. The forces of his soul and mind not

called upon for "work" and obvious duties, all went to Nature. The desolate, wild places of the earth were what he loved, night and the beauty of the stars and snow. And this evening he felt their claims upon him, mightily stirring. A rising wildness caught his blood, quickened his pulse, woke longing and passion too. But chiefly snow. The snow whirled softly through his thoughts like white, seductive dreams. . . . For the snow had come now; and She, it seemed, had somehow come with it—into his thoughts.

And yet he stood before that twisted mirror and pulled his tie and coat askew a dozen times, as though it mattered. "What the devil's up with me?" he thought. Then, laughing a little, he turned before leaving the room to put his private papers in order. The green morocco desk that held them he took down from the shelf and laid upon the table. Tied to the lid was the visiting card with his brother's address "in case of accident." On the way down to the hotel he wondered why he had done this, for though imaginative, he was not the kind of man who dealt in presentiments. Moods with him were strong, but ever held in leash.

"It's almost like a warning," he thought, smiling. He drew his thick coat tightly round the throat as the freezing air bit at him. "Those warnings one reads of in stories sometimes. . . . !"

A delicious happiness was in his blood. Over the edge of the mountains rose the moon. He saw her silver sheet—the world of snow. Snow covered all. It smothered sound and distance. It smothered—life.

V

In the hall there was light and bustle; people were already arriving from the hotels and chalets, their costumes hidden beneath many wraps. Groups of men in evening dress stood about smoking, talking "snow" and "ski-ing." The band was tuning up. The claims of the hotel-world clashed about him faintly as of old. At the big glass windows of the veranda peasants stopped a moment on their way home from the *café* to peer.

Hibbert thought laughingly of that conflict he used to imagine. He laughed because it suddenly seemed all unreal. He belonged so utterly to Nature and the mountains, and especially to those desolate slopes where now the snow lay thick and fresh and sweet, that there was no question of a conflict at all. The power of the newly fallen snow had caught him, proving it without effort. Out there, up in those lonely reaches of the moonlit ridges, the snow was ready. He longed for it. It awaited him. He thought of the intoxicating delight of ski-ing in the moonlight.

Thus, somehow, in vivid flashing vision, he thought of it while he stood there smoking with the other men and talking all the "shop" of ski-ing. And, ever mysteriously blended with this power of the snow, poured also through his inner being the power of the girl. He could not disabuse his mind of the insinuating presence of the two together. He remembered that skating-impulse of ten days ago, the impulse that had let her in. That any mind, even an imaginative one, could pass beneath the sway of such a fancy was strange enough; and Hibbert, while fully aware of the disorder, yet found a curious joy in yielding to it. This insubordinate centre that drew him towards old pagan beliefs had assumed command. With a kind of sensuous pleasure he let himself be conquered.

And snow that night seemed in everybody's thoughts. The dancing couples talked of it; the hotel proprietors congratulated one another and their guests; it meant good sport and satisfied customers; everyone was planning trips and expeditions, talking of slopes and *telemarks*, of flying speed and distance, of drifts and crust and frost. Vitality and enthusiasm pulsed in the very air; all were alert and active, positive, radiating currents of creative life even into the stuffy atmosphere of that crowded ball-room. And the snow had caused it, the snow had brought it; all this discharge of eager, sparkling energy was due primarily to the—snow.

But in the mind of Hibbert, by some swift alchemy of his pagan yearnings, this energy became transmuted. It rarified itself, gleaming in white and crystal currents of passionate anticipation, which he transferred, as by a species of electrical imagi-

nation, into the personality of the girl—the girl of the snow. She somewhere was waiting for him, expecting him, calling to him softly from those leagues of moonlit mountain. He remembered the touch of that cool, dry hand; the soft and icy breath against his cheek; the hush and softness of her presence; the way she came and the way she had gone again—like a flurry of snow the wind sent gliding up the slopes. She, like himself, belonged out there. He fancied that he heard her little windy voice come sifting to him through the snowy branches of the trees, calling his name that haunting little voice that dived straight to the centre of his life as once, long years ago, two other voices used to do.

But nowhere among the costumed dancers did he see her slender figure. He danced with one and all, *distract* and absent, a stupid partner as each girl discovered, his eyes ever turning towards the door and windows, hoping to catch the luring face, the vision that did not come and at length, hoping even against hope. For the ball-room thinned; groups left one by one, going home to their hotels and châteaux; the band tired obviously; people sat drinking lemon-squashes at the little tables, the men mopping their foreheads, everybody ready for bed. It was close on midnight. As Hibbert passed through the hall to get his overcoat and snow-boots, he saw men in the passage by the "sport" room, greasing their ski against an early start. Knapsack luncheons were being ordered by the kitchen swing-doors. He sighed. Lighting a cigarette a friend offered him, he returned a confused reply to some question as to whether he would join their party in the morning. It seemed he did not hear it. He passed through the outer vestibule, between the double glass doors, and went into the night.

The man who asked the question watched him go, an expression of anxiety momentarily in his eyes.

"Don't think he heard you," said another, laughing. "You've got to shout to Hibbert, his mind's so full of his work."

"He works too hard" suggested the first, "full of queer ideas and dreams."

But Hibbert's silence was not rudeness. He had not caught

the invitation. The Call of the hotel-world had faded. He no longer heard it. Another wilder Call was sounding in his ears.

For up the street he had already seen a little figure moving. Close against the shadows of the baker's shop it glided—white, slim, enticing.

VI

And at once into his mind passed the hush and softness of the snow—yet with it a searching, crying wildness for the heights. He knew by some incalculable, swift instinct she would not meet him in the village street. It was not there, amid crowding houses, she would speak to him. Indeed, already she had disappeared, melted from view up the white vista of the moonlit road. Yonder he divined, she waited, where the highway narrowed abruptly into the mountain-path beyond the châteaux.

It did not even occur to him to hesitate; mad though it seemed and was—this sudden craving for the heights *with her*, at least for open spaces where the snow lay thick and fresh—it was too imperious to be denied. He does not remember going up to his room, putting the sweater over his evening clothes, and getting into the fur gauntlet gloves and the helmet cap of wool. Most certainly he has no recollection of fastening on his ski; he must have done it automatically. Some faculty of normal observation was in abeyance, as it were. His mind was out beyond the village—out with the snowy mountains and the moon.

Henri Défago, putting up the shutters over his *café* windows, saw him pass, and wondered mildly: "*Un Monsieur qui fait du ski à cette heure! Il est Anglais, donc . . . !*" And he shrugged his shoulders, as though a man had the right to choose his own way of death; and Marthe Perotti, the hunchback wife of the shoemaker, looking by chance from her window, caught his figure moving swiftly up the road. But she had other thoughts, for she knew and believed the old traditions of the witches and snow-beings that steal the souls of men. She had even heard, 'twas said, the dreaded "Synagogue" pass roaring down the street at night, and now, as then, she hid her eyes. "They've called to him . . . and he must go," she mur-

mured, making the sign of the cross. But no one sought to stop him.

Hibbert recalls only a single incident until he found himself beyond the houses, searching for her along the fringe of forest where the moonlight met the snow in a bewildering frieze of fantastic shadows. And the incident was simply this: that he remembered passing the church. Catching the outline of its tower against the stars, he was aware of a faint sense of hesitation that was almost malaise. A vague uneasiness came and went—jarred unpleasantly across the flow of his excited feelings, chilling exhilaration. He caught the instant's discord, dismissed it and—passed on. The seduction of the snow smothered the hint before he realized that it had touched the edge of—warning.

And then he saw her. She stood waiting there in a little clear space of shining snow, dressed all in white, part of the moonlight and the glistening background, her slender figure just discernible.

"I waited, for I knew that you would come," the silvery little voice of windy beauty floated down to him. "You had to come."

"I'm ready," he answered, "for I knew it too."

The world of Nature caught him to its heart in those few words—the wonder and the glory of the night and snow. Life leaped within him. The passion of his pagan soul exulted, rose in joy, flowed out to her. He neither reflected nor considered, but let himself go like the veriest schoolboy in the wilderness of first love.

"Give me your hand," he cried, "I'm coming . . . !"

"A little further on, a little higher," came her delicious answer. "Here it is too near the village—and the church."

And the words seemed wholly right and natural; he did not dream of questioning them; he understood that with even this little touch of civilization in sight the familiarity he suggested was impossible. Once out upon the open mountains, mid the freedom of huge slopes and towering peaks, the stars and moon to witness and the wilderness of snow to watch, they could taste an innocence of happy intercourse that knew no sin of dead conventions that imprison literal minds.

He urged his pace, yet did not quite overtake her. The girl kept always just a little bit ahead of his best efforts. . . . And soon they left the trees behind and passed upon the fringe of the enormous slopes of the sea of snow that rolled in mountainous terror and beauty to the very stars. The wonder of the white world caught him away. Under the steady moonlight it was more than haunting. It was a living, white, bewildering Power that deliciously confused the senses and laid a spell of deep and wild perplexity upon the heart. It was a personality that cloaked and yet revealed itself through all this sheeted whiteness of the snow. It rose; went with him; fled before and followed after. Slowly it dropped lithe, sinuous arms about his neck, gathering him in. . . .

Certainly some soft persuasion coaxed his very soul, urging him ever forwards, upwards, on towards the higher icy slopes. Judgment and reason left their throne, it seemed, completely, as in the madness of some sweet intoxication. The girl, slim and seductive, kept always just ahead, so that he never quite came up with her. He saw the white enchantment of her face and figure, something that streamed about her neck flying like a wreath of snow in the wind, and heard the alluring accents of her whispering voice that called from time to time: "A little further on, a little higher. . . Then we'll run home together. . . . !"

Sometimes he saw her hand stretched out to find his own, but each time, just as he came up with her, he saw her still in front, the hand and arm withdrawn. . . .

They took a gentle angle of ascent. The toil seemed nothing. For in this crystal, wine-like air fatigue existed not. The sishing of the ski through the powdery surface of the snow was the only sound that broke the stillness; this with his breathing and the rustle of her skirts was all he heard. Cold moonshine, snow and silence held the world. The sky was black, and the peaks beyond cut into it like frosted wedges of iron and steel. Far below the valley slept, the village long since hidden out of sight. The sound of the church clock rose from time to time faintly through the air—more and more distant. He felt that he could never tire.

"Give me your hand. It's time now to turn back."

"Just one more slope," she laughed. "That ridge above us. Then we'll make for home." And her low voice mingled pleasantly with the purring of their ski. His own seemed harsh and ugly by comparison.

"But I have never come so high before. It's glorious! This world of silent snow and moonlight—and *you*. You are a child of the snow, I swear. Let me come up—closer—to see your face—and touch your little hand."

Her laughter answered him.

"Come on! A little higher. Here we are quite alone together."

"It's magnificent," he cried. "But why did you hide away so long? I've looked and searched for you in vain ever since we skated——" He was going to say "ten days ago," but the accurate memory of time had gone from him; he was not sure whether it was days or years or minutes. His thoughts of earth were scattered and confused.

"You looked for me in the wrong places," he heard her murmur just above him. "You looked in places where I never go. Hotels and houses kill me. I avoid them."

"I loathe them, too——"

He stopped. The girl had suddenly come quite close. A breath of ice passed through his very soul. She had touched him.

"This awful cold!" he cried out sharply, "this freezing cold that takes me! The wind is rising; it's a wind of ice. Come, let us turn !"

But when he plunged forward to hold her, or at least to look, the girl was gone again. And something in the way she stood there a few feet beyond, and stared down into his eyes so steadfastly in silence, made him shiver. The moonlight was behind her, but in some odd way he could not focus sight upon her face, although so close. The gleam of eyes he caught, but all the rest seemed white and snowy, as though he looked beyond her to the slopes—out into space.

The sound of the church bell came up faintly from the valley far below, and he counted the strokes—five. A sudden, curious faintness seized him as he listened. Deep within it was,

deadly yet somehow sweet, and hard to resist. He felt like sinking down upon the snow and lying there. They had been climbing for five hours! It was, of course, the warning of complete exhaustion.

With a great effort he fought and overcame it. It passed as suddenly as it came.

"We'll turn," he said with a decision he hardly felt. "It will be dawn before we reach the village again. Come at once! It's time for home!"

The sense of exhilaration had utterly left him. An emotion that was akin to fear swept coldly through him. But her whispering answer turned it instantly to terror—a terror that gripped him horribly and turned him weak and unresisting.

"Our home is—here!" A burst of wildish laughter, loud and shrill, accompanied the words. It was like a whistling wind. The wind *had* risen, and clouds obscured the moon. "A little higher—where we cannot hear the bells," she cried, and for the first time took him deliberately by the hand.

And Hibbert tried to turn away in escape, and so trying, found for the first time that the power of the snow—that other power which does not exhilarate but suffocates—was on him. The smothering weakness that it brings to exhausted men, luring them to the sleep of death in her clinging soft embrace, lulling the will and conquering all desire for life—this was awfully upon him. His feet were heavy and entangled. He could not turn, or move.

The girl was close beside him; he felt her chilly breath upon his cheeks; her hair passed blindingly across his eyes; that icy wind came with her. He saw her whiteness close. Again it seemed his sight passed through her into space as though she had no face. Her arms were round his neck. She drew him softly downwards to his knees. He sank; he yielded; he obeyed. Her weight was upon him, smothering, delicious. . . . The snow was to his waist. . . She kissed him softly on the lips, the eyes, all over his face. And then she spoke his name in that voice of love and wonder, the voice that held the accent of two others—both taken over long ago by Death—of his mother, and of the woman he had loved.

He made one feeble effort to resist. Then, realizing even while he struggled, that this soft weight about his heart was sweeter than anything life could ever bring, he let his muscles relax, and sank back into the soft oblivion of the covering snow. Her kisses bore him into sleep.

VII

They say that men who know the sleep of exhaustion in the snow find no awakening on the hither side of death. . . . The hours passed and the moon sank down below the white world's rim. Then, suddenly there came a little crash upon his breast and neck, and Hibbert—woke.

He slowly turned bewildered, heavy eyes upon the desolate mountains—stared dizzily about him, tried to rise. At first his muscles would not act; a numbing, aching pain possessed him. He uttered a long, wild cry for help, and heard its faintness swallowed by the wind. And then he understood vaguely why he was only warm—not dead. This very wind that took his cry had built up a sheltering mound of snow against his body while he slept. Like a curving wave it ran beside him. It was the breaking of its over-toppling edge that caused the crash, and the coldness of the mass against his neck that woke him.

Dawn kissed the eastern sky; pale gleams of gold shot every peak with splendor; but ice was in the air, and the dry and frozen snow blew with the wind like powder from the surface of the slopes. He saw the points of his ski projecting just below him. Then he—remembered. It seems he had just strength enough to realize that, could he but rise and stand, he might fly with terrific impetus towards the woods and village far beneath. The ski would carry him. But if he failed and fell. . . . !

How he contrived it Hibbert never knew; this fear of death somehow called out his whole available reserve force. He rose slowly, balanced a moment, then, taking the angle of an immense zigzag, started down the awful slopes like an arrow from a bow. And automatically the splendid muscles of the practised ski-er and athlete saved and guided him; for he was hardly conscious of controlling either speed or direction. The snow stung his

face and eyes; ridge after ridge flew past; the summits raced across the sky; the valley leaped up as with mighty bounds to meet him; he scarcely felt the ground beneath his feet as the huge slopes and distance melted before the lightning speed of that descent from death to life.

He took it in four mile-long zigzags, and it was the turning at each corner that nearly finished him, for then the strain of balancing taxed to the verge of collapse the remnants of his strength.

Slopes that have taken hours to climb can be descended in a short half hour, but Hibbert had lost all count of time. Quite other thoughts and feelings mastered him in that wild, swift dropping through the air that was like the flight of a bird. For ever close upon his heels came following forms and voices with the whirling snow-dust. He heard that little silvery voice of death and laughter at his back. Shrill and wild, with the whistling of the wind past his ears, he caught its pursuing tones, but in anger now, no longer soft and coaxing. And it was accompanied; she did not follow alone. It seemed a host of these flying figures of the snow chased furiously just behind him. He felt them smite his neck and cheeks, snatch at his hands and try to entangle his feet and ski in drifts. His eyes they blinded, and they caught his breath away. . . .

The terror of the heights and snow and winter desolation urged him forward in the maddest race with death a human being ever knew; and so terrific was the speed that, before the gold and crimson had left the summits to touch with pink the ice-lips of the lower glaciers, he saw the friendly forest far beneath swing up and welcome him.

And it was then there came the strangest thing of all. For moving slowly along the edge of the woods he saw a light. A man was carrying it. A procession of human figures was passing in a dark line laboriously through the snow. He heard the sound of chanting.

Instinctively, without a second's hesitation, he changed his course. No longer flying at an angle as before, he pointed his ski straight down the mountain side. The appalling steepness did not frighten him. He knew full well it meant a crashing

tumble at the bottom, but he also knew it meant a doubling of his speed—with safety at the end. For, though no definite thought passed through his mind, he understood that it was the village *curé* who carried that little gleaming lantern in the dawn, and that he was taking the Host to a *châlet* on the lower slopes—to some peasant *in extremis*. He remembered her terror of the church and bells. She feared the holy symbols.

There was one last wild cry in his ears as he started, a shriek of the wind before his face, and a rush of stinging snow against closed eyelids—and then he dropped through empty space. . . Speed took sight from him. It seemed he flew off the surface of the world. . . .

Indistinctly he recalls the murmur of men's voices, the touch of strong arms that lifted him, and the shooting pains as the ski were unfastened from the twisted ankle . . . for when he opened his eyes again to normal life he found himself lying in his bed at the post-office with the doctor at his side.

For years to come the story of "mad Hibbert's" ski-ing at night will be recounted in that mountain village. He went, it seems, up slopes, and to a height, that no man in his senses ever tried before. The tourists were agog about it for the rest of the season, and the very same day two of the bolder men went over the actual ground and photographed the slopes. Later Hibbert saw these photographs. He noticed that there was only a single track . . . but he did not mention it to anyone.

THE ANCIENT AND THE MODERN LADY

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

IT is recorded that Alfred of England, the Good and the Great, was illiterate until the age of twelve years, and that he was then invited to learning by his charming young stepmother, Judith, the granddaughter of Charlemagne and also of that earlier Judith who was in her day "the most accomplished woman in France." The pretty story runs, that the tactful stepmother showed the sons of Æthelwolf, of whom Alfred was the youngest, a book of Saxon poetry, beautifully illuminated, and promised it as a gift to the one who should earliest learn to read it. Whereupon Alfred spoke first and asked: "Will you really give that book to him who can first understand and repeat it?" At this, we are told, his stepmother "smiled with satisfaction" and confirmed the promise; upon which the boy took the book from her hand and "went to his master to read it and in due time brought it back to her and recited it."

If, as Professor Cook suggests in the preface to his translation of the epic fragment—*Judith*—the Saxon poem promised as a reward for learning to read, was this same heroic song, which in subtle compliment by its author bore her name, we have in this incident of Alfred's stepmother a complete illustration of the social value of the lady at her best. Inspiring works of genius by her loveliness and sympathetic appreciation, lifting and sweetening social intercourse by the higher companionships of literature and art, and handing on the fruits of learning and the gifts of imagination to ardent youth, the lady of this type is the fair link between the intellectual achievements of the race and the social life of cultured leisure.

The lady is but the woman of the favored social class; but she is more than a member of a special class; she is the earliest of womanhood to attain individuality. She is the first person singular of the female sex. She begins her career as a belle of some savage tribe; some maiden of unusual beauty and attractiveness, according to the prevailing standards of her time

and place, who by the partiality of her elders or by her own daring appeal succeeds in getting herself made a "favorite," and in securing the service of less desired women to ease for her the burden of feminine labor. She is always, at first, young; generally very young. The "old lady" cannot be found in primitive society, save as she is transformed into a priestess or a public counsellor in those early forms of social organization which preserve most ancient ideals of sacredness and power along the female line of descent. She may be, as in Chinese society, the acknowledged head of domestic concerns, custodian of never-disputed customs, and in a sense therefore the lady in command. But for the mass of old women in less advanced civilizations the fear of their tendency toward "witchcraft," the dislike of their power as mothers-in-law and the complete ignorance of their possibilities of social use, combine to make them either ignored or so overworked as to destroy them prematurely.

As law supersedes custom, and history grows out of unwritten experience, the individual lady becomes more clearly one of a class, with certain distinctive caste markings. The power of the individual, even in the restricted sense possible to women of any era, is always manifested by the lady; but when she is no longer a rare exception and becomes one of many, her place and function are fixed, as in classic civilization. The Roman matron, at the head of her household, pure and high-minded, bred in a rigid puritanism that forbade frivolity and selfishness in women, comrade of her husband and his men-friends, dignified by certain noble relations to the State, and in later times winning great freedom of thought and movement, strong legal protection and economic power, is one type. The Greek wife, secluded within her home walls and a perpetual minor, unlearned and unfree, with whatever feeble "influence" she might have gained through her husband's affection largely neutralized by the brilliant women outside the family bond who alone shared the intellectual life of her country, is another type. The Greek wife, however, "distinguished chiefly," as has been well said, "by the number of things she might not do," was a lady only in the strictly economic sense of one who has slaves and servants

to wait upon her; she never attained the spiritual possibilities of the privileged class of women. The Feudal lady, although busy with many cares and much restricted in law and custom, yet had a recognized place of social command, especially during the long absences of the lord of the castle in his wars and his pleasures; and her power over "her set," and over the dependents of her house, was of the strongest. She was able to surround herself with a home atmosphere of her own choosing and with a crowd of artists, singers, writers and courtiers who were my lady's knights, rather than my lord's vassals. The lady of the manor house, again, friend of churchmen and intimate of statesmen, made it clear amid the changing life of the Renaissance at the beginning of modern civilization, that although man may be the "master" of the house, woman is the mistress of its functions. He may and still does rule all the conditions of vital existence, but she controls the realm of conventional society in its ethics, its æsthetics, and its manifold customs.

In any case, in near or remote times, the lady stands on a pedestal above the common life in privilege and protection, raised to distinction of personal outline and individual opportunity either by slave laborers or serving attendants or at least by mechanisms that lessen her work for self or for family. She is placed and sustained there, for the most part, by some one man or some small class of men of power and wealth. In early times she owes her escape from that complete subordination of personal wish to family obligation that marks the lot of the mass of women, to her personal charms, physical or mental, and to her good fortune in securing the kind of husband who can afford and appreciate a lady for a wife. As family autonomy becomes more strictly outlined in historic periods, as the patriarchal system, whether more or less perfect in form, develops "noble blood," as the growth of private property gives special power to the strong and the favored, she becomes able to inherit "in her own right" the chance to stand upon this pedestal and to attain this opportunity. As, for example, this same Judith, wife of Æthelwolf, was accounted "noble" before her marriage and afterward sat upon an equal throne beside her royal husband.

The lady then, as daughter, wife or mother, is in a social position elevated above the common life and can therefore begin to show special gifts of quality or faculty, although in a limited, "feminine" field of thought and action. She may, as a primary distinction, differ in her way of life from the unmitigated usefulness demanded of the mass of her sex. She can have things done for her instead of always doing things for others. She may therefore have some leisure to learn, and still more important, some chance to find out what she would like to be and to do on her own account. She can thus begin to develop that "infinite variety" in womanliness which is the basis of selective love. She can begin to make conscious and to attach to herself that idealism in man of which she is destined to become the custodian and guide. She can lead the way toward that "play activity" of sex-attraction which gives the delicate touch of romance to the mating of men and women. She can, when risen to full self-consciousness, realize in sensitive temperamental reaction to the Time-Spirit of her day the essence of the intellectual life of man; even when still forbidden to share his formal learning. She can thus draw great and wise men to her intimate companionship by an appreciation untroubled by desire for self-expression. In this way she may become the special providence of artists and men of talent, inspire works of genius, and, incidentally, keep genius from starving to death before it has "verified its credentials." She can incite to noblest devotion to the State and stimulate activity to ends of personal and domestic, even ecclesiastical and civic, beauty. Emerson says: "Women stimulate production and finish literature and art in conversation." He means here, of course, the lady of the cultured circles of society, and she has often become all that this implies.

It took the lady a long time to emerge from the indistinguishable mass of merely useful womanhood. The "gentleman," in the sense of a man who is served by slave, vassal or inferior of some sort and who can order others to relieve him of disagreeable tasks, arrived first. And naturally, since he so early secured the constant service of woman, as the first slave, before he could settle down sufficiently to tame for servitude his alien

captives or his own weaker brethren. The degraded condition of the high-caste Hindoo wife to-day shows how far the men of a race can go toward superior intellectual life, refinement of taste, high breeding in manners, freedom in choice of occupation, and the capacity for noble friendships among their own sex, and yet leave their women behind in the darkness of ignorance and domestic servitude.

Not until some women were raised above the necessity of unremitting drudgery, not until some wives were chosen for other than purely economic reasons or even those of family inheritance, could the lady appear. Not until the ideal of desirable womanhood included some sense of a social return from her leisure, and some perception of the advantage to man of sharing his pleasures with woman, could the class of the lady evolve. As members of such a class the lady has shown the special traits and functions of her order with well-defined outline. Certain things she must never do; certain others she must always do; and certain others she may attempt or should if possible accomplish—quite in the same fashion as other classes in society have been differentiated.

First, then, the lady must not work at the forms of labor demanded of the rest of her sex. At least she must not do so while the rules and practice of ladyhood are forming. After her social status is secure, and the ideal of the lady contains a character content as well as an economic differentiation, she may do many unusual things, and not imperil her caste. But, as in the case of all "climbers," she must obey conventional taboo to the letter while winning her prominence. On the other hand, the lady must be as responsible for the comfort of her family by securing it through the manual labor of others as the common run of women through their own effort. She must efficiently oversee and direct her slaves or servants to the required ends of family comfort and well-being at whatever personal cost. The fundamental definition of lady still stands as "a woman at the head of a household." Second, the lady must not earn money; she must not be a producer of any values not included in domestic and social occupations as outlined in the "theory of the leisure class." No one has ever been disturbed, it would

seem, at the actual overwork of women; either of the multitude or of a special class. The lady may properly labor to nervous prostration in superintending incompetent or too numerous helpers in a too elaborate scheme of life; but she must not use power toward "self-support" in the accepted sense of that phrase. To become a wage-earner, or acquire a salary, even at congenial and comparatively easy work, has until very lately broken the caste of the lady. On the other hand, she may and should do all kinds of work that call for leisurely accomplishment and demand only personal or friendly standards of excellence. Fine needlework; decorative weaving; "arts and crafts" in reminiscent play-work; illuminating or binding books that only wealth can own or preserve; preparing for and managing the often arduous duties of the salon or the drawing-room; "entertaining," not only intimate friends, but in the stately and formal commerce of society; all these things belong to her as by common consent.

She is also associated with the cultivation of fruits and flowers in the garden which forms her appropriate out-of-door setting, and the love and service of tamed beasts are hers at command. She is close-linked with many forms of recreation and she may rightfully exhaust herself in play activity, but not as a professional worker. Men, as well as women, have so emphasized this point—that the lady must not earn money or do things that servants do—that various customs, like the foot-binding of the Chinese women, have been adopted, which forcibly prevent the lady from being improperly useful. The reason for this on the part of men, as has been often shown, is their desire to demonstrate their wealth and power by having in the family idle, or seemingly idle women, to "show off," while they retain for themselves the really interesting and important activities. The other fact, however, that women's energy estopped from old paths of labor always has found and always will find for itself other channels of activity, is less often noted. And the more important fact that the self-found ways of interest and effort which have been used by the lady have potential social value as well as a possible social danger, has still less often been demonstrated.

What are the main forms of activity which the lady has developed and made peculiarly her own?

In the first place, women of leisure and social command have quite universally displayed a seemingly natural tendency toward the refinement of manners and the elaboration of a social code. This code tends to become as exact and binding for domestic and recreative life as laws and military rule for business and statecraft. The social dangers inhering in this activity of highly placed women are plainly to be seen. The conventional code often leads to extremes of conservatism, to superficial ethics divorced from the common life and to the substitution of canons of taste for laws of morality. The results have often made the reactions of domestic and "society" standards upon the larger life of education, religion, politics and economics, hurtful to human growth. The lady has always tended too much toward confounding pleasant manners with good character; and to confusing with ethical values of the vital sort, those expressions of refinement and culture in dress, modes of politeness, easy command of the elegant in personal accomplishment, which it has been her main business to secure. Many women's colleges, and some women's organizations, to-day show this tendency toward the small and superficial in moral judgment as a result of the "sequestration of the feminine intellect." On the other hand, the larger social value of regulated, gentle, thought-suggestive, artistic and cultural intercourse between men and women, age and youth, is definite and important. In the miscellaneous population of our own country it is coming to assume primary importance as the most difficult of social conditions to maintain. The modern tendency toward social progress is strikingly toward greater variety of relationship and associated effort among an increasingly diversified civic and national group. To-day, therefore, especially in the United States, we have the greatest need for expert guidance along most intricate social ways in carrying out collective regulations for the common good.

The tendency of man, outside of his noble personal friendships with his chosen few, has always been, and in general still is, toward a free and easy manner with the crowd when "off duty," which often degenerates into coarseness or curtness;

while in serious relationships he tends as surely toward the positions of chief and subordinate. Both of these masculine tendencies result in extreme clumsiness in the adjustment of details of fraternal action in the mass. This is shown with painful clearness in the difficulty experienced in making democracy "work." What Ambassador Bryce justly called our own "administrative awkwardness" keeps our technique of political advance woefully behind our accepted ideals. The average man, although a "good mixer" on the surface of things, has so far not attained the golden mean between command and intimacy in the more diffused but important social concerns. Especially is this true of the Anglo-Saxon man. He is not able to play the game of life "like a gentleman" except with his special cronies. Social democracy will demand of us all the manners of the noble of France, combined with the morals of the broader-minded puritan, and the skill of the great lady in keeping everyone in good humor. For social democracy, if it means anything at all, means a way of life which will include in social control, social adjustment and social provision a thousand things now left to private arrangement or neglect. If, as Bagehot says, "The ages of despotism were needed to set the mould of civilization,"—our present civilization of modified aristocracy with its coarse-fibred and partial political control—may it not be that the ages of conventional training in the artistic blending of personalities in polite society will presently justify themselves?

Woman's share in social culture, as the lady who can command courteous treatment, as the creator of a group atmosphere in which all must show their best and none must browbeat or bore another, as mistress of the art of bringing useful and pleasant things to pass without friction and by the appeal of gentleness and good cheer, is surely not a small one. If, as we now think, the gifts of economic mastery and political control are to be tempered more and more by consideration, sympathy and mutual aid to ends of universal sharing of best things, the lady's "diamond edition" object-lessons may well be copied in the large. The lady herself, however, will have to outgrow her narrow prejudices and her caste distinctions if she is to take part in the process. Meanwhile, the gentle breeding and orderly

behavior which the lady displays and secures, her special sphere in which there is no coarse familiarity and no churlish avoidance, provide at least one small spot in the social organism in which compulsion becomes attraction and thought flowers to imagination and the commonplace itself becomes the rich soil of fair and happy living. In so far as the elaboration of a social code, and the "morality of personal habits," and the attention to details of individual adjustment have concerned themselves with normal forms of family life, and with cultural recreation, they have already enriched the larger social life. If the socialization of political and economic fields is to be extended, it must require an enlarged use of the same art of living.

In the second place, the lady has succeeded in spiritualizing sex-attraction. "Man does the courting," says Professor Thomas, "but woman controls the process." The lady began early in her career to control the process to ends of romance, of intellectual stimulus, of refined pleasure that made appeal to something higher in man than the merely physical. Chivalry was the formalized and fantastic expression of the lady's assumption of control of the process of courting. It was but a side-issue, it is true, in the business of human mating. It divorced "true love" from marriage. In chivalry, and the reign of the lady's chosen "courteous love," the husband was not expected to be the lover. How could he be, when he chose the wife solely for State or family or property reasons? The lady's knight, on the other hand, must never mix the gold of his unselfish devotion with the alloy of fleshly desire. Such an artificial separation of courtship and love from marriage and the founding of a home could, of course, have but a brief career of influence. But, like the doll-play of the girl-child that prophesies motherhood's function with amusing variations, so chivalry showed, even in its extravagances, the way women meant their lovers should come to feel. Women thus wrought upon the only malleable masculine material the rude times afforded—the gentler scribes and clergy, teachers and artist-folk, who served the social needs of the castle. We cannot agree with Professor Thomas that "Chivalry, chaperonage and modern convention are the persistence of the old race-habit of contempt for

women and of their intellectual sequestration." Many elements in these forms of treatment of women are such survivals of sex-aversion and contempt; but in chivalry, whatever else was involved, woman "broke her taboo" in respect to real comradeship with a selected class of men. The master of the house, absorbed in hunting, fighting, drinking and the game of class politics, might despise the sort of man the lady used for doorway, as it were, into the masculine civilization from which she had been so long excluded: but our age does not despise, it honors such. The intellectual sequestration of woman began to open outward toward freedom and opportunity when in the early days of our civilization the great families taught the boy—"Richt well to back a steed," the girl—"As well to write and read."

In the third place, as has been already noted, it is always the lady in every epoch in which she has appeared, who has helped the man of wealth to become the discriminating patron of art and science, and on her own initiative has advanced the cause of learning. Moreover, as arbiter of taste she has largely determined many forms of thought-expression her time has cherished. As chief "consumer" of luxuries and definer of "necessary comforts" she has largely directed the course of craft and manufacture. As specifically the purchasing member of the household firm she has led the way (often disastrously it must be confessed) in all changes of fashion and in all popularizing of the canons of the studio. In the sphere of the recreative vocations she has clearly dominated social standards. Her practical genius, however (her certificate of membership in her sex-guild), that unerring trend of the woman-nature toward that which directly concerns the well-being of individuals now living, has at once restricted and intensified the lady's power of intellectual stimulus. She has shown scant welcome for "naked thought," for the impersonally, ideally remote. Not infrequently, like the Rosamond pictured with such master-strokes by George Eliot, she has hung the burden of her selfish exactions about the neck of men, to strangle their highest ambitions. Oftener, however, such is her genius for sympathetic appreciation, she has nourished in man a sort of greatness foreign to her own sex-development, as embodied in one beloved friend whose per-

sonality she has understood more perfectly than his thought. The woman-friendships of great men have passed into biography as a distinct social phenomenon; and the lady has often in such relationship become the mother of ideas, the stimulant to heroic effort, the inspirer of masterpieces treasured by the world. Tennyson makes King Arthur say:

"I know of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid;
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

This is true; but perhaps a still more subtle master is that diffused and less personal influence of the "ever womanly," shown often by the older woman the youth may never dare wish to possess, who challenges his utmost height of being at every meeting-point of sympathy.

So far as the lady has embodied this "ever womanly," and she has often embodied it in all-embracing appreciation and in all-prevailing charm, her past is secure. The women "to know whom is a liberal education" have been socially worth their keep, whatever agency has settled the bills!

The lady has now, however, fallen upon evil times. She is being pelted with bad names, the commonest and most stinging the epithet "parasite." And as she receives the blows of harsh criticism she is unable to preserve the splendid composure of Marie Antoinette among the rabble of the revolutionists, since she is no longer sustained by inner conviction of her own superiority. She often apologizes for herself, a sure confession of weakening self-esteem. Sometimes she confesses her unreality and seeks to transform herself to other patterns of womanly excellence.

It is worth while, nevertheless (as always when brickbats or harsh words are being thrown around) to examine more carefully than is the current custom, into the real significance of the modern indictment of the lady. True, she toils not, neither does she spin, and "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed" like some of her! But is she grown not only obsolete but harmful?

Olive Schreiner gives a deadly grading of womanhood from

the worth-while to the socially injurious. At the head stands the woman who "bears children and at the same time labors in productive ways." Next comes the woman who bears children and personally superintends their care and her home, but depends upon the man or men of the household for her own pecuniary support. Third comes the woman who neither usefully labors nor bears children, but depends upon her husband for the material basis of life and gives him only a "sex-equivalent." At the bottom of the list, and not far from the third in her estimation, Olive Schreiner puts the prostitute who earns her living frankly by the sale of her body. The argument that makes the author of *Woman and Labor* declare the "fine lady" to be "the most deadly microbe which can make its appearance on the surface of any social organism," although well-known, must be reiterated if serious attempt be made to answer the question: Is the non-earning woman a parasite? Women in the early days worked productively, had a recognized market-value, and also bore children and personally cared for them. As man has taken over from domestic crafts into shop and factory the industries that women founded they have lost the chance to do their old work in the old ways. They must therefore labor in new fashion or sink into uselessness. Women of a selected class, by the use of slaves and servants have become inactive, the mere recipients of values, no longer creators but "feeding on unearned wealth." This hurts their nature and debases the social fabric. If a woman does no labor in her home which could properly make her self-supporting outside that home she is in duty bound to do something outside her home to justify her claim to support. The special social danger now apprehended by those who sum up the above indictments of the lady, is the possibility in modern times of having so many of her. In old times only a few at the top of favoring circumstance could be supported by the labor of men. Now the great middle class may successfully ape the fashions of nobility, and even the poor may imitate the customs that keep the married woman at least from entering "gainful occupations." Thus parasitism may spread to the very paupers!

Mrs. Perkins Gilman outlines the way out of this social dan-

ger to be a wholesale movement of women into man's specialized industrial order, each woman to do for pay, whether single or married, with or without children, some work she has learned to do well; with women teachers, nurses, caretakers, and all whose specialties cover the home needs of children, housekeeping and the rest—to enable all women to make marriage and maternity an incident of experience rather than a vocation giving material support. Ellen Key, on the opposite side, calls earnestly to women that they are on the wrong track even in the present movement toward specialization of this sort. She would have women not only face the lessening supply of domestic servants with composure but dismiss such as they have, and all mothers and intimate women relatives of mothers, live for and with their children and kindred. She would make far more rather than less of maternity and family obligation and by the simple life within a home as complete as possible in itself, make the development of personality, fine, strong, effective, progressive, the only vocation of the average woman. She would, however, make permanent place and opportunity for the exceptional woman, born a specialist, to “burgeon out her powers”; and she would make teachers and nurses “mothers-at-large.”

Somewhere between these extremes may lie the golden mean of wise decisions. But, meanwhile, is it true that the lady of to-day, who is cared for by her husband without hard labor either within or without the home, or who has inherited wealth that gives her problems of expenditure rather than of acquisition, is but a parasite? If she is married and bears and cares well for children, and makes a true home, she cannot be idle and must often work hard. If she has not married and has taken on some life-interest, intellectual, artistic, social, she is still employed; but perhaps in neither case in a manner that would make her easily or surely self-supporting. Does that fact alone make her a parasite? Nay, her social usefulness or harmfulness depends upon the *kind of person she is rather than upon the definiteness of her economic status*. “Clear your minds of cant,” says Dr. Johnson; and the admonition is useful, whether the cant in question be the religious, the political or the economic. To-day we

are deafened by the economic cant, the translation in strident tones of all values into terms of dollars and cents. When a sociologist talks about a "thousand-dollar man" or a "three-thousand dollar man," he is talking as one who would measure a sunset by a railroad track. Using adequate human standards, a very great man may never be able to earn a thousand dollars a year, and a very small one or very dangerous one may capture his millions. The lady, therefore, should not be overcome with shame by epithets which deal only with commercial budgets. It may even fall to her lot to make the last stand against the overemphasis of our adolescent social science upon the "pay envelope!" If so, success to her!

The vital element in the modern criticism of the lady, and one which should be heeded with tragic earnestness, is that which calls attention to the wrong side of womanhood; the sinister aspects of a really idle class of women debauched and coarsened by vulgar luxury. When Professor Ferrero shows us historically the "abuses of liberty" of which privileged woman has been guilty, abuses "greater than those of man because she exercises more power over him than he over her," and also "because in the wealthier classes she is freer from the political and economic responsibilities that bind the man," so that she can "easier forget her duty toward the race"—we see the danger that now besets the lady of our civilization, and through her, the race.

There are three dominant tendencies of expression which the lady has shown. One, that of the specially gifted, toward individual and creative work. This cannot now be discussed. It belongs to a separate study. Of the other two, the tendency which Professor Ferrero has so searchingly revealed, is that toward the selfish exploitation of man and of all social agencies, even of the friends who love her best, for her own selfish, voluptuous, irresponsible pleasure. The qualities which base or ignorant or pleasure-seeking men have bred in her for their own gratification, grown monstrous in independent social power, at last endanger the very institutions man most highly values. It must never be forgotten that the lady has flowered out of the

soil of unselfish service of her kind; that mother-nature which common womanhood expresses. If she rashly and wickedly strives to draw her life-force through the air of wanton coquetry from the sap of healthier growths (like the orchid, beautiful, fantastic, but uncanny), she withers at the centre of her being, and becomes a parasite indeed. That the suddenly acquired luxury of undisciplined classes, that the brazen domination of wealth in our American life, tend to produce among us women of the lady rank, and their pitiful imitators among the ignorant poor, who ignore every duty and outrage every womanly ideal, is terribly true. They are, so far as they exist, the most tragic force for social friction and national disintegration in American society. It is to prevent the increase of the social dangers inhering in a womanhood thus debauched by selfishness, greed and the pursuit of pleasure as the business of life, that the leaders of thought among women should chiefly address themselves. This is more vital than the immediate settlement of the intricate problems of the economic position of the married woman with children.

And to this end such leaders should refuse to accept financial values, especially such as are reckoned only on the basis of the market-price of labor, as the only classification of the useful or the useless in womanhood. The revolution in woman's work caused by the vast industrial changes of the last century do indeed make necessary radical readjustments in her economic life. Only the childish fear to attempt the full solution of difficult problems. Hence all thanks are due to those women who are bravely thinking their own preferred solutions through to logical ends; whether they are ranged with Mrs. Gilman's piquant audacity of wholesale settlements on a new basis, or with Ellen Key's ponderous and solemn moral appeal for a rebirth of the oldest in the newest womanhood. Nothing is out of place in discussion of the unavoidable puzzles of life and labor that to-day press upon enlightened women, except bigotry and cowardice. In this field of vast social changes and their reaction upon womanhood, however, as in all environmental pressure upon the individual, we all live before we can learn a rule of

living; and we are taught what that rule must be by necessary experimentation. Some

“ Motion, toiling in the gloom,
Yearning to mix itself with life,”

ordains our course. In the sphere of character, however, the light of purpose illumines the path we may choose to follow. And here the standards are of moral values and we have as guide

“ The perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, to command.”

The third tendency of the lady in self-expression, and happily the one that influences by far the larger company of the privileged women of our civilization, is that toward a broadening and deepening and spiritualizing of the maternal function to ends of vital nourishment of the mind and heart of the race. The briefest recital of the social service of the lady in modern times would show beyond peradventure how much of the sharing of the commonwealth of the race is due to her activity. This service tests the value of the lady; her right to live and to be cherished as an asset rather than a parasite, whatever her economic position. She who feeds the best in the larger life (as humble mothers nurse their babes out of their own abundant health) needs no excuse for being. Said the dying Bunsen to his wife: “ In thy face have I seen the Eternal.”

Said Dante, musing on his Beatrice:

“ A new intelligence doth love impart
Which guides the upward path;
When I behold in honor dight ”

the lady—

“ Who doth shine in splendid light.”

Deep in the aspiration of humanity is implanted the majestic and lovely figure of her who is the embodiment of the true, the beautiful and the good. No abuse of women, no tyranny of law or custom that degraded mothers and sold maidens in the marketplace, could ever destroy that ideal of perfect woman-

hood. Literature and art have brought it forth to sight and named it Wisdom and Justice and Purity and Hope and Joy and Love. In such prophecy it is approved as true. The supreme social need, now as ever, is that living women shall not violate that ideal but help its realization. It is the supreme gift of the lady to social culture that at her best she has drawn man to her as to a "fair, divided excellence" in such fashion that he has been compelled to look above to face her, and thus has linked the marriage of hearts to the up-climbing of the race.

SEMELE

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

SEMELE, lying in the arms of Jove,
In madness of too curious womanhood,
Or in a woman's perilous vanity,
Looked up into his face, and murmured thus:
"Thou visitest me secret from the sky,
But as an earthly lover; yet I know
Thou art a god descending in deep night
Down from the flashing silence of the stars,
Immortal, for the touch of mortal lips.
As thou art god, belovèd, swear to me
One thing that I shall ask thee to fulfil."
Then answered glorious Jove, in human guise,
O'er-raptured by the human after heaven:
"I swear to thee the oath no god may break,
By stream of Styx, the holy wave of hell,
Rippling for ever in the ear of souls,
That whatsoe'er thou askest I will grant.
And yet be fearful of too large request;
Remember thou art mortal and must pass."
Then Semele said sweetly in his ear,
"This then I ask, that when thou com'st again,
It shall be in full glory as a god,
In flaming splendor, and in rolling power.
Love me as clear god, not as god disguised!
I crave thy majesty as thou my kiss."
She sighed once on his lips, then hid her face.
But Jove was sorely troubled at her words.
"Alas!" he cried, "release me from this oath,
Which, if I swear it, Styx will ne'er relent;
Should thus I visit thee, then would'st thou die,
Shrivelled in glory insupportable.
Then ask some other thing that thou mayst live,
Since, if I woo thee in my proper shape,

Thou shalt be strewn in ashes from my eyes."

"But I will ask no other thing of thee,"

Semele answered; "and what thou hast said,
Incites me, being woman, to persist.

But, if I die, I die a dazzling death.

Swear then by Styx that thou wilt do this thing."

And by that Stygian river, by whose wave

No god may swear, and of his oath be free,

Jove swore that he would come in his own shape,

Knowing that of that glory she must die.

And Acheron heard, and through his stagnant pools

Muttering, recorded sullenly the oath.

So on the after midnight when she stood

Mortal with fluttering heart on the dark hill,

A god broke up the heaven, and coming down,

Lightened and thundered out of her the life,

Making the woman ashes in mid-air.

LA MENDIANTE

FRANCES GREGG

HOW ye surge past!
Eager, intent ye sweep.
Even so eager the backward current.
But where are ye gone—
Ye who have known me?
J'ai faim!

Wistful I stand:
What great end attain ye,
That your faces are so illumined?
Ah, where are you gone—
Ye who have known me?
J'ai faim!

Who are ye who gaze deep in my eyes
And are swept on with the current?
Are ye some of them who have known me?
Ayez pitié—pitié de moi!
J'ai faim!

II

AMCENITAS

I HAVE heard the pipings of Pan,—
The confused sweet music of his memories.

Ah—something I remember . . .
An hour,—sunlight,—sweet winds, and
then forgotten—

Yet know I naught of forgetting,
Since thou art ever with me, . . .
thou slender reed!

My lips on thine sweet music drawing—

And yet—drew I strange beauty

from lips more warm?

Ah—something I remember . . .

Pools reflecting night—my arms seem empty!

Did I not hold something—a slender

thing and white?

But no—'twas thou,—thou and I commingling.

Yet hear I something fluttering . . .

My heart laughs high with glee!

And feel I something swaying . . .

And arms entwining me!

Ah—now 'tis gone,—was't thou—thou slender reed

That so bewitchèd me?

Why gaze I in the thickets—and think on

scarlet flowers?

Ah—something I remember . . .

III

TREES BY THE WATER

DÆMONS, they say, dwelt in you once, and I know it!

For, see, you would trap me to come to your shelter,

Your sweet roots outstretching in water . . .

(How ye would enfold me, did I yield to your tempting!)

Ye children of water, ye know this great warring,

This endless long struggle 'tween us and these soulless!

(How your outstretched roots tempt me!)

Ye daughters and sons of the stars and streams and the dew,

Ye mænads of wistful faces, incarnated anew,

Ye know this long warring 'tween us and these soulless.

(Ah, shall I yet yield me and step down in that water?

To lie close in the clasp of your moss-hung long arms,

Your branches above me—

How you would laugh, you wild rippling water,
 As you bore off my soul!)
 Ah Hyé, once goddess, does thy power still hold me?

IV

A REED

AH, there is bleeding and I am bent down,
 I, that was swaying and lissome and strong,—
 I, that stood up from the earth, from the water,
 I am bent down.

Soft flows the water past tenderly soothing,
 Yet shrink I from this that once was my loving.
 Idle the hand was that so ruthlessly brake me,
 Nor cared for the thing the long dying
 Would make me.

Ah, there is bleeding and I am bent down,
 I, that was wind-kissed, that was fashioned for song,
 I, that stood up from the earth, from the water,
 I am bent down.

INDIAN SONGS

MARY AUSTIN

I

SONG FOR THE PASSING OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

[From the Paiute]

Go thy way in comeliness!
Strong sun across the sod doth make
Such quickening as thy countenance.

Pursue thy unguessed errand and pass by;
I am more worth for what thy passing wakes,
Great races in my loins to thee that cry!
My blood is redder for thy loveliness.
Prosper; be fair; pass by!

II

SONG OF A PASSIONATE LOVER

[From the Yokut]

COME not near my songs,
You who are not my lover,
Lest from out that ambush
Leaps my heart upon you!

When my songs are glowing
As an almond thicket
With the bloom upon it,
Lies my heart in ambush
All amid my singing;
Come not near my songs,
You who are not my lover!

Do not hear my songs,
You who are not my lover!

Over-sweet the heart is
Where my love has bruised it,
Breathe you not that fragrance,
You who are not my lover;
Do not stoop above my heart
With its languor on you,
Lest I should not know you
From my own belovèd,
Lest from out my singing
Leaps my heart upon you!

ART, LIFE AND CRITICISM

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

ART, which merges man's sense of beauty with his instinct for self-expression, lies as close to life as any other form of human activity. It is neither a fair bubble, too frail for serious men's consideration, nor an exotic fruit ripening for a few chosen spirits on some enchanted isle to which passage can be bought only by surrender of ordinary human cares and concerns. On the contrary, art, seen in the light of modern knowledge, appears as an instrument forged by life for the promotion of its most essential purpose—its own perfection. Therefore, art comes to all who will receive it as the messenger and missionary of a great life-force—nay, it is itself such a force, bringing with it powers of lasting value to our whole existence: a new vision, a new perception, a new inspiration. Out of it grows a keener pleasure in life, a greater harmony with it, a better understanding of it, and, for this reason, a stronger hold on it.

Art is many things, both at once and successively, and it has a legitimate right to be every one of them. What these multitudinous shapes are—shapes that art may assume and still be art—does not concern me for the moment. I am now dealing with art in its highest form alone. To the question of what this form stands for, I answer unhesitatingly: EXPERIMENTAL CREATION.

What life itself does with its multiform host of real creatures in order to accomplish its own perfection, that we do with the creatures to which our imaginations give a fictitious existence, whether it be in marble, on canvas, or in words. Life's way is undoubtedly the more effective. But in the beginning of things, at least, our way is the kinder, and in the long run it is perhaps also the quicker.

In art we set the problems of existence, solve them tentatively, listen to the discussion that ensues, and decide whether our solution be worthy of translation into actual living. If we find that

we have met with failure, nothing is lost but some time and energy that might have been spent much less profitably. If we had undertaken the same experiment in reality—with ourselves and with the bodies and souls of our relatives and friends and townsmen—what a result there would have been, of sorrow, of pain, of strife, and of death!

Art in its highest form may, therefore, be regarded as man's most time-saving and labor-saving device. In this form all art need not be cast, as I have already indicated, but toward that form all art and all the arts should ever be tending. Only as preparation for it the earlier and less ambitious stages of art find a warrant for their continued existence. Those who raise the cry of "art for art's own sake" no less than those who ask blindly, "What is the *use* of art anyhow?" should remember that the art which exists for itself alone, which craves nothing but formal perfection, and which does not aim beyond pleasing the senses—whether it be the senses of the appreciator or of its own creator—is to the highest art what childhood is to mature manhood. It is a school, a mastering of means to an end.

Man must learn to walk before he undertakes to fight; he must learn to read before he can dream of studying. In the same way art must develop and master a technique, it must wrestle with and conquer its material, before it can enter on its final and only true mission: that of tentatively and inexpensively solving the problems of existence in order that, through such solutions, not only man's life but all life may be raised to ever more exalted levels of perfection.

Implied in this conclusion we find the principal reason by which the cry of "art for art's own sake" may be warranted. For art should not be subjugated to the service of any other vital activity except indirectly. The task of art, this means, is not, as has so often been mistakenly contended, to serve religion, or sex, or morals, or science, or man's personal desires. Art, if it be sincere, can submit to no other mastership than that of life itself—of life in all its fulness and majesty and glory. And by serving life, art serves also everything that forms part of life.

Poetry—using the word to denote all creative, imaginative literature—is to practical life what the laboratory is to science.

It isolates distinct phases and moments of life under artificial conditions and is thus enabled to place them before us in such light that we perceive clear outlines of causes, relationships and motives where previously our eyes beheld nothing but confusion. For this reason its social object—its mission to those for whom it is written—may also be described as VICARIOUS FUNCTIONING.

In the books and in the theatre we live "by deputy," so to speak. We face danger and death, and we suffer all the accompanying emotions, without risking a hair on our heads. Experimentally—and without having to encounter any lurking Nemesis—we commit every crime and practise every virtue, hold every imaginable opinion and lead every conceivable form of life. Thus we learn one valuable lesson after another, both about life in general and about the intricate workings of our own souls. Poetry is, indeed, what Matthew Arnold called it, a "criticism of life"; but it is so in the sense of being a school for better and higher and more effective living. And I have a strong suspicion that, somehow, it serves this purpose even when it appears in the disguise of "dime novels" and "penny dreadfuls."

The nature of art was to begin with entirely material, as it was aimed at nothing but to please the senses. Like everything else pertaining to man, however—like love, for instance—it has passed through a long course of evolution, the result of which has been a steady increase of the spiritual element. To-day art may be said to be material only in its means, while wholly spiritual in its ultimate aims; for even the pleasure of the senses, which still constitutes its primary and fundamental appeal, has become spiritualized. Thus art has developed into an embodiment not only of beauty, but of truth and goodness in forms pleasing to the senses. It has become a tangible and material representation of united beauty, truth, and worth.

Why do certain forms please us and others not? We reply that the pleasing ones stimulate the nerves and provide normal functional exercise. But why do they produce this effect? Can it be that life wants to suggest the advantage, the vital value, of design, of symmetry, of order? That it wants to tempt us into

employing rhythmical and symmetrical processes to the greatest possible extent? That it has provided a pleasure—in this case as in all others—which lures us on toward what is helpful and right?

Everywhere life's effort at improvement, perfection, seems to have for its immediate object to fit us into the world we occupy by increasing intimacy with its laws and tendencies. And no law seems more important than that which demands that all progressive, constructive, creative movement be rhythmical. Thus, by planting in us the sense of beauty—which is at bottom a sense of rhythm so strong that its effects are almost hypnotic—life may be said in a very literal sense to be ever striving to place us “in tune with the universe.”

It is characteristic of all art with an effective appeal that it removes us—that is, our interest, our concentrated attention—not out of ourselves, as is often said, but away from the things and feelings and thoughts with which our ordinary life is most closely associated. It cuts the ties, so to speak, between us and all such matters momentarily, thus setting us free to be ourselves more fully, to live our own soul-lives more intensely and completely, to centre our entire attention on those mysterious inner happenings that are almost inexpressible in words. Art in its highest forms does not produce self-forgetfulness but self-realization of an extraordinary intensity and vividness.

Because art has its origin in and constitutes a particular expression of that great natural impulse which makes for change and improvement, it seems only logical and right to hold that, other things being equal, the poet who sings the praise of things as they are cannot take full rank with him who sings the changing order and the day to come.

In fact, an artist may be said to give at all only in so far as what he gives is new. And he gives greatly only in so far as he connects what is new in his work with that which is made old by it. The art that merely imitates may still be art, but one born with the mark of death on it. And the art that forgets its own origins is like a shooting star which lights up the horizon for a brief moment and then is no more to be seen.

Poetry began by dealing with the past alone. Ages had to pass before the present and the future entered in at all—and even then they played rarely the part of central themes. To this day, in spite of all the Utopias and Apocalypses, poetry remains largely retrospective. And this is still more the case with criticism—so much so that this form of intellectual activity more than any other one tends in the direction of actual retrogressive-ness.

And not only are the critics constantly turning their eyes backward, until many of them can think of the future only as a hopeless “devolution”—an inglorious degeneration from the escaping glories of the past—but they are persistently looking to art alone for standards by which to judge art. Not only are they measuring the books of to-day by the life of the past, but by books in which that life is given them at second hand. Thus their course tends as a rule away from life, while the foremost task of the genius they should appreciate and interpret is to bring art into renewed and more complete touch with life.

Of course, the critic has a right to proclaim a work of art a “classic”—a model, that is, of what may be held the best recorded achievement in this particular art form—but he must not set up such a work as a type according to which has to be fashioned whatever is to be counted good and perfect in art. It is the nailing down and narrowing down of ideals that is dangerous: the acceptance of any point as the final one in the progress of art. As long as we do not think we have reached perfection, we are on the way to it; the moment we think ourselves arrived, our faces are turned away from that goal.

The critic who forgets that tradition, or convention, is merely the starting point of new invention, that order exists only so that progress may grow out of it, cannot but end up in spiritual ossification and stultification. On the other hand, the artist who forgets that progress must have order for its foundation, that invention is nothing but the natural development of tradition and convention, is as inexorably headed for anarchy and oblivion.

The older criticism, which approached the work from the sensuously æsthetical standpoint alone, has performed its work in the

main. Our standards of taste, so far as form is concerned, have been pretty well determined and are likely to remain comparatively stable hereafter. A process of refinement and polishing will probably continue as long as there is any art at all, but this process will no longer involve issues of paramount interest. Hereafter the contents and the spirit—the life we choose for the building of our art, and the attitude we take toward all life—will furnish the main issues in all debates of matters artistic. Taste will be involved as before, but taste will have to be considered in a new light: it will be the taste of the whole soul, not of the senses, or of the emotions, or of the intellect alone. And perhaps it will also be the taste of the race rather than of individual man.

There are still those who would confine the critic's office to a dealing with nothing but the artistic, or æsthetical, side of an art work, leaving the rest of what that work may contain to the philosopher and the moralist, or ignoring it entirely. Such specialization, could it be carried out, would be bound to result in failure. The elements entering into a work of art are so intermingled, they are constantly interacting, each one lending force to the appeals made by the others. Without full consideration of all these elements at once and in conjunction, the proper appreciation and correct estimate of a work becomes practically impossible. It is inevitable, therefore, that the critic should be a thinker and a reformer no less than an artist—that he should judge whatever works come under his attention from the intellectual and ethical as well as from the purely æsthetical viewpoint.

One might aptly say of the true critic that he must know everything. He has not only to coördinate all the arts, but he must also be able to correlate art to human thought in its entirety, revealing the presence of general laws of life in the realm of art, and tracing the constant interaction between art and all other forms of human activity. To do this, he must be familiar not only with the chief masterpieces of the art with which he is dealing, but with the substance and sum of the most advanced thought of his own day in every direction.

A critic of this kind is more concerned with where and how a work, an artist, an epoch, may have succeeded than with any

instances of failure. The negative side can by no means be neglected. But it matters more always, both to mankind and to art, what has been gained than what has been missed, in and by any given artistic manifestation.

To reach its highest potentiality of efficiency and truth, criticism must work with theories just as much as science does. The only thing to be remembered is, that these theories have only the same claim to consideration and duration as those of science: they last as long as they "work." They are simply tools or instruments, serving to support, to amplify, and to correct the critic's individual taste and judgment. The tentative acceptance of such theories or principles—whether worked out into a "system" or not—leaves plenty of scope for the subjective spirit, the personal equation, to assert itself in their formulation, application and modification.

We hear so much about decadence in art and literature, and yet no two physicians seem to agree on a proper diagnosis of this mysterious disease. As I see it, there are two kinds of decadence: one natural and beneficial; the other wholly negative and destructive. The former reduces the art ideal of the moment to its extreme consequences, thereby preparing the way for its greater and more vital successor. It is indirectly constructive by destroying what has outlived its period of validity and value. It is in reality transitory rather than decadent. The second form is truly decadent because essentially life-denying. And it consists not only in the acceptance of ennui, of everything's futility, as an integral part of life, but in the vaunting of this acceptance as a mark of spiritual superiority.

Leaving this only genuine form of decadence aside, it may be asserted that even those periods which seem most barren have their use and justification as well as their logical explanation. At certain times the work to be done must needs be destructive rather than constructive, for art and literature have also their autumnal and vernal seasons, their moments of harvest and of sowing. The character of the work cannot fail to be influenced by this fact.

The unwillingness of the human mind to accept leaps, no less

than the inability of life to make leaps—notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary—necessitates the gradual preparation of any forward move. Before a new ideal can be set up the older one must be shaken from its throne—a task that is not accomplished quickly or without expenditure of much precious energy. This task of undermining the doomed ideal is commonly performed by those who remain orthodox rather than by the heretics that herald the coming new. And the task consists largely in the overzealous reduction of yesterday's truth into tomorrow's absurdity.

Such periods, commonly fruitful in wails over the threatened or already consummated demise of all art, are genuinely decadent—that is, tending toward death—only in the sense in which a partly dismantled structure may be called a ruin during its period of reconstruction. Fashions shift and vanish in art as elsewhere. Art forms that have served and outlived their purpose may die. But art and poetry do not die. The verse epic may change into the prose novel. The modern prose drama may supersede the historic verse drama. Those who are ever looking back for lost perfections may call this decay or death. But the epic and the drama live on, protean, ever renewed, endless in the sense that man himself is endless. In other words, no valid art form will die until man is done with it forever—just as man shall not die until life be done with him.

When the pessimists, whether they be artists or critics or scientists, speak to us of decadence as if the end of all that is beautiful and good and true had come at last, it is well to bear in mind that the border-line between sleep and death has never been sharply defined. It happens frequently that one thought dead rises refreshed, glorified, and drunk with the memory of marvellous dreams.

The artist's intentions are practically negligible when his work is to be judged. They concern nobody but himself and the students of psychology. To such a degree do I hold this true that I am willing to apply it even in cases when genuine art works have fallen under the accusation of being "immoral."

Although passionately jealous on behalf of the freedom of

art and poetry, and though unalterably averse to any censorship but that exercised by the public itself, I have to acknowledge more than one instance when, in my opinion, the liberty demanded by the artist has degenerated into license, and plain coarseness has been put forward as actuality artistically viewed—all with the finest intentions.

Mirbeau in France, D'Annunzio in Italy, and Strindberg in Sweden have furnished instances of this kind, and in each case it would imply serious injustice to doubt the purity of the offending writer's purpose. In such cases the critic must, of course, be no less candid in speaking of the work itself than in his tracing of the motives underlying it. And his opinion of the latter must not bias his judgment on the former.

What we call coarse, vulgar, vile, is nothing positive. It marks purely negative elements—a retardation of growth, a tarrying behind on levels above which the larger part of mankind have risen. The foundation of art is selection, not all-inclusiveness. The artist whose choice by preference falls on the coarse and the vile may successfully defend his right to such a choice, but he must not complain if his exercise of that right be deemed a reason for judging his work inferior in value. The coarse or the vulgar can never be regarded as beautiful in itself. It may be needed for the completion of a picture which nevertheless is beautiful in its entirety. The use of those elements must, however, depend on their inevitability in the picture presented.

Modern criticism began with the assertion that an artist's work should be studied in the light of his life. We of a later day contend that his life, in so far as it be worthy of any attention at all, must be studied in the light thrown on it by his work. To us, viewing art from its appreciative or social side, the work is not only the more important thing as compared with the man, but it is also the more veracious, the more real thing.

Hegel established the theory that a great man is the result of his time. In recent years the Frenchman Gabriel Tarde has divided mankind into inventors and imitators, and to the former he traces all progress made by the race. In these two seemingly incompatible theories we find two sides of the same truth.

Ibsen said once that the greatest poet is he who stands nearest to the future. I should prefer to say that he is greatest who roots himself most firmly in the past while reaching farthest into the future. The great artist, like every great man, absorbs into his own soul the essence of what the race has thought and felt and aspired up to that time. To this he adds something that is wholly his own. But the mere fact that he has made such an addition does neither establish his greatness nor carry the race forward. What follows is a process of natural selection. Each artist offers his contribution to the mass of men, and only what is favored and accepted by that mass goes into the race-life and becomes feelings, thoughts, and deeds from which springs the future.

In the course of this process, which goes on without interruption in the field of artistic endeavor as well as everywhere else, the mass picks with unerring precision not what is absolutely best, if such a thing may be said to exist, but what is best for them, best for the moment. Side by side with the work that gains the sanction of their applauding imitation may stand another one totally unheeded or ignominiously rejected—a work which, nevertheless, by some later day and generation may be proclaimed its adequate expression and supreme model. So it must be. No injustice has been done. The work that appears before the hour to which it belongs will have to wait in obscurity—or die as surely as the bird of passage returning north while the ice still lies thick on river and lake.

“Art,” said Richard Wagner, “is not a product of mind alone, which produces science, but also of that deeper impulse which is unconscious.”

This reservation against the part ascribed to conscious intellect by a time priding itself on its cold rationality does not mean that the artist gets by divine grace ALL that is needed for his art; that he has but to sit down with crossed hands and wait for the call of inspiration, or that, in spite of his wholly passive attitude, all the wisdom of the ages will flow into his work.

His part it is to prepare himself for the sacrament which the conception and birth of every true art work constitutes. This he must do by constant observation and study, by exercise of the

widest and most tolerant sympathy, and, above all, by disciplining his soul until all narrowly self-interested aims and desires have become subordinated to his life purpose.

The outward form of his work is like a vessel of wondrous beauty, sweet and satisfying and soul-warming to behold. Life has granted him the skill and the fancy needed to shape it. But it must have some kind of content lest it fall short of its purpose—of the end for which Life wanted it formed. And it is the artist's spirit that will give the contents, that must be poured into the vessel until it is full to overflowing.

Nothing else the vessel can or may hold. And on him, the artist—not on “time and place and circumstance,” or on tradition, or on any outside cause—will it depend in the last instance whether that spirit shall be vulgar or refined, ignorant or informed, narrow or catholic, self-seeking or self-surrendering, life-retarding or life-promoting.

And let me, with recurrence to a previous thought, add this: it is the inspiration of the artist that counts, not his intention; it is the spirit speaking *through* him, often independently of his conscious reason, that stamps his work in its relation to the forward urge of Life—and that spirit is not necessarily the one *of* which he speaks or *for* which he pleads in his work.

The poetry that prevailed until recently was sometimes supernaturalistic and sometimes naturalistic, but it was always fatalistic. The poetry of the new day will be humanistic and optimistic. It will combine a frank and open-eyed recognition of man's tremendous odds with a firm faith in his power of surmounting them. It will be guided and inspired by understanding of man's real nature as well as of the true basis of his happiness, and it will use its glories to urge him in the right direction.

This new poetry will, above all, keep in mind man's dual nature: the indissoluble connection between the racial and individual aspects of his existence. Thus it will be able to escape the tragic “either-or” of the older literature—that fatal determination to realize the absolute or confess all life a dismal failure. Having known only two moods—the futile rebellion of pessimism, and the fatuous faith of blind idealism; neither one of which was able to give full expression to life's reality—poetry will now

eschew both in order to imbue itself with the spirit of rational optimism, or *meliorism*: the faith that all the evils of human existence are gradually remediable through disinterested and concerted human action.

The new humanism, with which art and poetry, as well as philosophy and science, are now pregnant, may be said to have three dimensions, thus proving itself a truly living thing. First it has length—so far as man is concerned, man himself is the centre of the universe and the “measure of all things.” Then it has width—nothing less than the whole race can be embraced in man’s feeling of kinship and solidarity. Finally it has height—nothing short of divinity, or all-inclusive consciousness without limit in time or space, can be accepted as the final goal of man’s aspiration.

PUBLIC EXECUTION OF PUBLIC WORK

GENERAL H. M. CHITTENDEN

A GENERALLY accepted theory concerning public work is that it cannot be as well performed by the direct as by the indirect method, or, in more familiar terms, by day labor as by contract; that public authority—Government, State, county, municipal or other—is not qualified to do work on its own account; and that its function in obtaining what it wants should be limited to specification, leaving the detail of procuring it to private agencies. Another form of the same idea is that Government should do no work direct which private agencies can do equally well (of course, such agencies insist on being sole judge) and that direct work by public authority is an invasion of private rights, an interference with the natural course of business, and a curtailment of individual freedom and initiative. The *ne plus ultra* of this line of argument is the cry of paternalism, socialism and other phantom evils which assume a sinister aspect by their very vagueness, just as harmless objects often loom black and hideous when seen through a fog. The present article is an attempt to show that this common theory is without rational basis; that public work by public agencies direct is often, if not generally, the better method, and that the contrary belief is the source of immense disadvantage to the public welfare. At the same time, no sweeping condemnation of the existing system is intended, and its necessity under present conditions in many, if not the majority, of cases is admitted. The limit of effort will be to draw a reasonable line between those classes of public work to which the direct method may now, in the interests of public morality and efficiency, be advantageously applied, and those to which such application, in the near future at least, would be of doubtful expediency.

The fundamental defect of the indirect, or contract, method of doing work is its temptation to dishonesty. Two antagonistic forces are set to work. The contractor's compensation is a profit—the difference between what the work costs *him* and what he is paid for it by the principal. Now the system of profit

always and everywhere fosters wrong-doing. It is inherently a vicious system. As applied to the case in hand its direct tendency is to make the contractor give as little as he can for what he receives, and this leads to all sorts of speculation and often to downright fraud and corruption. The tendency is so natural and so well recognized that it is accepted as a matter of course and the most difficult and annoying duty which falls to the lot of an official in charge of public work is that of devising measures which may even partially circumvent it. Wholly to circumvent it has never been found possible. Some of the greatest scandals of public life are its direct and legitimate outgrowth, and its mischief appears not only during the life of the contractor, but often creeps to light years afterwards when defective work gives way and malefactors are out of reach.

The evil of the system begins with the very beginning of a contract in that feature which is usually considered the cornerstone of its merit. If a purchase or service is thrown wide open to the public so that everyone may have an equal chance to *bid* upon it (say what he will furnish or do it for) this very fact of free competition must, it would seem, result in the largest return for the least outlay. In practice, however, the theoretical result is seldom realized. There is the danger of collusion, or pooling of interests, whereby prices are held up and the profit shared by the bidders. There is the system of "unbalanced" bids, or of gambling on the chances that items on which extravagant prices are bid will prove to be larger in quantity and the others smaller than estimated. These and other influences interfere with free and untrammelled competition and rarely do the prices in a large and varied contract bear a consistent relation to the actual cost. A public official has to be constantly on guard at this stage of the proceedings (as well as later) and if *he* be venal or corrupt or given to favoritism, things are indeed in a bad way. It is not always the official whose work runs most "smoothly" or who "gets along well" with his contractors, that is really the safest and most efficient public servant. Too often in such cases the machine works well because a yellow lubricant has been copiously applied.

Then there is always the vexatious question as to *which* bid

to accept. If the lowest bid were the best bid the problem would be simple enough. Generally, however, this is not the case, but the moment an official undertakes to exercise his discretion and accept some other his trouble begins. He is certain to be assailed by the unsuccessful bidders, his motives impugned, while his action may be repudiated by the courts. The one absolutely definite factor, economy of cost, is against him. Occasionally the law is mandatory that the lowest bid must be accepted, and in practice it generally turns out that way whether there is such a requirement or not. Inasmuch as the lowest bidder is frequently not the best bidder, the work thus suffers from its very inception.

The difficulties which attend the letting of contracts are only a foretaste of those which are likely to follow. Not usually does a contract proceed from start to finish with satisfaction to both parties, and the dissatisfaction ranges all the way from mere ineffectual complaint to cancellation of the contract and even a resort to the courts. Bidders in their anxiety to get work understate the difficulties and overstate their ability, trusting to luck and to their skill in evading requirements to come out even or ahead. Delays, extensions and not uncommonly fraud and corruption are the result. Nothing is more distressing to a public official than to have charge of a work in which the contractor is losing money; yet that same contractor would have denounced him and possibly have appealed to the courts if the official had tried to protect him by rejecting his bid.

Here again the writer would carefully present both sides of the question and in so doing would recognize the fact that a majority of contractors, possibly a large majority, are thoroughly honest, at least according to the recognized "business" standards of honesty. A contractor, like any other business man, cannot maintain his standing by persistent crookedness of method. The not very praiseworthy principle of "honesty is the best policy" exacts a fair return for value received. In private work, moreover, far greater discretion is possible in the rejection and acceptance of bids. Where such works are extensive and continuous (and this to some extent is true of public work) a class of contractors grows up whose qualifications and

integrity become thoroughly understood and who, in railroad work particularly, are given contracts without too strict a reference to other bids which may be lower, and not infrequently upon a "force account" basis, or for an agreed percentage above actual cost. In such cases the contract method partakes largely of the advantage of the direct method.

Unfortunately, in public work the exercise of this discretion is far more difficult. A private individual or corporation can do pretty much as he or it wishes; a public official must always expect to be called to the bar of public opinion for his acts and arbitrary exercise of discretion is more difficult for him. Thus it is that the better standards of the contracting business are constantly broken in upon by irresponsible bidders, for the stress of competition in such matters operates to drag down much more than to lift up.

Long experience in public work and the vast volume of precedent available are a great aid to the public official in the preparation of specifications and in providing efficient safeguards against the natural and inevitable tendencies of the system. It thus results that, by one means or another, *if the official be honest*, a method of work which by its very nature fosters dishonesty is held in reasonable proximity to the ordinary standards of honesty, and incessant temptation to wrong-doing is met and largely overcome by incessant vigilance and resistance.

Under the direct method most of these drawbacks are altogether absent for the simple reason that the temptation to dishonesty is removed. Simplicity, directness, freedom from complications, and, what many will dispute, efficiency and economy are all promoted by this method. While examples without number from all classes of public work could be cited, Panama is the most prominent because of its great magnitude. The evidence is conclusive that, with the organization which has been created there, work of all descriptions can be done more efficiently and economically than it could be by contract. And when we contemplate the evils from which the country has escaped—the delays, extensions, extra charges, disputes over changes, the graft and corruption, the political intrigues and interference, and, of course, the inevitable Congressional investigations—we may well

congratulate ourselves that the contract method was not adopted. Yet at the time there was the most violent insistence that it should be adopted; and certain technical journals, published in the interest of the contract system, were intensely and abusively bitter at every suggestion that the direct method should be employed. Such, in fact, was the general sentiment among the people, yet necessity drove the Government to the direct method and the whole country now admits the wisdom of its adoption. Quite as important to the future of this country as the Canal itself will be the great lesson of its construction, that public authority *can* conduct mighty enterprises in any line of work with as complete freedom from political interference, with as high efficiency, as free initiative, and as great economy as the most perfect industrial organization in existence.

Recently in one of our great cities work approximating a million dollars in cost was done by the direct method, after trying the indirect, at forty per cent. less than the lowest bid. An attempt to extend the system, however, was frustrated by those sinister influences which are never absent on such occasions. The official in charge pointed out with great force the arguments from a purely economical point of view in favor of the direct method. Among these were the saving of the preliminary cost of the contracts, the cost of inspection, the contractor's profit and his outlay for bond, interest on money advanced, etc., and the aftermath of delays, extras, losses from imperfect work, possible lawsuits, etc. These arguments, however, were powerless to restrain the influences of those interests which habitually fatten at the public crib.

It constantly happens, where from one cause or another competition is stifled and exorbitant prices are received, that the original contractor sublets the work with a substantial "rake-off" to himself for which he renders no public service whatever. The writer has in mind one example in which a large municipal contract running into the millions was let at a price which was demonstrably at least twice the cost of the work. It was sublet several times, each contractor pocketing a handsome sum at no further cost to himself than adroit manipulation, and finally the contractor who actually did the work reaped a substantial

profit. Now the peculiar thing about this and similar examples is that the whole transaction was strictly honest—that is, in conformity to law and custom, and doubtless carried through without any direct corruption or graft. But no stretch of the imagination can characterize as ethically just a system of public work in which outrages like this are possible.

The audacity of the contracting interests in opposing the public good for their own benefit is well illustrated by the following example: Officers of the Corps of Engineers have often tried to do dredging on the works in their charge by the direct method because of the certain advantage that would result to the Government. The great dredging companies have always stoutly resisted these efforts and at one time they succeeded in writing their dictatorial demands into the Federal statutes (Act of April 28, 1904) thereby prohibiting the construction of Government dredges for use on certain of the rivers and harbors of the country. Thus Congress deliberately forbade the servants of the Government to conduct their work to the best advantage of the public, but commanded them instead to conduct it in the interests of private agencies. Talk about protection, class legislation, subsidy, subservience to the interests—there is no more brazen example than this in the whole history of the Government.

The sequel to this unsavory piece of legislation is interesting in this connection. When the Government undertook to excavate the great Ambrose Channel through the shoals of New York Bay so as to give access to the inner harbor by the largest shipping at all stages of the tide, the contractors failed at 9 cents per cubic yard and no other bid could be obtained. At this juncture an assistant engineer in the public service—no high salaried expert, but one of those plain Government employees whose power of initiative public service is supposed to destroy—told his superior officer that he believed that he could build dredges and do the work direct more cheaply than the failing bidders had undertaken to do it. This officer, keen as his assistant to demonstrate the practicability of the undertaking, approved the plan, and on the strength of the failure of private interests secured the repeal of the Act of 1904 and then went

ahead and did the work on the plans of his subordinate at a field cost of only 4 cents per cubic yard or 6 cents allowing for contingent expenses and interest on the cost of the plant. And yet in spite of this example and of any number of others in all classes of public work, business interests keep up their opposition to the direct method, and, what is the strange fact, completely hypnotize the public and its legislators with their view of the question.

A conventional argument which has done effective service against the direct method of executing public work is that it is subject to political interference and that its extension would mean an extension of the spoils system with all its demoralizing influences. The whole argument is a case of inverted perspective. The one thing which can permanently seal the fate of the spoils system is a greater extension of the public service. It is because there are relatively so few interests under public control that the public gives them so little attention and leaves them an easy prey of the spoils politician. But let the scope of the service be expanded so that it shall intimately affect the people's interest and they will instantly resent political interference. Opponents of Government ownership of railroads always make use of this plea. The writer is not advocating such ownership, but he does insist that, in this particular respect, the result would be exactly the opposite of what its opponents claim. With such vast interests in public control the politician would be told to keep hands off. We have an example at Panama. A change of administration at Washington would not affect a dozen of the 40,000 employees there, probably not one. No, the soil in which the spoils system flourishes is *lack of public interest* due to the relatively small proportion of work under public authority. The soil in which it inevitably withers and dies is the soil of extensive public work and of correspondingly extensive public interest therein. And a fact of which the public scarcely ever hears is that these alleged evils in all their essential features prevail in the business world even more extensively and shamelessly than they ever have in the Government service. If the inside management of railroad business, for example, could be laid bare it would disclose practices just as obnoxious to public decency as anything which the Civil Service rules are intended to prevent.

It is a demonstrable fact that in at least one department of the public service to-day—the Engineer Department and probably the Reclamation Service also—work is carried on on truer business principles, with more simplicity and directness and with less red tape, than in any railroad system of the country. What is true there, can be made true of the public service everywhere.

Not elsewhere in the whole range of economic discussion does fallacious assumption pass current as serious argument and actually carry conviction to the extent that it does in this particular matter. Who is it that is injured by the direct method of public work? Certainly not collateral business interests which are indirectly affected by it. What difference can it make to them if they sell goods or service to a public official or a contractor provided they secure equally good prices? Are the employees any worse off? On the other hand their wages, treatment, hours and general conditions of work are almost invariably better with the public as their direct employer. Is the utility of the work itself curtailed because it is executed by the direct method? In nine cases out of ten the quality, durability and therefore usefulness of the work are greater than if done under contract. Who then suffers? One class and one class only—the capitalist who seeks to exploit public work for his own profit. It is he who raises the howl, who stirs up prejudice against the direct method even among those who are most benefited by it, and who wields that powerful influence in our legislatures and among our public officials which it is difficult to reconcile with a true solicitude for the public welfare.

But would you eliminate the contract system altogether? In no sense. There are very many situations in which, with all its defects, it must be accepted. If a county, for example, has a bridge to build, and perhaps only one in several years, it would manifestly be absurd to create a plant for the purpose of erecting this one bridge. So in spite of the notoriously slippery transactions between highway bridge companies and county commissioners all over the country, there is still no course open but to do the work by contract. But if a county has a great many bridges, so that erection and repair work are practically continuous, then it would unquestionably be better to create its own organization,

purchasing its materials and doing the work without the interposition of contractors. The one conclusive advantage of the contract system—namely that it furnishes experience and plant where the principal has neither—should have no application where work is so extensive or continuous as to justify the creation of a plant and operating force.

Then there is a field which will continue to be occupied by the contractor long after he is driven out of other fields. That is the manufacture of materials for use in public work. In this field the service partakes somewhat of the nature of purchase and sale, varying all the way from a specific service like the getting out of piles, or sand or gravel for a particular work, to absolute purchase of completed articles like knives or spades without any knowledge of who the manufacturer or original producer of the articles is. Manifestly the foregoing arguments have but little application to transactions of this character.

On the other hand, in all public work which is uncertain in character, difficult to specify, liable to unforeseen contingencies and probably involving more or less change of plan during progress of execution, the advantage of the direct method is incontestable, for it meets the conditions of work as they arise unhampered by restrictions which inevitably lead to embarrassment and expense.

We may thus draw our "reasonable" line between the applications of the two methods of executing public work—that all public work which is essentially continuous in character, or of great magnitude even if not of very great duration, and all work involving uncertainty in development and liable to modification during its progress, would better be done by the direct method. Every consideration of efficiency, honesty and economy will be thereby promoted. Public opinion should accept and act upon this understanding. It should learn to honor the public service, insist upon its renovation, enlarge its scope, and increase popular interest therein. For there is this everlasting argument in its favor, that it promotes honesty—and therefore efficiency—by removing one of the greatest temptations to wrong-doing which still imperil the public welfare. Consider, for example, the almost limitless graft in municipal work which would be extir-

pated if only municipalities would organize their work and do it by the direct method.

In this connection we should seek to improve and perfect the Civil Service system. Founded on correct principles, it is still in some respects so inelastic as partially to defeat its own ends. There should be less of restraint upon the public official in charge of work, so far as selection of subordinates is concerned, and a stricter holding to responsibility for results. The proper balance is difficult to determine and can be correctly adjusted only by long experience. And finally, public work should not be made a pension agency or a charity organization nor compelled to receive into its service those who are physically, morally or mentally unfit.

In this matter as in all others of public reform, the chief obstacle in the way is ignorance, and that *wilful* ignorance which we call prejudice. Because certain conditions have existed in the past—because there has been the curse of the spoils system, the public buildings system, the “pork barrel” system—because there have been too much bureaucracy, too much red tape, too much inelasticity, too much favoritism—are we supinely to accept these evils as inevitable in public life? Not unless we are weaklings, poltroons and utterly unworthy of the best traditions of our ancestors. There is not one of these evils but can be overcome, and if we but take reasonable note of the progress already made we can see that they *are being* overcome. The Postal Savings Bank system, the Reclamation Service, the direct method of executing the Panama Canal work were all adopted against the most violent protestations of the self-seeking interests; yet each has already justified itself and confounded the arguments of its opponents. What ground, then, have we to fear municipal ownership and operation of public utilities, a parcel post system, and a wider application of the direct method of doing public work? Is it not as certain as that the sun shines that progress in all these directions will promote the public welfare?

In two great public questions now prominently at the front the writer would particularly urge the application of the foregoing principles. These are the Alaska coal question and the future operation of the Panama Canal. The only way in which

the Alaska coal controversy can be settled to the permanent satisfaction of the country at large is for the Government to mine the coal on its own account. Let it do in this case exactly as it did at Panama—organize and do the work without the interposition of any private agency whatever. If we would but lay aside our prejudices for a moment and look candidly at the matter we should clearly see that the only interests which can possibly suffer by such a course would be the few capitalists who would be deprived of a bonanza opportunity. *All* other interests would unquestionably benefit by it. And the only real reasons why we do not adopt this course are, first, the pressure of these interests, and, second, the force of tradition which makes it difficult for us to change our habit of looking at things.

The same general argument applies to the future of Panama. Colonel Goethals has introduced to the public through the press and otherwise his plan of operation of the completed canal and it has been publicly endorsed in the most positive manner by ex-President Roosevelt and others. In brief it is that the Government shall operate the canal directly with its own employees, just as it has built the canal, and not farm out its various features to private contractors. There will be of course the usual pressure to seize these opportunities for private greed; but with the lesson of the building of the canal before it, Congress will be recreant to its duty if it permits the smallest growth of privileged parasitism to fasten itself upon this mighty work. Here, as in the great coal fields of Alaska, the famous old motto should govern—"Of the people, by the people, and for the people."

WITH WALT WHITMAN IN CAMDEN *

HORACE TRAUBEL

SUNDAY, NOV. 18, 1888.

After some general talk of Emerson and his position toward Whitman, W. said: "The world now can have no idea of the bitterness of the feeling against me in those early days. I was a tough—obscene: indeed, it was my obscenity, libidinousness, all that, upon which they made up their charges." He repeated the story of the nobleman whom Lowell turned back. "He came over here with a letter of introduction from some man of high standing in England—Rossetti—no, not Rossetti: some other. There was the Cambridge dinner: the man I speak of was the principal guest. In the course of their dinner he mentioned his letter to me. Lowell called out: 'What! a letter for Walt Whitman! Don't deliver it! Do you know who Walt Whitman is? Why—a rowdy, a New York tough, a loafer, a frequenter of low places—friend of cab drivers!'—and all that. Words like those," W. said, when the passion was blown over (he had been powerfully contemptuous in stating himself): "The note was never delivered." He had learned of the incident "from one who was present—was friendly—did not share Lowell's feeling." He added: "This incident contained in essence the spirit of the opposition at one time omnipotent." He was "sure Emerson never yielded to it, but he must have had it dinned into his ears. We were much apart—separated completely: I went down to Washington, to the War: Emerson was in the North: years passed and we did not meet."

TUESDAY, NOV. 20.

W. spoke of some rabid criticism of *Leaves of Grass*. "There was a time when I was inclined to reply to these charges, though I never did so; now I have not even the disposition to do so: have not had for years: if I hadn't observed this I wouldn't have been here with you to-day." Later he gave me a letter. "It's from Rossetti," he said: "I've been reading it over: Wil-

* Commenced in the October number.

liam Rossetti: full of wise beautiful things—overflowing with genial winsome goodwill: you'll feel its treasurable quality. Read it aloud: I can easily enjoy it again." When I got to a passage describing moonlight walks he interrupted me: "Oh! that's so fine—so fine! he brings back my own walks to me: the walks alone: the blessed past undying days: they make me hungry, tied up as I am now: hungry. Do you sometimes feel the earth-hunger? the desire for the dirt? to get out of doors, into the woods, on the roads? to roll in the grass: to cry out: to play tom-fool with yourself in the free fields? Do you feel that? If you do—then you too can understand what Rossetti means—can understand the open-air things that I have tried to set forth in *Specimen Days*." I went on reading, still aloud, and he listened to every word: listened and spoke about what he heard. He must have broken in upon me twenty times. There was one passage referring specially to W.'s position in American opinion.

"What you say about the insulting and in fact ungrateful treatment which your poems continue to receive in America is deeply interesting though painful. I suppose it is a very general if not universal experience that anything that is at once great and extremely novel encounters for some considerable time much more hostility than acceptance, and so far your experience is not surprising. But certainly it does seem that in degree and duration the obduracy of Americans against your work is something abnormal and unworthy—especially considering the spirit of intense patriotic love and national insight which pervades your book through and through. That America should be so wanting (in this matter at least) in large receptiveness and quick intuition is distressing to those who love her—among whom I may humbly but truly profess myself. It seems as if she were even less capable than others of appreciating great work vital with the very marrow of her bones and corpuscles of her blood: perhaps this very affinity is partly the reason—but at any rate a bad and perverse reason. In this country there are of course very diverse knots of opinion, and schools of thinking and criticism, and to several of these your works are still an exasperation and an offence: but others accept and exalt you with all readiness of love and delight, and I think I may safely say that it is

these who have in their holding the future of English opinion on such matters for some years to come."

W. said: "Rossetti fires up magnificently when he talks of the American attitude toward me. Whether America is right or Rossetti is right—who knows? I don't. Rossetti sounds right: yet America has her own voice in the matter—has thundered against me or been contemptuously silent about me in a way not to be misunderstood. America makes me proud: Rossetti makes me humble: I stand for myself: for the *Leaves*—must let results take care of themselves."

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 21.

W. quite talkative. Got on politics. I described an ardent Republican (a graduate of Yale) I had met yesterday: anti-Chinese, anti-Southern: anti-Free-trade: anti-emigration. W. very much struck. "That comprehensively states the case of the Republican party," he said: "It is typical: it shows the dominant forces here in the North: I confess that I distrust if I do not despise it."

Discussing the writing habits of authors, and the advantages of outdoors, he said: "That has mainly been my method: I have caught much on the fly: things as they come and go—on the spur of the moment. I have never forced my mind: never driven it to work: when it tired, when writing became a task, then I stopped: that was always the case—always my habit." Many of his poems had been written out of doors. "None of them were study pieces in the usual sense of that word."

FRIDAY, NOV. 23.

W. talked of his work in Washington. "I liked all the fellows—was on good terms with them: the Attorney-General: Stansbery particularly: and Stansbery was a friend of mine—a Western man—the lawyer who was closest to the President in the impeachment trial." This gave a new direction to his thought. "There was a group of us—O'Connor was one, I was another—who felt, insisted upon it, from the first, that the impeachment of Johnson was a mistake." I put in: "Everybody sees it now." "Yes," he said: "But they did not see it then: the Republicans

were hot for impeachment then." Yet he thought it "remarkable how independent the Republican party men of those days were: they would revolt at things then which now they would swallow without a grimace." I said: "There was something lacking in Johnson: what was it? what we may call fine instincts, high motives?" W. took up the thread with emphasis: "It is true: he was a common man: he was without brains: I should not say bad—deliberately, knowingly, bad: he was without brains, without conscience." Yet "there was something in Johnson which indicated the existence of democratic instincts—which he in a sense possessed truly—coming to them honestly." Still, Johnson "missed being much of a man." His definitive trouble was this: "He had no principles: was wanting in purpose: was absolutely sterile where Lincoln was most rich—where every great man must needs be gifted: he had no insight, no fine perception of occasions, needs, men." Then "Lincoln's supreme reserve, which always stood him in good stead, was a quality unknown to Johnson: there was not a shred or trace of it in him." "Yet all this may be said and the impeachment still be regarded as a mistake—as it was."

SATURDAY, NOV. 24.

W. spoke of immortality as reflected by modern writers, chiefly Tennyson. At his feet on the floor was *Cæsar*, which he had been looking at again, and the Bible open at Job. He did not look bright, nor was he. He said: "Tennyson seems to me the great expression of modern ennui—the blue devils that afflict modern civilization. It is the background of every poem—every one of them: latent there—not always pushed to the front—perhaps never introduced—but always present, never missed: a half-gloom—even a question—but after all, summed up, a faith. It is not a note of triumph, but it is there: not brave, not absolute, not convinced, but there. There are many to whom life may seem a thing of itself, but the greatest, noblest, farthest-seeing, largest-hoping of modern men do not believe this is an end-up—this life a closing":—rather, "With my friend, Mrs. Gilchrist, one of the sanest souls that ever blessed the earth, I am sure, while not formulating anything (take Tennyson, Car-

lyle—the noble Carlyle), that we are, as she puts it, ‘going somewhere,’ bound for something, following out a purpose, though we may little apprehend its meanings—its inmost suggestions.” Something was said about the survival of identity—that George Eliot, W. K. Clifford, others, questioned it. Was this not true of the major proportion of the greatest modern men and women? W. said: “No—no: I do not think so: indefinite as all may seem, the faith in identity, in purpose, lasts—must last.” But it was not a thing to dogmatize about. No one knew: he did not know. But “science has put new meanings into life—indicates that everything is alive: therefore it becomes us to be slow to reject or accept—to take fairly what may be, and wait.”

He spoke of the labor question: then of the Malthusian doctrine—“its horrible falsity”: for he “had never been inclined to a moment’s acceptance of it.” The earth crowded? It was “absurd” on the face of it. He instanced Texas: Henry George’s declaration that it could almost or quite feed the population of the world. “That,” he said, “is wonderfully instructive, if true—and mainly true I have no doubt it is. I have myself,” he went on, “learned much on this point, simply by crude observations and reasoning.” His Colorado trip—“the road to Denver—miles, thousands of miles, of arable land left wild, unsubdued, fruitless.” Overpopulation? “That is a pure confession of incapacity to explain social sores. Why, even New Jersey, one of the oldest States in the Union, is but sparsely settled.” Again: “No social theories complaining of overpopulation are to me tenable: whatever the reason for poverty may be, it’s not that.” He spoke of poverty here and abroad. “With us this poverty, degradation, filth, horror, is foreign—mainly confined to the foreign populations. The poverty of what is called the East End in London is mostly native: there may be some little of it floating over from the continent: but beyond that little it is a congregation of human vermin—the human sewerage—of England, the islands, slumped together there in degradation, squalor, past describing. But however painful, sad, heart-breaking, this may be, it is but the legitimate off-set to top-loftication.” England had suffered “an extreme development of that: indeed, right there we touch on our danger.” He described “the big

cities, the immense accumulations of peoples, the squalid poverty: the danger of our experiment: hunger: madness to make money whatever happens: to be skilfully piloted through if we are finally to come out safe."

TUESDAY, NOV. 27.

Emerson was mentioned. W. spoke of Emerson's poetry—its "plentiful and healthful disregard for conventions, forms," and so forth—its "undoubtable power." "I can easily see how a stylist like Arnold should find Emerson below the mark. But there's a higher thing than the pure stylist can ever know." He spoke of O'Connor. "If O'Connor had been a priest back in the earlier Christian ages his noble, lofty, extreme personality would have roused nations, stirred continents, led crusades, excited thought, speech, action, the deepest, the most full of meaning. O'Connor is veritably a Peter the Hermit, a Luther." "Before all else," he said at another point, "O'Connor is expresser: a positive, powerful overwhelming expresser: intellectual—oh! superbly intellectual!—yet moving men rather with the emotional, the sympathetic—an equipment in him unparalleled, I believe, in these days." Yet, warrior as he was—"born warrior, born tempestuous"—he was still "the soul of courtesy," capable of "emphasis, indignation of an overmastering power, but never bursting into a crowd with a club, a battle-axe. O'Connor's weapons were fine, delicate, but keen—subtle, past the possibility even of appreciation of the ordinary literary mind."

Of Edward Carpenter he said: "I am much interested in Carpenter's attitude toward science: it seems just right: yet it is a dangerous experiment—a perilous impeachment: one which I am doubtful whether a man of less ability than Carpenter could handle at all. I say to a fellow: do it, yes: and I also say, don't do it: don't do it unless you are fully aware of what you are doing: for science looked at from final places somehow comes first: it must not ride a high horse, but it comes first."

FRIDAY, NOV. 30.

W. lying on the bed. He admitted that he was better, but was "still weak—still far gone." He turned to me after he had

got comfortably fixed in his chair: "I should like all my friends to understand from me—all of them—that the succession of whacks, as I call them, to which I have been subject these last fifteen years, is the result of two or three years of great exposure during the critical period of the War: an exposure the most hardy—some would say, inexcusable: and indeed I see myself I might have 'known better,' as has been charged upon me. . . . In fibre, muscle, organically: in physical equipment, I started superbly—no one more so." Then came the War. His consecration was "no youthful enthusiasm—no mere ebullition of spirits—but deliberate, radical, fundamental. Deliberate? more than that: it was necessary: I went from the call of something within—something, I cannot explain what—something I could not disregard." Whether for good or bad he "could not pause to weigh it." "There's something in the human critter which only needs to be nudged to reveal itself: something inestimably eloquent, precious: not always observed: it is a folded leaf: not absent because we fail to see it: the right man comes—the right hour: the leaf is lifted." This experience of the War "was not all as simply physical." "Think of the emotional outpourings of those years: what they mean to others, to me: then calculate results: what results must have accrued." He was "one of the few" who at the outset realized "the vital danger—the real point of weakness." "The critical factors of the national life in those years lay not in the South alone, but North here, too—here more insidiously. I was bred in Brooklyn: initiated to all the mysteries of city life—populations, perturbations: knew the rough elements—what they stood for: what might be apprehended from them: there in Brooklyn, New York, through many, many years: tasted its familiar life. When the War came on I quite well recognized the powers to be feared, understood: and not alone in New York, Brooklyn: in Boston as well: the great cities West, North-West, the very hotbeds of dissent." He felt that the nation—"the thinkers of the nation"—had only commenced to realize what had been escaped in those years. "I for one feel strongly grateful to Victoria for the good outcome of that struggle—the war dangers, horrors: finally the preservation of our nationality: she saved us then." He had

"often thought to put this on record, at least for his own satisfaction." It seemed like his duty "to write something: to put myself square with the higher obligations all must come in time to acknowledge." I asked quizzically: "If you wrote such a thing, what would O'Connor do?" He laughed: "I don't know: but that would not deter me: and at any rate, O'Connor is fully conscious of the truth of what I say: we often talked it over at the time." Now it had become "commonplace" to anyone who chose to know it—"our public men—the better type of our public men—all know what it signifies: especially is it conceded by those who have been part of the inner circle in Washington."

Later he spoke of protection. "The more I think of protection, the more convinced I am, the clearer my mind becomes, that it is the most hollow pretence, fraud, humbug, of our political life. I cannot say I have recently been reading anything on the subject—any serious treatment of it: for two years and more I have not: yet my conviction against it, my contempt for it, grows stronger and stronger." He had "no statistical table to educe a formal argument of any sort"—"it is the atmosphere—the position of the parties—more than all else, a realization of the course of nature that appeals to and overwhelms me. I object to the tariff primarily because it is not humanitarian—because it is a damnable imposition upon the masses.—Imagine," he exclaimed, "the bottom absurdity of America's cry for protection. Of all lands—America! We can conceive of lonely islands, far-away provinces, agitated for such a defence: but for us—why, it would be laughable if it were not fraught with such serious consequences. With our mines, railroads, agriculture—the richest the world has known: an inventive spirit past parallel: land without end: ambition, freedom; it is madness to reach forth for extreme protection—not madness either, alone: it goes to make a national farce also."

MONDAY, DEC. 3.

W. was much interested that Verestchagin was expected in Philadelphia. "I have no doubt we would find many common objects, grounds, facts, principles: I could draw something from

one who has so much—values unprophesiable.” He thought it “all right for clubs and fashionables to do the courtesies to such men: it certainly helps the strangers along: the mistake comes when these masters go away and imagine that this is America—this ultra world: imagine that seeing that they have seen America. But *this* America? *this* the heart of America? No, no, no! they are all far, far, impossibly, cut off who think they come to a full revelation of America by such a pathway. This club America is the America which says: Look, see, observe, wherein our greatness is attested: see that we too, as the best of your historic places, have fine dinners—plate, finger-bowls, hangings, rich foods, silver tureens, ladies, full dress, ten thousand dollar cooks, foreigners, decorations, china, glassware, jewels, music: we too have these historic places—share their distinction with London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg.” The average traveller encountered this: the rest was blank to him. “But what a knowledge this must be: not a sign here of the vast underflowing current that most signifies the national life.” He alluded to Andrew Jackson: there was a story about him—“authentic I learned and believed: a story whose scene was a metropolitan dinner—a swell political dinner: in the earlier life of New York City. It seems something had gone wrong with Jackson, so the fellows in New York—all hands—made up their minds that they would give him a reception, a dinner, a big splurge: Tammany, Cincinnati, some other society. Everything was to be sumptuous, overwhelming. The affair was duly prepared: Jackson came over.” W. here suggested that the story was “not so important in itself” as for “what it hinted of”: then went on to say Jackson was with a friend who drew him aside and said: “Now, Jackson, this is an elaborate dinner: we want to do the best we can by you: have you any delicacy, any favorite dish—anything which you particularly affect or desire? What we will get for you is submitted to your own choice.” Jackson hesitates—thinks—finally says simply: “I don’t know: what can I specify? Perhaps some rice and milk.” “Rice and milk!—of all things to be thought of, if thought of at all,” W. remarked: “the last thing, with that elaborate kitchen in the rear—the guests about—the expectation—would be the rice and

milk!" W. had studied Jackson—"that story seemed like him." Had he ever personally known Jackson? "Oh! yes—often talked with him: Jackson was a very simple man." This story had "so great a significance to me in the fact that one man out of that mass—the formal, conventional, everywhere first considered—dared to be perfectly plain, himself, frugal, hopeful."

I quoted Henry George as calling Jefferson "among the greatest of the great." W. said: "Yes, greatest of the great: that names him: it belongs to him: he is entitled to it."

THURSDAY, DEC. 6.

W. spoke of Edward Carpenter—he had had a visitor with a letter of introduction from him. "Carpenter is a youngish man, not now over thirty-seven, I should say: Italian in appearance: radical of the radicals: one of the social fellows in England who get constitutions by the ears—stir up thought, progress. Strange to say, too, Carpenter is really liked by the dons, the fellows on top: liked in spite of his radicalism, his espousal of hated ideas." Carpenter was "a Shelleyite": England now "seems full of Shelleyites—so much so, I question at times: Isn't there too much of this? too much crying, screaming, for progress? Shouldn't the brakes be put down?" He called Carpenter "a noble fellow." What would come out of this life was "yet to be developed." It had for him "the pathos of a half-shadowed history."

I spoke of a paragraph credited to Huxley in which he described the gradual growth of the power to speak without notes. W. said: "It was right for him to do so: indeed, I should say to anyone, take the bull by the horns at the start: discard the notes—go on your own hook: it cannot be discovered too soon that this is the only real public speaking—the speaking without a barrier." Again: "Beecher once said to me: 'I thank my good fortune that nature almost from the first possessed me of such readiness, alertness, that I could speak freely.' This is the conclusion of all men who speak or know speakers: I never realized it myself—never till the later years: but if I had the path to go over again—knowing what I know now—I should put that

among the first of studies. I have always been forensically in a bad way myself."

SUNDAY, DEC. 9.

I mentioned Tolstoy. W. felt he did not "know" Tolstoy. "Tolstoy has been unfortunate in his translators: how much of his failure to impress me is owing to this I could not say: much, I am confident: the most wretched miserable stuff has been palmed off on us as transcripts of the original." He had "tried to read" some of these books. "One of them—*Anna Karenina*—I have downstairs still: wrestled with it at the time: never had such a task: I had heard somewhere—some distinguished critic had said so—that this was Tolstoy's best book—that this was most rich in the larger qualities ascribed to him: so, in spite of myself, I persisted—went through with it—feeling that along somewhere the truth would out—I would get my reward: but nothing eventuated: the book was big in bulk alone—it seemed to me there must have been at least three volumes in that one: all my plodding failed to relieve it of its dulness." He had read Turgenieff "fitfully." He said: "Even Turgenieff suffered from imbecile translations." He reverted to Tolstoy. "There's an ascetic side to Tolstoy which I care very little for: I honor it—I know what it comes from: but I find myself getting to my end by another philosophy; in some ways Tolstoy has cut the cord which unites him with us: has gone back to mediævalism—to the saturninity of the monkish rites: not a return to nature—no: a return to the sty. But Tolstoy is a world force—an immense vehement first energy driving to the fulfilment of a great purpose."

(*To be concluded*)

PATRIOTISM IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

SYDNEY BROOKS

ON Saturday, October 21, passing through Trafalgar Square, I noticed an unusual crowd at the foot of Nelson's column and the column itself hung with festoons of laurel. It was the one hundred and sixth anniversary of the great Admiral's victory and death at Trafalgar, and the Navy League, after its wont, was commemorating the occasion. Scores of wreaths and crosses were distributed round the base of the column. Capetown sent an anchor fashioned out of everlasting flowers. From Esquimaux came a giant maple leaf, with the rose, shamrock and thistle entwined. Far-away stations in New Zealand, in British Columbia, in China, had forwarded each its appropriate tribute. More personal still were the offerings of the descendants of officers who had fought under Nelson, recalling names only less splendid than his and men-of-war only less famous than the *Victory* herself. There were no speeches, no attempt at any further demonstration. The crowd gazed at the heaped-up memorials in silence and in silence went their way. Elsewhere the exercises were of a more imposing character. At Liverpool the Nelson monument was decorated with flags, wreaths and streamers and contingents from the training ships, the nautical schools and the seamen of the port took part in the display. On board the *Victory* at Portsmouth garlands of evergreens adorned the masts and yard-arms, a wreath was placed on the spot where the Admiral fell, the national anthem was sung, and the historic signal, in the code used at the action, was flown. The *Victory's* anchor, lying on Southsea beach, was similarly decorated, the men from the local naval barracks were paraded, and there too "God Save the King" was sung. But in London, apart from the decoration of the Nelson column, the only overt celebrations of the day took the eminently British and practical forms of a conference on sea-training in the afternoon and the annual banquet of the Navy League in the evening. It

seemed to me on the whole as mild and inoffensive a way of being English as could be wished for.

Yet, unpretentious as it was, that little demonstration marked none the less a great change in English habits, and possibly too in the English outlook and temperament. Nothing like it at any rate would have been possible a few years ago. It is only quite recently that we English have gone into the commemorating business and we are still far from being experts at it. Up to the very end of the nineteenth century I doubt whether it had occurred to anyone that the anniversary of Trafalgar called for any special recognition. The Navy League only took the matter up as part of its general scheme for sustaining public interest in naval affairs, and for some years its demonstrations were regarded with as much curiosity as sympathy. In one of Mr. Kenneth Grahame's delightful child-sketches he most charmingly portrays the efforts of a girl patriot to interest her brother in the twenty-first of October. " 'It's Trafalgar Day,' went on Selina, trancedly: 'Trafalgar Day—and nobody cares!'" Her brother is quite unmoved; he would much rather be hunting moles. "Why can't we do something?" she bursts out presently. "He—he did everything—why can't we do something for him?" "Who did everything?" inquires Harold. "Why, Nelson, of course," says Selina. "But he's—he's dead, isn't he?" asks Harold. And there, in that little scene, you have what was until the other day the national attitude of England toward her past and her heroes epitomized. Nobody cares—and he's dead, isn't he? A dozen years ago, when it was easier to purchase a Union Jack in Chicago than in London, one might, so far as outward observances went, have lived a lifetime in England without suspecting she had a history. The anniversary of some great event came round and all the notice it received was a few articles in the newspapers. Little attempt of any kind, and no official attempt whatever, was made to visualize it before the popular mind, to drape it with parades and addresses and formal celebrations, or to point its place and significance in the rich continuity of British annals. Under pressure, however, of the emotions roused by the Boer War, a change that had long been preparing became manifest. The democracy grew vocal and even

vociferous. Within the last few years we have seen in the multiplication of pageants all over the country the stirrings of a real, if belated, feeling for the past. We have seen the centenary of Nelson's death commemorated with a unique unanimity and impressiveness. We have seen Leagues and Societies of all kinds springing into active and fruitful life to familiarize the people with the responsibilities of Empire. We have seen a more or less concerted effort to imperialize education. We have seen in the growth of the movement for setting aside Queen Victoria's birthday as an Imperial festival a sustained and methodical attempt to make the Empire a vital and realized part of the national consciousness.

But with it all we are still, as a people, singularly deficient in the sense and pride of history. It is partly, no doubt, because we have so much history behind us, because our annals are so long and crowded, because we feel that if we once started to celebrate we should hardly know where to begin or where to leave off. It is partly also because, as is natural to a people living under a monarchy, Englishmen have got into the habit of looking to the Crown for a lead in all matters of pageantry and formal rejoicing and have somewhat discontinued the habit of improvization on their own account. And it is partly, too, because the English, while far from being a subjective people, yet do not feel the need of symbolizing their emotions. Their strength is preëminently in action, and they lack the gift of dramatic and imaginative sympathy which in other nations acts as a spur to public ceremonials. But whatever the cause the fact itself is indispensable, that, when compared with almost any other people, the English are amazingly devoid of a historical consciousness. Compared with their own kinsmen in Wales, Scotland, Ireland and America, they have next to no memory for the past at all. Compared with the French or the Germans they are equally backward in their appreciation both of the State and the Empire. In France the organized teaching of citizenship obtains throughout. What is called *instruction civique* is a regular part of the educational curriculum. From the age of eleven boys and girls are taught everything that concerns the life of the citizen, his position in regard to the State, his rights, duties, and responsi-

bilities, public and private. Every child is made familiar with the machinery of government, both at home in France and in her colonies, and the names and achievements of her most distinguished sons are thus kept forever fresh in the minds of her citizens. In Germany every State has accepted and acted upon the Kaiser's dictum that "we ought to educate young Germans, not young Greeks or Romans." In America, again, patriotism is habitually taught as a school subject. An American boy of ten knows the words and tunes of more patriotic songs than an Englishman hears in a lifetime. Nothing is more interesting than to go into one of the public schools of New York City just when the children are assembling. You will find them marshalled in the playground in semi-military formation. They march off to their classrooms to a martial air. In each classroom above the teacher's desk hangs the Stars and Stripes, and the children every morning, before the day's work begins, hold up their hands toward the national flag, and with flashing eyes repeat some such vow as this: "I pledge my allegiance to this flag and the country for which it stands, one country indivisible, with justice and liberty for all." There is something of the puerile and the humorous in this little ceremony, but there is also something very impressive. It makes boys and girls emotionally proud of their country and interested in it. It is precisely one of those things that have made the public schools of America the greatest instrument of racial assimilation and patriotic instruction that the world has yet seen.

In England we have nothing of this kind. Our system of education is State-blind. Our pedagogues have gone upon the theory that love of country is an instinct it is superfluous to cultivate, that patriotism, like the domestic affections, can be left to take care of itself, that an Imperial race is best reared by never mentioning the Empire, and that our boys will grow into a right conception of their relations to the nation and of all that Great Britain has been, is, and might be, as naturally as they grow into trousers. It is a pretty theory, and I will not say that it is wholly at variance with the curious psychology of our people. But it is a theory that may easily be overworked and our tendency undoubtedly is to lay more on it than it will bear.

For the most part when we talk of the Flag as being too sacred an emblem to float from the top of a school building, and when we ridicule the idea of having the Empire and patriotism and the obligations of citizenship taught in the classroom, we are, I think, deceiving ourselves. Repressing the patriotic emotions may drive them deeper, but it may also drive them out. By teaching patriotism you may train up Jingoese with an excited turn for flag-waving. That, as it seems to a looker-on, has been partially the case in America, where patriotism is too often confounded with a rhetorical attitude toward the Flag and where sentimental vaporings and self-laudations are apt to take the place of deeds. By not teaching patriotism, on the other hand, you may train up citizens who in any effective sense are men without a Fatherland, and whose loyalty and love of country fade away into mere aimless, haphazard aspirations. We have avoided the first danger in England. I am not so sure we have avoided the second. At present the average English boy closes the book of English history—it ends as a rule at Waterloo—at the age of fourteen or so, and there is little to lead him to reopen it in later life. It is quite possible for him to go through the whole of his school career without once hearing the British Empire mentioned, and still less expounded, by his teachers. That he is a member of a community, that between himself and that community there will some day arise a question of debts to be paid and services rendered, that citizenship ought to be associated with duties, that he is the heir to an Imperial heritage of unexampled extent and terrible responsibilities—of all this, when he leaves school, the average English boy has but the haziest realization. He is left to pick up as best he can some notion of his place in the State and of the place of his country in the scheme of world-politics. The consequence is that he usually picks up no notion at all, that his patriotism is uninformed, unintelligent, unproductive and undisciplined, and that his sense of Empire is limited to a vague spectacular pride of ownership. The nation on whose shoulders lie the heaviest responsibilities that any people have yet borne makes little or no attempt to equip her sons for the task of discharging them intelligently. Most Englishmen know nothing of the Constitution of their

country until they come to administer it. They grow up abysmally ignorant of what England has accomplished in the world, of the obstacles she has overcome in doing it, and of the infinite range and variety of her Imperial interests and commitments. Patriotism, no doubt, is very largely one of the natural emotions, but a patriotism that is merely a natural emotion, that is not penetrated with reason and fortified with knowledge, is as a rule a meagre and ineffectual thing; and of that kind of patriotism there is far too much in England.

Lord Curzon not long ago was complaining that the ignorance about India in England was "appalling." Everybody knows that Lord Curzon was right. Examine the ordinary stay-at-home Englishman on the subject of the great dependency, and you will find some recollections of Clive and Warren Hastings and the Black Hole of Calcutta, some more of the Indian Mutiny, a few convictions as to Mr. Kipling, a suspicion that Anglo-Indians are overpaid, and, in the background, an undigested miscellany of jungles, frontier wars, jewels, tigers, famines, white temples, disordered livers, and Russian intrigues. Few get beyond this first stage of casual assimilation. Few Englishmen take the trouble to form any clear idea of the work that is being done in their name between the Himalayas and Cape Comorin. Fewer still inquire into the principles and actual workings of the British Raj, or are acquainted with even the alphabet of the thousand and one fascinating problems that confront the rulers of that most fascinating country. For the great mass of Englishmen an India that is not particularly spectacular, or particularly at war, or particularly harassed by Russia or revolution, is an India that is frankly dull. I am far from saying that this indifference is altogether an unhealthy symptom. It is quite possible for a democracy to be too interested in, and to know too much about, the details of its rulership over alien races; and an impolitic curiosity in such matters might easily prove more of a menace than a safeguard to the Empire. I can hardly, indeed, conceive anything more disastrous than a British Parliament in which every Member fancied himself an "authority" on India. But between this extreme and its opposite of blank apathy and ignorance there is surely a happy mean—a mean that would not

be unattainable if India took a recognized place in the normal school curriculum. And what holds good for India in this connection holds equally good for Australia, Canada, South Africa, the Malay States and all the other British dominions. To get the Empire into the schools seems to me, on the whole, as important as to get sectarianism out of them. After all, a man who is trained in theology does not necessarily become a bigot; and a boy who was well grounded in the elementary facts of Imperialism would not necessarily develop into either a Chauvinist or a meddler.

It will be seen from all this that anyone who endeavors to arouse or resuscitate the commemorating habit in England has a difficult task before him, and that the little ceremony I witnessed in Trafalgar Square on October 21 was really more significant than it seemed. To the great masses of Englishmen parades and processions and "memorial exercises" and set orations in honor, let us say, of Waterloo, would seem a foolish waste of time. The survivors of the Charge of the Light Brigade meet and dine, I believe, once a year. For the public it is merely a sentimental item in next morning's papers, dismissed from the mind as soon as read. The Americans at this moment are recalling the events of the Civil War on a scale and with accessories that simply amaze Englishmen. To gather the veterans of that gigantic struggle on one of their historic battlegrounds, to form them up in opposing lines, to have them solemnly march up to one another and shake hands over the scene of their ancient strife—that is an exhibition of sentiment and melodrama at which Englishmen can only gasp. They are themselves temperamentally incapable of even conceiving themselves as taking part in such a demonstration. There is nothing that separates England and America, or England and Ireland, so much as the fact that the Americans and the Irish have memories and the English have none. If Americans owned the British Empire, life in Great Britain would be one perpetual round of public festivities. We should have a Canada Day and an Australia Day and a Day for every other part of the Empire; we should live again in the brave days of the Crimean and Peninsula wars, of Wellington and Chatham, of Marlborough and Drake; the anniversary of Agincourt would

be a recurring festival; and once a year we should go automatically crazy over the victories that won us the possession of India. For Americans in such matters are not as we English are. They do not forget; they love the past; they have no shamefacedness in the presence of the patriotic emotions; they do not dismiss their anniversaries with a casual dinner or an obscure paragraph in the newspapers. On the contrary they come into the open with flag and voice and fireworks and bands and hold great annual revels of noise and eloquence. They set themselves to cultivate the spirit, forever incomprehensible to Englishmen, which enables them to talk of the "Boston massacre" as though it happened last week; and many of them in their ardor blow themselves to pieces to emphasize whatever occasion they may happen to be celebrating.

Unquestionably this absence of any vivid consciousness of the past is a real defect in the English equipment as an Imperial race. Unquestionably it argues a lack of the historical imagination and lowers the standard of enlightened patriotism. But it has also an obverse and not displeasing side. It saves the English from the pitfall of mistaking the show of patriotism for the thing itself. It has also the effect of forestalling many international bitteresses and robbing the past of all its sting. No nation is so incapable as the English of keeping a grudge alive. No nation wastes so little of its time nourishing futile antipathies. No nation is so ready to forget and forgive or so willingly allows the mellowing hand of time the fullest play. What Polyphontes says to Merope in Mathew Arnold's fine dramatic poem could never be said to or of England:

" I sought thee, Merope; I find thee thus,
 As I have ever found thee; 'bent to keep,
 By sad observances and public grief,
 A mournful feud alive, which else would die."

On the contrary, the way in which England ignores what has passed and rushes to "make things up" seems at times to involve a positive loss of dignity. The Anglo-German Alliance of 1902, for instance, against Venezuela, following hard on all the bitterly abusive contempt that had been showered by the Ger-

man press and German statesmen on the British arms in South Africa, struck a good many Englishmen as passing the permission of meekness and charity. It had something in it that was almost mean-spirited and derogatory, like Lord North's too-facile forgiveness of the outrageous attacks levelled against him by Fox. It showed "the Christian spirit" carried to such an ultra-Biblical excess that it became decidedly unpalatable for human nature's daily food. But, on the whole, the presence of this spirit in Englishmen is so very much in their favor that an occasional abuse of it may be pardoned. It is never, I think, seen to better advantage than on each successive July the Fourth. There have been many famous July the Fourths. Gettysburg was won and Vicksburg captured on one of them. On another, thirteen years ago, Americans first heard of the destruction of the Spanish fleet off Santiago. On a third, the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, divided from one another by sharp political differences but equally in that hour of jubilee venerated by the nation, breathed their last. But of all the celebrations of the day and the event that the past century and a quarter have witnessed, the most interesting, to my mind, was the first that was ever held in England. I do not know the date, nor who had the hardihood to suggest it, nor how the occasion was looked upon by current English opinion. But from that beginning much has sprung; July the Fourth has become an Anglo-American festivity; and the English, who never commemorate the triumphs of their history, make an annual point of joining with the Americans in celebrating its greatest disaster.

The situation, when you stop, which nobody ever does, to think of it, is rather an odd one. Such a spectacle as is seen twice every year in London of Englishmen honoring Washington's birthday and celebrating Independence Day would be flatly impossible anywhere else. Do you ever hear of Austrians banding together to celebrate Kossuth's memory? Are Cavour and Garibaldi honored names in Vienna? Is Walewski one of the national heroes of Russia? Does Madrid commemorate the birth of Bolivar? A hundred years hence will Aguinaldo and Gomez rank higher in Spanish judgment than Canovas or Sa-

gasta? Have the French yet moved the ashes of Toussaint l'Ouverture to the Pantheon? Is there an agitation in St. Petersburg for making a holiday of the anniversary of Mukden or enshrining the Mikado in a Russian hall of fame? Such questions sound absurd. And yet just consider what it signifies when Englishmen make a feast-day of July the Fourth and deliver public eulogies on Washington. It means in the first instance that they are celebrating the most tragic blunder in British history; and in the second, that they are honoring the memory of the man who brought Great Britain to her lowest depth of humiliation and impotence. It has come to be a sort of annual penance. Year after year this "old and haughty nation" dons the white sheet and through the mouths of her most illustrious sons expresses public contrition for her share in the American Revolution. If England's mistake was great she has at least amply and handsomely admitted it. I know that as a schoolboy in England I was brought up to a reverence for Washington and an indignation against Lord North such as a pupil in any Kansas school might vainly envy. I could multiply instances by the hundred to prove the completeness of the national repentance; but one will be enough. In the visitors' room at one of the greatest clubs on Pall Mall, hanging over the mantelpiece, is a facsimile of the Declaration of Independence, with medallions above and around it of Washington, Lincoln and Grant. There is, as it seems to me, something fine in a people who can thus candidly publish and acknowledge the most appalling and costly error in their annals. Which at any rate is the more inspiring figure of the two—an Englishman sincerely and unreservedly honoring Washington or an American raking among the dust-heap of the Revolution for his Anglophobic fuel?

So that the English indifference to the past is not all loss. But is there not another and a wholly American side to this business that has not as yet been sufficiently considered? I think there is. Indeed if one once starts analyzing the matter there is only one conclusion possible. It is that the tactlessness of the Americans in celebrating a victory over the British on British soil is only equalled by the insensibility of the British in themselves joining in the celebration. I have often wondered how New

York would regard a reversal of the parts. There are historical reasons why the parts could not be completely reversed, but I dare say it would be possible to discover one or two Anglo-American encounters in which Americans had somewhat the worst of it. There was the burning of Washington, for instance, and the cruise of the *Alabama*, and the failure of the American attack on Canada, not to mention the exhilarating fact that there are at this moment in the Chelsea Hospital in London some American eagles captured in the Revolution. All this, to be sure, is not much to go upon, but it will serve. Suppose that once every year—say on Empire Day—the St. George's Society in New York, emulating the example of the American Society in London, should give a banquet, with the British Ambassador in the chair, and plenty of prominent Americans among the guests, and inaugurate an annual Anglo-American celebration over the collapse of the American invasion of Canada or any other incident that might help to keep the international balance a little less uneven. The replies of the prominent Americans to the invitations, the comments of the American Press, would be remarkably well worth reading; Americans would derive from the episode a sidelight of some value on a singular and interesting aspect of the English character.

“QUIET ZONES” FOR SCHOOLS

MRS. ISAAC L. RICE

THERE is a most important feature of school-sanitation which, up to the present, has not been recognized, namely, the urgent need of protecting the young from the injurious effect of outside noise, which, by rendering concentration difficult, increases the mental effort required for school-tasks, and by preventing free ventilation, menaces the physical well-being of the child. This is a matter so grave and so far-reaching in its consequences, that its utter neglect is little short of incredible.

However, within the past few weeks, since the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise brought this question to the attention of Educational and Health Boards throughout the country, there has been such an up-flaming of interest in the project of forming School-Zones, that the outlook is bright for better things. Within these few weeks, twenty-five State Boards and the educational heads of seventy cities have enthusiastically endorsed the plan, so that energetic action will probably be necessary if New York desires to take the lead in drawing a protecting circle around her schools as she has already done around her hospitals. These Hospital-Zones, created several years ago at the request of our Society by the Board of Aldermen, have since been established by municipalities all over the United States, and yet, marked as has been the rapidity of their growth, it is predicted that it will be surpassed by that of the School-Zones.

Three years ago, while endeavoring to enlist the sympathies of the pupils of the public schools in the protection of the sick and enrolling them as members of the Children's Hospital Branch, and again last year when we were appealing to Young America to forgo explosive patriotism on the Fourth of July, I had occasion to visit many schools and to address tens of thousands of boys and girls.

From the outset, I was astonished to discover the amount of preventable noise which penetrated the class-rooms and the

absolute foulness of the air which sickened those entering from without. In most cases, the windows were tightly closed and the children seemed dull and apathetic, a fact which, under the circumstances, was not at all surprising. As for the teachers, their earnestness was convincing as they assured me that nothing but the utter impossibility of making themselves heard above the surrounding din could force them to subject their classes and themselves to anything so distressing and so unhygienic as working in unventilated class-rooms, and declared that their greatest desire was to obtain even a moderate degree of quiet which would enable them to be heard without shouting and to understand what was being said without following the motions of the lips.

It was then that I began to study the sources of all these disturbances which, I felt, were exerting so injurious an effect upon both pupils and teachers. I tried to overlook none, considering in turn cobble-stone and other rough pavements, annoying neighbors such as garages, car-barns, factories, junk-shops and stone-works, and then the changing factors such as avoidable noises of traffic, the cries and instruments of street-hawkers and venders, and the shouts of children and hoodlums.

Starting with the question of pavements, two reports were made, the first by our Society and the second by the Department of Education, which further aided our efforts by a recommendation of its Board of Superintendents that representations be made to the municipal authorities to order "repairs to the noiseless surfacing" where needed, or to "have the present covering replaced by asphalt or other noiseless pavement." Appeals were then made to the Borough Presidents on this subject, but, unfortunately, limited appropriations rendered slow and difficult the relief so urgently needed.

The next step was to ascertain whether the sentiment among teachers and principals was strongly in favor of having Quiet Zones drawn around their schools, provided that the Board of Aldermen would be willing to establish them by ordinance. Letters were accordingly sent to the principals of all the schools in the five Boroughs, representing about fourteen thousand teachers, asking them for an expression of their opinion on this subject. To these the response was overwhelming. Not only were

replies received from the principals, but in many schools the teachers, too, added their appeals, and—in some cases—even the children wrote to me, deploring the conditions under which they were compelled to work. From all of these I shall quote freely, because they express so touchingly the distress endured and also the hope that relief might be vouchsafed them.

“Both teachers and pupils suffer grievously from noises that interrupt their work and distract their minds. . . . The teachers suffer and the children suffer in consequence.”

“Few outside of the schools,” wrote another, “realize the dreadful nerve-strain caused by teaching in a room facing on a noisy street. The nervous tension under which we labor is materially increased by the numerous unnecessary noises which hinder us so seriously in our work. Sometimes these have been so great that we have been compelled to resort to the expedient of writing our directions on the blackboards. It does not seem unreasonable to request that some effort be made to reduce nerve-racking, hideous noises which deafen and distract both teachers and pupils.”

“To say that we are in hearty sympathy with your movement would be altogether inadequate. We beg you to help us. We teach from nine to three where there is a constant roar of traffic—the din is terrific, nerve-racking and nerve-wrecking.”

Many of these letters refer to the effect of continued loud talking on the throat, necessitating medical treatment:

“Of course, the teachers’ welfare is not generally considered, but the effort that we must make to speak ‘above the noise,’ strains the voice and taxes and injures the sense of hearing. I am most of the time under a physician’s care, the condition of my ears being due to ear-strain alone.”

In a certain school it was reported that four teachers were spending most of their salary for throat and ear treatment, while vocal paralysis was complained of in another. Another feature prominently brought out in the letters was the loss of time:

“It is no exaggeration to say that the noise robs class and teachers of 25 per cent. of their time. The work of both pupils and teachers would be increased in efficiency and made easy by anything that would tend to reduce the din.”

As for the letters from the children, they were sweetly earnest:

"I appeal to you and beg you to help us out of this everlasting calamity."

"I must ask you, who can understand my feelings, to help not only me but my schoolmates and teachers. I beg of you to consider this important matter."

The following, numerous signed by a class of girls, asked for relief from the annoyance caused by a cobble-stone pavement over which passed much heavy traffic:

" . . . The rolling and rumbling of trucks never ceases. It can easily be imagined under what discomfort we have to labor in such circumstances. Our rooms cannot be well ventilated, for if the windows were to be kept open as much as they should, there would be no possibility of our hearing the instructions of our teachers. Even with the windows closed it is necessary for pupil and teacher to repeat again and again what each has to say, and with the windows open, it is an utter impossibility to be heard."

It was these letters from the children which first awakened me to the realization of the fact that although the majority of the children in these noisy class-rooms suffered subconsciously from the surrounding din, there were many others who were acutely aware of the cause of their suffering. Still another point concerning the children was brought out by one of the teachers.

"Coming from surroundings where noise and loud talking are universal, school should be a place of peace, where they will only hear well-modulated voices and will be expected to use the same. Instead of this, we are obliged practically to yell at each other and even to ask the girls to speak more loudly. In a neighborhood like this where the pupils, underfed and poorly clad, are apt to display signs of nervousness, street noises are frequent causes of inattention and of restlessness."

In respect to the disturbing factors, rough pavements, either wholly covering the street or only partially * as between car-

* In passing, it may be said that since the startling sounds caused by the sudden striking of heavy wheels on these rough strips are apparently just as disturbing as the roar and rumble proceeding from streets entirely covered with stone, it is surprising that hitherto no attention has been paid to the matter. In this connection, a letter from

tracks or near the curb, were apparently responsible for most of the distress. On this point, everyone was seemingly in accord, from the President of Columbia University down to our youngest correspondent.

"I am very glad indeed to assure you of my personal interest in your undertaking to provide a quiet zone around the schools of the city, as you have already done for the hospitals," wrote Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. "I only wish it might be possible for you to include in your beneficence higher institutions of learning. We in particular would be grateful for a quiet pavement on Amsterdam Avenue that would prevent the interruption to our work which now follows from the increasingly heavy traffic on that street, which is paved with Belgian blocks."

Traffic noises, of course, must be considered with those of stone pavements, though to these we must add the disturbance caused by the needless clanging of car-gongs, the pounding of trolleys over loosely jointed tracks, the general out-of-repairness of the car-mechanism, the constant honking of auto-horns, and the yells of drivers to their horses. As for the number of teams passing before the various schools it is difficult even to hazard a guess, but the fact that thirty thousand pass Broadway and Greenwich Street daily, would seem to indicate that surprisingly large numbers must go by many of our schools in the congested down-town districts. We can therefore readily credit the statement of a principal that she was unable to assign teachers to rooms facing on the street for more than one term, although the street was in quite good condition.

Indeed it seems probable that, until warning-signs shall have been erected by ordinance, and until traffic, when practicable,

the principal of one of our largest schools, might well be quoted. This school runs two hundred and fifty feet along a street on which car-tracks are laid. Although the cars use storage batteries and not horses as the motive power, the company has just repaved between the tracks with Belgian blocks, and has not covered them with any sound-deadening material. "On some days it is almost impossible to have the windows open in the rooms on — Street on either the second or the third floors. A thin covering of asphalt would eliminate all this noise." Many similar letters have reached us, illustrating this tendency of drivers to select the noisiest part of the street. Undoubtedly former Borough President Ahearn was correct in stating that although the trucking interests are clamorous for stone pavements, they always desert them for parallel asphalted streets, but nevertheless the fact remains that on these otherwise smooth streets they will always select if possible a stone strip along which they can noisily run.

shall have been diverted to parallel streets, teachers and pupils will continue to suffer. At present we hear of "cars which pass from avenue to avenue uninterruptedly clanging their gongs," of automobiles "which never fail to blow their horns in front of the building," of street-cleaners whose every order is "roared in stentorian tones as though the poor beasts were actually deaf," and of the passage of "five-ton coal wagons and other heavily laden trucks with their drivers whistling, calling and yelling."

Then as regards noisy "neighbors," the complaints were also quite numerous. In Brooklyn, a school reported that on one side it had a stoneyard from which issued shrill whistling sounds of cutting accompanied by blows of mallets used in chipping the stone. On another it had a junk-shop for iron from which came the noise of the continual dropping of metal. On the third was a wheelwright where hammering on the heated rims went on most distressingly. A fourth source of disturbance was the number of street venders who infested the neighborhood; fifth was the passing before the door of a line of trolley cars. Another principal wrote that the school was surrounded by garages and stables, and that the noise incidental to the repair of vehicles was almost unbearable. In still another neighborhood where garages abounded, the street was turned into a huge repair shop, and there, undisturbed by the police, the noisiest kinds of work were carried on for hours, right under the school-windows. Other principals reported factories, car-barns and taxi-cab stations as unpleasant neighbors, whose noise was deplored.

As for the annoyance of street singers and musicians, pushcart peddlers and cash-clo'es men, German bands and Italian ragmen, vegetable-hucksters and other venders, few schools aside from those in the outlying districts apparently were free from them.

And these are the conditions under which we force our children to study—to our shame be it said!

However, if there is even a miserable sort of satisfaction in knowing that others are equally unfortunate, New York may possess it, for from cities in the East and from cities in the West,

Superintendents have written to me regretting the fact that their schools, too, were beset by noise. Schenectady, for instance, sent word that out of its twenty-three school-buildings eight were located alongside of trolley lines:

"The noise makes it necessary for school work to cease momentarily or for the teacher or pupil to raise the voice with a conscious effort. There is no doubt that we lose a great deal of efficiency in this way."

The City of Poughkeepsie reported an even worse condition: "One of our school buildings is practically under the Poughkeepsie Bridge over which trains are constantly passing to and fro. The next building along the river is close up to a paved street over which a vast deal of traffic passes every day. The next school stands just above the New York Central Railroad. Our High School stands directly on a principal traffic street of the city, and it is almost impossible to conduct classes in some of the rooms. The general results of our work have been very seriously interfered with because of this fact."

What is surprising is that even some of the smallest cities seemed to welcome the thought of quiet for their schools. From Marion (Indiana) the Superintendent of Public Schools wrote: "I shall be glad to coöperate in any way that I can . . . I feel sure that the need is as great in some of the smaller cities as it is in the larger."

From Bowling Green (Kentucky) came this:

"Something needs to be done. Even in small towns the noise nuisance is a serious question."

And from Bayonne (New Jersey):

"School Zones is a subject of vital importance, as every person connected with school work knows."

Thus from even a casual glance over the reports received, one would have no difficulty in believing that when once the movement to establish Quiet Zones for Schools is well afoot, the small towns will not lag far behind the larger cities.

And now, what would seem to be the necessary course of procedure in any organized effort to improve school conditions? Taking up first the consideration of those buildings already erected, the most obvious step would probably be the removal of

all rough pavements and the substitution of a sound-deadening material, wood perhaps in preference to all others on account of its noiselessness. The next would perhaps be the diversion of traffic, when practicable, between the hours of eight-thirty and three-thirty. This would mean much more than the mere avoidance of noise, for it would permit the children to enter and to leave school, and even to play in front of the building at noon, without the danger of accidents. Although one not acquainted with the facts would be surprised to hear how many children are run over just at the school door—the teachers know, and they are most eager to have some such protective traffic regulation put into effect. The third would probably be the bringing to bear of pressure on the car-line companies in order to force them to keep their equipment in good order. That they should be permitted to keep their tracks in poor and worn condition, to run their cars with flat-wheels and to display such reprehensible carelessness as regards every part of the car-mechanism, is an indication of shocking public indifference. Loose track-joints should be made good, curves should be kept greased, and the starting of a car from the barn with a pounding flat wheel should be made a finable offence. Fourth, the passage of an ordinance creating School-Zones, *and its enforcement*, would do away with rapid driving, the cries of hucksters, the blowing of auto-horns, and all those other noises which are due largely to ignorance of the presence of a school-building, and which could be stopped by the erection of warning signs stating that needless racket would be punished. As regards protective ordinances, two concerning the distance at which street musicians and hucksters must remain away from school-buildings, have already been enacted; but since there is no warning sign to catch the eye, and to show the vicinity of a school, they have always been a dead letter. As for the elevated roads, where passing before school-houses, they should be compelled to employ all possible sound-deadening devices. When, however, the erection of new structures is to be considered, the utmost care should be exercised in the selection of quiet sites. Side streets should be preferred to avenues, as less likely to be disturbed by the laying of future car-tracks. No school-buildings should be erected within two hundred feet of

those sheltering noisy occupations, and—once erected—the neighborhood should be restricted, all disturbing trades being forced to seek other sites. If possible, a certain amount of open space should be allowed around each new school-building, not only for the sake of light and avoidance of street clamor, but also as a playground for the child, whose only exercise-ground is usually the path of the auto and the trolley.

There is still one subject connected with school-buildings of which a few words might be said, and that is the system of artificial ventilation. Of this, one hears much, and it is an argument which is invariably brought to the fore, when the question of school noises is discussed, the object being to disprove the need of intervention for the sake of the child, since even with closed windows an abundant supply of fresh air is supposed to be possible. It has been proved, however, that ventilating plants, even at the best, are extremely unreliable, a fact well-recognized by many teachers in New York as well as elsewhere. “One of the fruitful sources of disturbance in our city is the character of the ventilating plants,” wrote the Superintendent of Schools of Duluth, while the *Chicago Record-Herald* only a few days ago, in an editorial devoted to the subject of School-Zones, remarked: “Ventilation through pipes or ducts has been tried in buildings where it is undesirable to open windows, but does not seem to be satisfactory. It is more expensive and less simple than ventilation by means of windows. Why cannot our public schools be so placed and built that windows can be opened freely?”

What is perhaps the most encouraging feature is the attitude toward the movement of the foremost educators and health officials all over the country. Nothing in fact could surpass the utter sincerity and hearty encouragement which breathe from their letters, as may be seen from the few extracts which follow.

From Washington, Department of the Interior, Bureau of Education, came one of the first:

“I most heartily approve your efforts to secure better conditions in school-rooms for study and for the health of the children. Childhood is a most important period of life, and influences of that period are most lasting. It is astonishing that people will build school-houses, maintain schools, and send their

children to them at great cost and take so little care to make conditions such as to secure the best results. It would add very largely to the effectiveness of the public schools in all our cities if in some way they could be placed in a quiet zone. I wish you the greatest possible success."

Another came from the Superintendent of Public Instruction, State of Illinois:

"You are right in saying that a great deal of the energy of teacher and pupil is wasted by the noise close to many of our city school-buildings. I should favor the extension of a quiet zone around every school-building located in the noisy sections. If you see anything that I can do as an official of the State I shall be very glad to join with you."

From the Superintendent of Public Instruction, State of Virginia:

"Why our good people submit to noise, I do not understand, and why our officials throughout the country do not take up this matter and preach a crusade against it, I do not know. I believe it is one of the most frequent causes of nerve troubles. . . . You may count on me to do anything in the world that I can to aid this movement."

From the Commissioner of Education of the State of New York:

"I am glad to express my interest in the work of your Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise, and beg to say that the matter is one of large importance to the schools. If sufficient precautions for guarding against noise in the neighborhood of school-houses were taken, it would not only promote the comfort of teachers and pupils and the efficiency of instruction, but it would also make it possible to secure better ventilation and so in many ways promote the health of all connected with the schools."

From the Superintendent of Public Instruction, State of Pennsylvania:

"I agree with you on the subject of noise and wish we could establish quiet zones around school-houses. . . . The question which you raise is one that ought to be solved and I hope will receive due attention from our law makers in the not distant future."

From the Commissioner of Common Schools, State of Ohio:

"You are laboring for a good cause. May your work continue without ceasing. The same noise conditions which exist in New York City exist in practically all other cities of the United States. Much valuable time is wasted and much nervous energy is lost on account of the noise on the streets. I have personally been one of the sufferers, and during much of the time which should have been given to teaching the boys and girls, I have been obliged to keep silent until the noise of some coal wagon or street car on the noisy street had subsided. . . ."

From the State Superintendent of Free Schools, West Virginia:

"Your society will be doing the schools of the country a fine service if it succeeds in making an effective sentiment in favor of quiet zones for schools. In my own experience I have been greatly annoyed by noises from sources which were not under my control. I can think of nothing that is much more demoralizing to a school than to be at the mercy of such distractions."

But unfortunately the limited space of a magazine article would not admit of the inclusion of any considerable portion of these letters, even though each speaks with an authoritative tone on account of the high official position of the writer. However, a few words should be quoted from the communications sent to me by the various State Departments of Health. Perhaps the State of Maine is the one which has taken the lead in this matter, having already sent out the following notices:

"There is often an appearance of stupidity in the child who is hard of hearing. He is handicapped in his school work, and the strain in trying to understand the spoken work tends to mental breakdown. But mark this point: If you locate a school-house in a noisy business centre, you reduce all of the children down toward the condition of the partially deaf child. It is then waste, waste, waste—waste of the teacher's time in waiting for the noise to cease, waste of the time of the pupils, waste of school money, waste of vital energy."

From the Commissioner of Health of the State of New York, I received the following:

"I am very much interested in the work which you are do-

ing, appreciating as I do its important bearing on the public health, particularly in reference to the inmates of hospitals and institutions, also of the public schools. It is gratifying to note the progress that has already been made in this direction, which I am confident meets with the approval of all those interested in civic progress."

From the Secretary of the New Hampshire State Board of Health:

"I assume that it is entirely unnecessary for me to state that this board is heartily in accord with any rational movement that tends to secure quiet around school-buildings and better ventilation in school-rooms. I believe these are important movements and should be heeded as fully as possible in every community. Trusting that the scope of your work may be extended until its influence reaches every town and city in the country. . . ."

However, enough has been said to prove that the evil is only too real—that relief is only too urgently needed. And yet it is necessary to say that not every point has been properly emphasized—the most pressing still remains. For far in importance beyond the pathetic and oft-repeated story of discomfort or rather distress—more serious than the recital of cases of ear-strain or diseased throats—far graver than even the danger to the immature mind of enforced mental concentration amidst constant distractions (a fact to-day perfectly sensed by none, with the exception of the psychologist and the neurologist), far beyond them all looms up the danger of undermining the health of the child and of exposing it to the risk of infection through impure and contaminated air. We have all been thrilled by the splendid campaign waged against the Great White Plague and have whole-heartedly accepted the Gospel of Fresh Air, and yet we have forgotten the children, many of them almost babies, who are herded together in class-rooms where the air is almost unbreathable.*

* At the moment of going to press, word has been received that an ordinance for the creation of School-Zones is now being drafted for presentation to the Board of Aldermen of the City of New York.

THE GARDEN OF RESURRECTION

BEING THE LOVE STORY OF AN UGLY MAN

E. TEMPLE THURSTON

BOOK II

CHAPTER IV (*Continued*)

IN that one sudden moment, I felt she was recalling every word I had said to her that morning on the cliffs at Ballysheen. For her eyes had no hatred in them now; only fear, the fear as when one is discovered and is ashamed. She tried to meet my look, and though in my eyes I felt there was showing all the affection I had so lately come to realize, yet still she failed. In a moment she was looking away again, forcing herself to talk to the man beside her as if the incident had passed completely from her mind.

Presently young Fennell leaned across the table and spoke to her once more, then rose and came down the room.

"Shall I speak to him now?" I thought. Later I wished to God I had, for he passed out of the room and, as the time went by, I realized that he was not coming back again. To make sure I went to the cloak-room in the vestibule. They told me he had gone.

"Damnation!" I exclaimed. The liveried attendants stood there with meaningless faces, powerless to help me. I was powerless to help myself.

For a while I remained there undecided, staring at the door through which he must have passed. He had escaped me. It roused a thousand suspicions in my mind. He feared our meeting. But why? What had happened? I felt sick with the multitude of suggestions that came pouring into my brain. There was only one thing to be done—to speak with Clarissa. Once having brought my determination to that, I went back to my table and called a waiter.

"Give me," said I, "a piece of paper and a pencil."

He brought them to me, standing by me at my direction while I wrote. "*Dear Mrs. Fennell,*" I scribbled—my hands were shaking foolishly—" *may I have five minutes' conversation with you if you can spare them after supper? I shall not offend you again as I did before.*"

"Take this," said I, "to the lady at that table, the lady with the dark hair, and ask for an answer. Say that I do not wish to disturb her while she is with friends."

"I'm sorry, sir," he replied, "but we are not allowed to deliver notes."

"That be damned for a tale!" said I. "What the devil do you mean? Do you want to suggest that I'm trying to force my acquaintance on a lady whom I don't know?"

"I'm sorry, sir—but those are our orders. There's been some unpleasantness on two or three occasions."

I told him to send me the head-waiter. The maître d'hôtel came, rubbing his hands. These foreigners with their genial faces and silky ways! I always see such contempt in their cunning little eyes.

"You've seen me here pretty often," I began.

He waved his hands more obsequiously than ever as he bowed assent.

"Well—there's a lady over there at that table. She is a friend of mine. I don't know the people with whom she is supping and, therefore, don't wish to disturb their party. Kindly take this note over to her. If you don't deliver it I shall be compelled to do so myself."

He took the note without a word.

For the first few moments while he was gone, I could not look in that direction. Now I suppose I know the madness which comes to those who love. It is madness. It is nothing less. In that short space I might have been another being, so overwhelming was the rush of emotions that trampled through me. In as many seconds I was prompted to the doing of a hundred different things; yet I sat there quietly, scarcely moving, until I raised my eyes and saw Clarissa with nervous fingers opening my note. The other woman was looking round in my direction

with curious eyes, in which I could trace that half-puzzled look of recognition. But not once did Clarissa turn her eyes toward me. Even when she had finished reading it, she kept her face averted; then, giving some message to the head-waiter, she turned to the man on her right and began to speak as though it were in some hurried explanation. Again the woman stared at me. The man stared, too. Only Clarissa kept her face away. I saw her little fingers feverishly making countless pellets with her bread.

The next moment the maître d'hôtel was bending down with smooth apologies and speaking in my ear.

"The lady is very sorry, sir—but she is afraid there must be some mistake."

"What do you mean?" I asked quickly; but all the time I kept my eyes upon Clarissa. "What do you mean?" I repeated.

"The lady is very sorry, sir," he said again, "but she's afraid there must be some mistake."

A multitude of things came to my mind to be said, but not one of them passed my lips. With such precision as I thought could scarcely be in my nature, I took my note which he had brought back with him, tearing it slowly and evenly into a hundred little pieces, and laid them in a pile upon my table.

"My bill," said I.

CHAPTER V

A sparrow came and sat upon one of my window-boxes as I was at breakfast this morning, chirping loudly for some reason or other as though it were summer instead of one of those very early days of spring which seem to have dropped by accident from the lap of a generous Providence.

Possibly it was the bright yellow of the crocuses, now in bloom, which attracted him. A day when his ancestors lived in trees instead of upon sooty housetops was no doubt dimly stirring in his semi-consciousness. He almost persuaded me that his chirping was a song, so much lusty energy did he throw into it. It was only when I came to listen carefully that I realized there were but two notes to his compass. Truly he made the most of

them. Doubtless it was a lesson to me to make the most of such shallow compass as is mine. If it were, I did not learn of it. My mind had been made up for some time now and, as soon as Moxon had cleared away, I sat down at my desk and wrote a letter:

My dear Bellwattle,—I want to make you a fitting present in gratitude for my visit to Ballysheen. Don't attempt to ask me why I have left it so long as this, contenting myself with the mere letter of thanks such as one writes to any hostess. For you were not any hostess and therefore have every justification for asking why, until now, I have treated you so differently. Believe me, I did not think of you when I wrote as of any guest to any hostess, nor of Cruikshank as to any host. I have never forgotten one moment on those cliffs or in that garden, for it seems to me, as I look back upon it, that in those few short weeks, you made me familiar with a wonderful attitude toward life which I would give a great deal to be able to adopt myself. However, that, as you know, is impossible, needing as it does such addition to the personal equation as can never enter into the sum of my experience.

What attitude is available to me under the circumstances, I confess myself absolutely unable to determine. I am one of those unfortunate individuals who, even in the midst of such lively surroundings as these, are of a solitary nature, yet loathe nothing so much as their own company. The little bones which I have had to pick with Providence are so dry by this—you do not know it, but I am forty-four—that to sit alone and worry at them now would be beyond human endurance. Occasionally in bed in the early morning or at night when I am left alone and my man Moxon has retired, I find myself speculating upon what niche in God's gallery of human beings I have been meant to fill. So far as I can see there is not one. And then, in accordance with all human nature, I try to shift the blame upon some shoulders other than my own. Circumstance, that my mother should have died when she did—my father, that he has never brought me up to any profession—then last of all, inevitably myself, that I have taken advantage of the allowance he is making me, spending my money upon easy travelling all over the world, which is an edu-

cation in its way, but fits no man for the real exigencies of life. He could learn more in a cobbler's shop in the Mile End Road. There is as much wisdom as cure in the washing in Jordan. The thing to one's hand is no doubt the thing for one's grasp.

This is mere preliminary, just to show you that I shall never come into occupation of Cruikshank's little cottage in the hollow. Imagine Providence and myself sitting there alone of the long winter nights with a few dry bones upon the table between us! I could not bear such company as that. No—if I am to cut a niche for myself anywhere, it must be in that room in God's gallery, where, as I heard a man say the other day, you will find the *hoi polloi*. I will give you the whole of his sentence, for Cruikshank's benefit if not for yours. He was describing the disadvantages of a new club.

"What I'm afraid will happen," he said, "is this. You'll get all the *hoi polloi* there. There'll be nothing *recherché* about it at all. Plebeian—that's what it'll be, and if there's one thing I hate more than another it is that jarring sound of the *vox populi*."

Show this to Cruikshank and he will explain why he is amused. This man had evidently travelled for his education.

I hope this letter is not too egotistical, a hope based doubtless upon the fact that I know it is. And in a sense, I mean it to be. I entertain a foolish desire that you should appreciate my point of view, so that if at any time you might hear news of me of one sort or another you would be able to apply this confession as a key to the understanding of what you had heard.

And now, after all this preamble, I come to the real reason of my letter, the statement with which I began. I want you to accept a gift in token of my gratitude for all your kindness to me in Ballysheen. I want you to take care of Dandy as your own.

Since those few weeks in Ireland, I have fancied that he has missed the country most terribly, the walks upon those glorious cliffs he had with you, the rambles with both of us when the whole breadth of the earth was his, full of romance, full of adventure, full of rabbits—those hundreds of rabbits you saw that morning, when I saw but two. But most of all, I imagine that

he misses that playground of his—your garden—for I remember the very first morning before breakfast, after you had taken him out for a walk, he came to me and, in his own manner, told me what he thought of it all. He raced a dozen times round one of your beds at an angle of forty-five. If you don't know what I mean by an angle of forty-five, ask Cruikshank. He will explain it to you by means of trigonometry which I know will please you.

That, at any rate, was the expression of all he felt about the country on his first morning in Ballysheen. Remember, it was round the beds he raced—not over them. His interest in flowers is too great for him ever to destroy them. I know this by the way he watched me when I planted the snowdrops and crocuses in my window-boxes. I say this to reassure you.

So far as his habits are concerned, I don't think I can tell you anything but what you know already. We give him two meals of dog's biscuits every day. He does not like them broken up on a plate, preferring rather to have them thrown to him whole. But Moxon, whom I am sending with him for safe conduct, will explain all this.

Write as soon as you can and let me know that he has arrived safely. Tell me, moreover, if you will, that you are not inconvenienced by this unexpected arrival in your family.

God bless you. I add this, not only because I like the phrase, but because I believe in its efficaciousness for those who merit it. Lastly, give my love to Cruikshank and tell him that when he sets to the making of his new garden in the hollow, he must fill it with sweet peas. I wanted to grow them in my window-boxes, but was told it was out of the question.

Good-bye—Yours,

A. H. BELLAIRS.

As soon as I had sealed the letter and addressed it, I sent for Moxon.

"I've got a commission and a journey for you, Moxon," said I, when he came in. He bent his head, saying nothing until he had heard what it was.

"I want you to take Dandy," I continued, "and leave him in the care of Mrs. Townshend in Ballysheen. Can you get

what few things you'll need ready in time to catch the night train to Fishguard this evening?"

For a while he stood there and looked at me as though I had said not one single word which he was capable of understanding. His jaw did not exactly drop, but there was all that expression about his face as if it might at any moment.

"Don't you follow me?" said I.

"Yes, sir——"

"Well?"

"How long are you going to leave Dandy there, sir?"

"Oh—for good. I am making a present of him to Mrs. Townshend."

The poor man looked bewildered. I could see he had so much to say, yet was endeavoring his utmost to recollect his place lest he should speak all there was in his mind.

"What's troubling you?" I asked.

"I can't quite understand it, sir," he replied, frowning heavily, as he tried to impress it upon his mind. "Dandy—he's such a companion to you, sir—to both of us, if I may be permitted to say so. He's like a person about the house. The way he runs for his biscuits—the way he sits up for you when you go out to supper. What I mean to say, sir, he's more than a dog if he is less than a 'uman being. Why—I've seen him, sir, of a night before you've come in, go down to the hall at about a quarter-past twelve when I suppose he'd thought it was half-past—I've seen him go down to the hall door and stand there listening to the sound of every footstep as came along the street. To every sound he'd prick up his ears, expecting it was you. Well—you've seen him, sir, when you've come in of an evening. What I mean to say—I don't think you'd——"

I got up quickly from my chair.

"All right, Moxon," said I. "I'm quite aware of all this. Can you be ready to catch the night train to Fishguard?"

He did not answer. He just bent his head and left the room.

Perhaps it was for ten minutes that I leant on the mantelpiece staring down into the fire. At last I stood up. It was no good. My mind was made up. I stamped the letter to Bellwattle and went out to find Dandy.

He was there in the hall, where Moxon gives the illusion of life to his biscuits, and Moxon was bending over him, saying something. I did not hear a word he said, and at my approach, he got up quickly and walked away, but something I saw made me hesitate more than I had hesitated for the past three weeks. There were tears in his eyes.

"Are you going to blame me?" said I to Dandy—then I picked him up in my arms and carried him into my room. There I told him everything. I reminded him of that first morning in Ballysheen, how readily he had gone out with Bellwattle for a walk, never missing me at all. I brought back to his mind those little white jerky behinds of the rabbits which, when they move, so excite all his proclivities for sport.

"You get none of that sort of thing here," said I.

I tried at last to read him a lecture on the psychology of dogs, explaining how a kind master or mistress and all the stretch of an open country will soon ease their minds of all regret.

"And you know how kind Bellwattle is," I added. "You remember how she kissed you when you went away. But I suppose you're accustomed to that sort of thing from ladies. It's the rabbits you're less likely to forget."

"I knew a dog," said he, "who died of loneliness when his master left him."

"Ah—but you won't be lonely," I answered, quickly. "You'll miss me a bit—but you won't be lonely. Why I might call a thousand times when you were after a rabbit and you wouldn't come back."

"Yes—but then I knew you thought I wouldn't catch it."

I think I persuaded him though that my knowledge of a dog's psychology was quite right, and for the rest of that evening we sat together. We had tea together. He likes his weak and out of the slop bowl.

But at last came Moxon to catch his train.

"Is Dandy ready, sir?" he asked.

"Quite," said I. It was a short word.

I fastened the chain on to his collar for the last time and patted his head.

"Good-bye, old man," said I, and then Moxon, who is a

man of much sense, took him out of the room as I walked across to my desk and picked up a bill to read.

The moment they were in the hall, I laid the bill back on the desk and listened. The hall door was opened. It was closed. I half walked to the window; then stopped. What was the good?

A moment later I heard a bark in the street. I do not know, but I suppose after all I must be a sentimentalist. It seemed to me to say—"Good-bye."

Anyhow, I knew by that I was alone.

CHAPTER VI

They have been gone two days. I could scarcely have believed that forty-eight hours can so comparably measure Eternity. For two days the house in Mount Street—so far, at least, as I am concerned with it—has been empty. Yet I have had plenty to do. There have been numberless letters to write. In an odd way it has amused me to find how many people the most common necessities of life bring into one's existence. Consider tradesmen alone! It took me one day at least of conscientious hard work to go through and settle up all my accounts. Yesterday I went into the Park in the morning. There may have been signs of buds swelling on my plane tree, but possibly that was my imagination.

In the afternoon I wrote to my father and those few men to whom it seemed I owed a letter. That did not take me long. There were only two. As a matter of fact, I wrote two more but tore them up. Upon re-reading, they gave me the impression that I was taking myself too seriously.

And now this morning, the morning of the third day since Moxon's departure, I am sitting in my room. Everything is complete. I cannot think of one thing I have left undone. For Moxon himself, I have left a letter. It was the last and perhaps the most difficult I had to write. But there it is, sealed and addressed, lying on the top of the others on my desk.

For a little while I had considered whether I should write anything to Clarissa. I suppose this is the most selfish moment

in my life. The slightest contemplation showed me how cruel a thing it would be. The letter is not written. And now there is nothing more to be done. I cannot forbear smiling, just for a moment, at that bright yellow row of crocuses which adorns my window-boxes. They have come up with such success, but have failed so utterly to fulfil the purpose for which they were intended.

The sky is all gray outside. A faint rent of blue was visible for one short moment this morning. Just in that single instant it brought me a sudden rush of eagerness, eagerness to see the whole raiment without one seam of clouds, as it was so many days last May in Ballysheen. But the gray soon swept over it. It looks now as though we were not far from rain. Yet, as the hall-porter at the club remarked, it is difficult to say. There is no broad horizon from which to see the way the weather comes. It is curious that I should wonder about it one way or another. It matters so little. It does not matter at all.

So this is the end of my adventure. I feel that I have taken up my pen to but little purpose. It will not be so when I put it down. In less than half an hour the ink on it will be dry. I can scarcely believe that not a year has passed since that morning when I sat in the Park watching the little rosy-cheeked nursery-maid. It was the same night that I heard the story of Clarissa and her gown of canary-colored satin. It was the same night I horrified Moxon by introducing that poor creature with her sodden clothes—and now!

But all this delay in a measure is unnerving me. I have nothing more to write, I——

There is something strange in that. I have still more to write. The bell has rung—the electric-bell which rings in Moxon's room. Probably it is a tradesman whose account is settled by a check, and sealed up in one of those envelopes on my desk. Shall I answer it? It has just rung again. He will ring once more, perhaps, and then go away.

He has rung once more. If I could only see the doorstep from the window! Oh!—but let him ring and go away! Let him go on ringing! He will soon tire of it, and I shall be left in peace.

(To be continued)

EDITORIAL NOTES

THE truth or falsity of the accusations of Italian atrocities in Tripoli will be established before these comments appear; but the evidence seems grave. It is necessary to make allowances for misunderstood conditions, for wilful and unwilful misinterpretations. War is not a drawing-room affair; it is a device in which men arrive at the truth and justice of a matter by butchering one another, and incidentally, women and children. Onlookers cannot always appreciate the actual conditions. An accusation may be made of violating the Red Cross, when it is merely a case of the retort discourteous to an impermissible stratagem. Again, fanaticism, or ignorance, or the sheer excess of bravery, may lead to what may well seem like wanton and unpardonable massacres. No responsible American, whether he condemns or tolerates Italy's attempt to secure Tripoli, will be ready to believe these accusations without convincing proof. There have been few campaigns in which such charges have not been made, by both contestants. It would seem incredible that Italy, posing as the apostle of civilization, should practise barbarities, under any provocation. If the charges are established, there will be another red blot in the stained annals of expansion. But with or without the excesses which may have been made possible by the Latin temperament, and the Arab and Turkish modes of resistance, the war has already begun to follow the usual routine. All is not over with the tumult and the shouting at the ports of embarkation. Dysentery and disease are waiting. The long monotony of entrenchments must have its place. The national debt must be duly magnified, and the national graveyard filled. And Italy may find that her little campaign of acquisition will cost her far more than she anticipated, in lives, in money, in reputation and in vanity. She has not been fortunate in her African experiments. There are ominous memories of Abyssinia and Adowa.

* * *

It has been realized for some time that China was treading the path that Japan travelled with such astonishing speed

and adaptability; but it had not been realized that she had passed the half-way house, and the recent revolution came as a surprise to the casual observer of current events. It seems strange, perhaps, that the traditional home of impassivity should be invaded by the unrest and political principles of the foreign devils: but what Japan had done with success, Persia with hope and Turkey with reservations, China sooner or later was bound to attempt. Yet, while every movement toward freedom must be welcomed, it remains to be seen whether Western methods are entirely appropriate for Oriental countries. A parliament is not a machine that can be acquired by a single transaction, with a guarantee that it is in full working order. It requires a national habit and a national history before it becomes effective; and even then it is not necessarily the most satisfactory aid to good government that the wit of man could devise. But the art of constitution-making has languished since the passing of Sieyès; certainly it has not been carried to the highest, or even to a high, point of development, as medicine and war have been carried. The institutions of the Anglo-Saxon race have been adopted, with slight variations, as indispensable models for all constitutional Governments; and the results have sometimes been regrettable. It is the spirit more than the letter of the law which has chief value in democracies; and it would at least have been instructive if China had devised a more original and Oriental form to give expression to that spirit.

* * *

It is curious but characteristic that Mr. Roosevelt should continue to talk mediævalism on the subject of arbitration. "It would be not merely foolish," he wrote recently, "but wicked for us as a nation to agree to arbitrate any dispute that affects our vital interest or our independence or our honor; because such an agreement would amount on our part to a covenant to abandon our duty, to an agreement to surrender the rights of the American people about unknown matters at unknown times in the future." In the first place, no question of independence can ever come up for discussion under the provisions of an arbitration treaty: the treaty in itself implies the existence and con-

tinuance of the contracting parties as free and independent Powers. The term is used by Mr. Roosevelt merely to confuse the issue and to appeal to the very sentiment of unreasoning prejudice which has been responsible for so many of the world's wars. Of course, it might be argued that some minor issue—the acquisition or fortification of some strategic point, for instance—might so affect our offensive or defensive position as to be an important factor in the maintenance of independence. But every remote possibility can be distorted by the pessimist. What Mr. Roosevelt fails to see is that the world is growing. It still remains true that every treaty is as strong only as the force that guarantees it: but the force of public opinion has already achieved reforms that all the horses and all the men of the ancient kings could never have carried out. The future of civilization is with an intelligent, reasoning democracy; with men and women who are moved by a desire for justice and a resolve that it shall be done, *ruat Roosevelt*. “Liberty, equality and fraternity” is not a mere phrase: it is the fundamental principle of the new order. No sensible citizen is particularly worried by the knowledge that there may have to be a little mutual forbearance in the settlement of “unknown matters at unknown times.” And no reasonable man has any disquieting qualms at the idea of entrusting even matters affecting “the honor of the nation” to an impartial and dignified tribunal, in preference to an adjustment dictated by the excited and temporary clamor of press and public, before the mood of meditation has set in. There was a time when the suggestion that the earth was rotund rather than flat was received unkindly by the dogmatists, who imagined that the heavens would fall if science were permitted to walk without swaddling-clothes. But science has not merely learned to walk, and to walk uprightly. It has learned to fly; and Mr. Roosevelt must give wings to his imagination if he would keep pace with it. At present he is boring holes in the air, to survey the clouds of the future through opaque glasses. It is a very stupid and futile waste of energy. We may safely assume that there will be rain from time to time. But why not provide ourselves with an umbrella?

THE real danger is not in the acceptance of the principle of arbitration, however widely extended; or in any absurd quibbling about ways and means to retain for man his unamiable qualities of selfishness, suspicion, querulousness and resentment. It is in a too early complacency and a failure to consider conditions dispassionately and in their due proportions. The most earnest believer in social progress and the reform of the burglar may well hesitate before he leaves his doors unlocked at night, especially if he has discarded his dog and his revolver. The American public has become so familiar with the idea of arbitration, and has agreed so thoroughly with the spirit of the movement, that it is a little inclined to confuse the expectation with the fact. Arbitration will not prevent wars, for some time to come: it will only minimize the possibility of wars between certain countries—in some cases to a negligible tenuity. But there have been few times when it was more important to place the defensive forces of the country on an adequate footing. This is no plea for mere militarism or for ruinous expenditure on armaments. It is a plea for common sense and reasonable care. Events march with swiftness in these hurried days, and at any moment the United States may be confronted with a situation of extreme gravity—all the more so in that she has not yet accepted those alliances of arbitration which would so enormously have strengthened her position. Has the War Department sufficiently considered how many men we have locked up in the Philippines? Has there been a reasonable accumulation of the essential munitions of war? Are we effectively equipped, not to bluster, but to meet an emergency?

* * *

MR. PULITZER, the late proprietor of the New York *World*, was not a great man; but his work, good and bad, will live after him. He achieved whatever degree of success he desired: yet success is not an infallible measure of men; it does not make a Lincoln or a Washington. Fortune is often ironically kind to narrow-mindedness or mediocrity: the prophet passes by unhonored, while the exploiter and the demagogue are acclaimed. Mr. Pulitzer was not a prophet, nor without honor; neither

was he mere exploiter or demagogue. He had perseverance, initiative and will-power, with that urgent desire to dominate others which is usually a sign of incomplete development. The greatest of his gifts was his faith in the ultimate common sense of the people: there were still waters beyond the froth or ripples. The worst of his faults was his belief in the mental venality of the people. He bribed the public with sensations. He pauperized intelligences.

It is true that he had strong and often just convictions; that he fought abuses and was without petty bias. But he was not a leader of men. He adopted the easiest way of the press and mistook his organizing power for creative genius. He has been widely applauded, and occasionally condemned, as the inventor of the new journalism. The new century will be old before it shakes off the effects of that unfortunate discovery.

* * *

THE young author has always been considered a peculiarly fit receptacle for advice, gratuitous or otherwise. It has been given to him with both hands, and occasionally with other instruments of conveyance. Sometimes it has been given to him with success. But too often he has transformed himself into a sieve, shaken perpetually by the "artistic" temperament, and with meshes too large to retain even the solid fragments of common sense. It is natural for the young to think that they are exceptional: they often are. It is natural for them to omit to apply to themselves the standards with which they measure other men. It is natural for them, if they fail to gain publicity, to blame incompetent editors and undiscerning publishers. But even a few platitudes, taken in time, may assist the literary digestion, disordered by a surfeit of epigrams. If you think you are a genius, don't be discouraged. There are ten thousand other men thinking the same thing, at the same moment, and at all moments. There are also several women whose intuition brings them to the same conclusion. Probably many of them are right. There is a demand for genius, and nature, instructed in economic laws, arranges for an adequate supply. Don't distrust yourself; but don't take yourself for granted. It requires

several years before a man can understand the character of his intimate friend: and then he is mistaken. He has to go through the same slow process with himself. When he knows that he is mistaken about all things, he may write his first book. It will be returned to him: but it is bread upon the waters of experience. It may come back to him, as Mr. Sewall Ford once said, in the form of a ham sandwich. He must not blame the publisher, who is probably poor but honest: poor, because his capital is invariably exhausted after the twelfth poet; honest in spite of all temptations to become respectable. A second and a third book may be returned: but the author should not be less persevering than his publisher. The future has alluring possibilities. It is so immensely spacious. What gifts may not be in that Pandora's Box, in which Alexander found a world, Washington a nation, Shelley a nightingale? But remember the elementary rules of the game. If you shake a bough of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, an apple may fall. It may hit you on the head. Smile first: then eat the apple. Afterwards acknowledge your enlarged experience with gravity. Preserve your poise, and have your manuscripts typewritten. It is better to read them over before sending them away. It is a poor compliment to an editor to send him work that it bores you to read. You expect *him* to read it. If you make any corrections, make them neatly. The editor will forgive you. He may even consider that clearness of presentation is *primâ facie* evidence of clearness of thought and clarity of expression. Be courteous, and don't write long, illegible letters. Be reasonable, and don't worry because your individual work has been returned: ask yourself if you sent it to the right place, in the right way and at the right time. And above all, don't tell yourself that it was as good as hundreds of other things that are published. Unless it is infinitely better, it must be very bad indeed. And finally: it is really true that a work of genius has an excellent chance of acceptance.

* * *

ONE of the most important military lessons of the Tripoli campaign has been the exhibition of the ease with which troops could be landed even on a guarded shore: rough seas and the

absence of surprise conditions could not interrupt the debarkation of the Italian troops, protected by the guns of an efficient fleet. No enemy can face without fortifications and heavy guns the deadly fire of modern warships. The lesson has already been noted in England and the control of the sea is seen even more clearly than before to be the only secure way to safeguard the shores. Have the military and naval authorities at Washington foreseen and prepared for any probable contingency here? The United States is vulnerable on two coasts, of enormous extent. In *THE FORUM* for last May, Mr. H. D. Brandyce pointed out that we have some 14,000 miles of seaboard, with innumerable harbors, almost any one of which would prove useful to an attacking army for the landing of troops. "To fortify every harbor along our coasts sufficiently heavily to ensure their immunity from seizure by an attacking fleet would entail not only a stupendous outlay for guns and emplacements, with their accessory searchlights, rangefinders, ammunition, etc., but an immense force of Coast Artillery to man them. In the past twenty years we have spent scores of millions on such fortifications as were found indispensable by the Endicott Board, and still there remain dozens of harbors entirely unprotected. Our Coast Artillery corps now numbers about 20,000 officers and men; yet experts declare that this force is only about one-third of the number required completely to man the guns already mounted." Is the navy sufficiently powerful to fill the enormous gap in our defences?

* * *

It is sometimes supposed that the initiative, referendum and recall principles are of recent discovery and represent a very modern phase of development. Yet Aristotle, who dealt wisely with so many questions, had something to say on this matter also; and his remarks seem very pertinent at the present moment. The passage that follows is taken from Jowett's translation of *Politics*:

"A fifth form of democracy, in other respects the same, is that in which, not the law, but the multitude, have the supreme power, and supersede the law by their decrees. This is a

state of affairs brought about by the demagogues. For in democracies which are subject to the law the best citizens hold the first place, and there are no demagogues; but where the laws are not supreme, there demagogues spring up. For the people becomes a monarch, and is many in one; and the many have the power in their hands, not as individuals, but collectively. Homer says that 'it is not good to have a rule of many,' but whether he means this corporate rule, or the rule of many individuals, is uncertain. And the people, which is now a monarch, and no longer under the control of law, seeks to exercise monarchical sway, and grows into a despot; the flatterer is held in honor; this sort of democracy being relatively to other democracies what tyranny is to other forms of monarchy. The spirit of both is the same, and they alike exercise a despotic rule over the better citizens. The decrees of the *demos* correspond to the edicts of the tyrant; and the demagogue is to one what the flatterer is to the other. Both have great power; the flatterer with the tyrant, the demagogue with democracies of the kind which we are describing. The demagogues make the decrees of the people override the laws, and refer all things to the popular assembly. And therefore they grow great, because the people have all things in their hands, and they hold in their hands the votes of the people, who are too ready to listen to them. Further, those who have any complaint to bring against the magistrates say, 'let the people be judges'; the people are too happy to accept the invitation; and so the authority of every office is undermined. Such a democracy is fairly open to the objection that it is not a constitution at all; for where the laws have no authority, there is no constitution. The law ought to be supreme over all, and the magistracies and the Government should judge of particulars."

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